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Saturday Review

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PRE-SCHOOL PROGRAM: HEAD START TO WHERE?
By Fred M. Hechinger

RECRUITING FOR COLLEGE: ALUMNI FIND A NEW ROLE
By Bert Schwartz

CAUSES OF THE STUDENT REVOLUTION
By Joseph Katz and Neville Sanford

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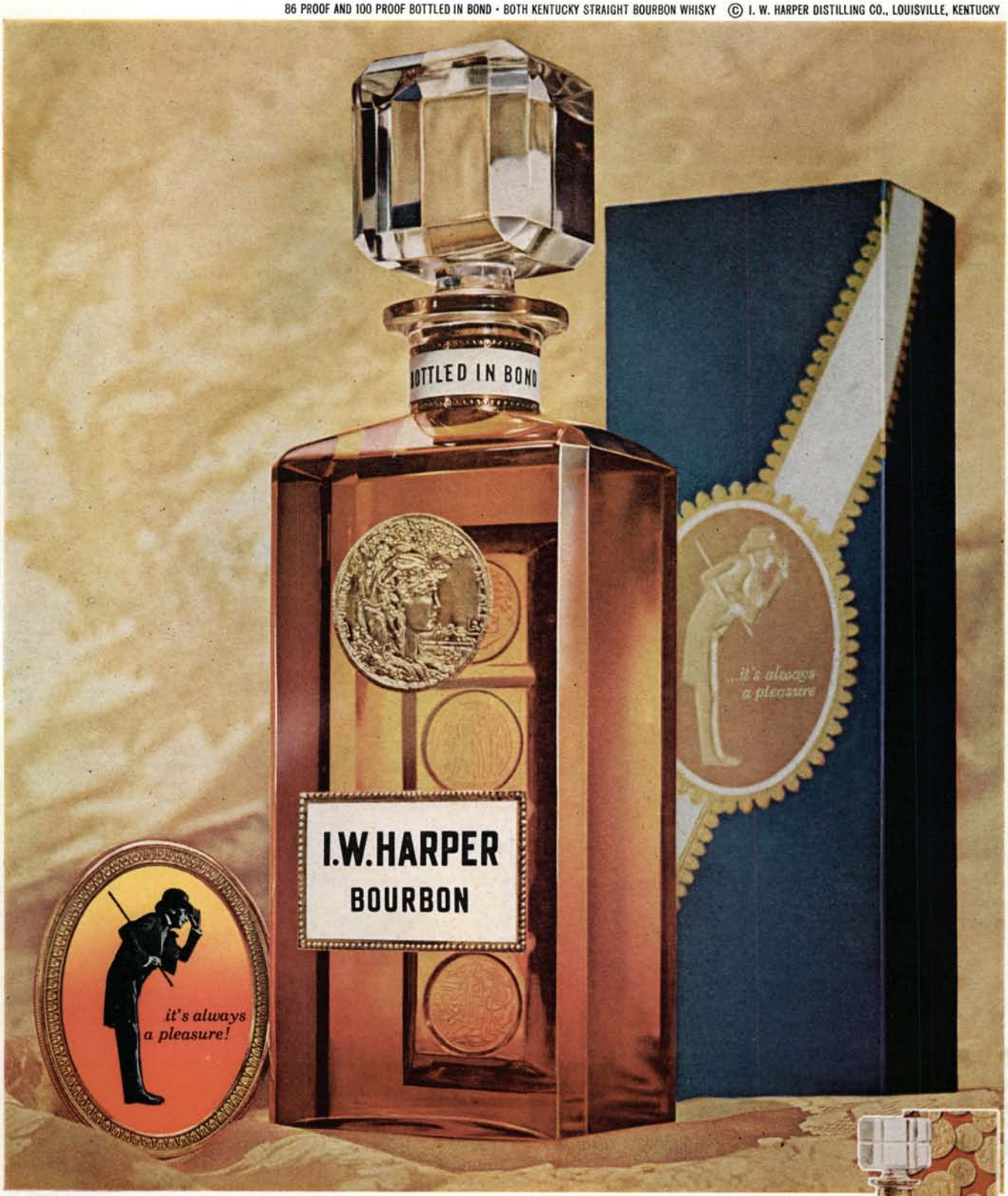

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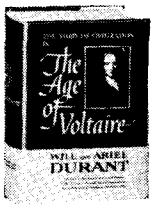

280. THE AGE OF VOLTAIRE *by* WILL *and* ARIEL DURANT. Illustrated. (Retail price $12)

259. MY TWELVE YEARS WITH JOHN F. KENNEDY *by* EVELYN LINCOLN. (Retail price $5.50)

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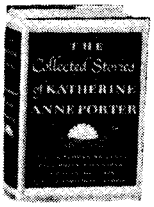

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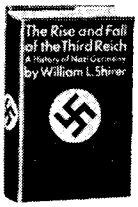

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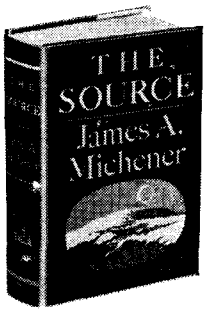

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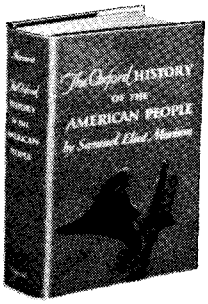

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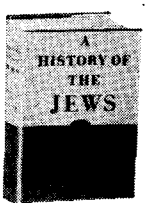

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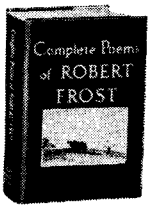

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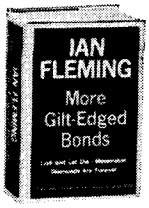

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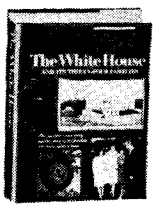

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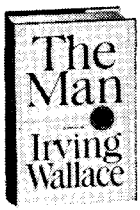

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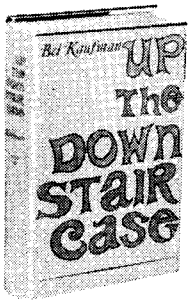

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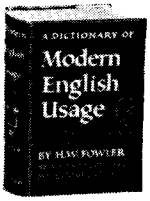

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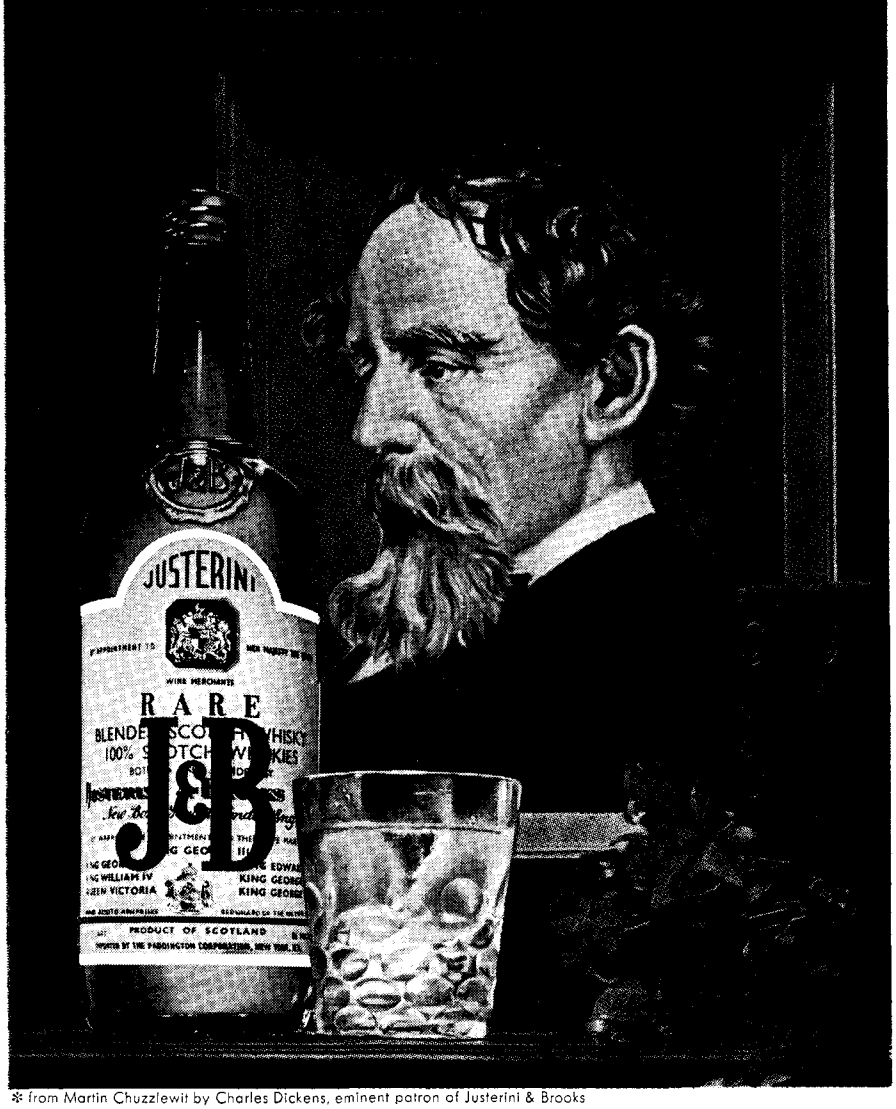
"...leave the bottle on the chimleypiece, and don't ask me to take none, but let me put my lips to it when I am so dispoged..." *



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Saturday Review

December 18, 1965

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Cuts and Quotes

Edited by Martin Levin

Between the Book Ads

"LET's buy a book," I said to my wife the other night.

"Why?" she asked.

"No special reason," I said. "But we haven't bought a book in a long while, and winter is coming on, and it might be fun to have one."

"O.K.," she said. It happened that this was Tuesday, and the Sunday paper was still lingering around, so I fetched it from the firewood basket. I laid the book section out on a table.

"Here," said my wife, looking at the opened page. "This sounds good. 'What we behold is a mammoth epic, a massive fable, a picaresque journey, a Faustian quest and a work of stunning magnitude and beauty.'"

"Sounds possible," I said, and looked where she was reading. It was about a book called *Miss MacIntosh, My Darling*. "'The novel is, in this writer's judgment, one of the most arresting literary achievements in our last 20 years . . . It is a masterwork.'"

"That doesn't sound bad," my wife said.

"Let's look a little more," I said.

"O.K.," she said, and flipped a few pages. "How about *The Source*? 'Magnificent . . . One of the great books of this generation—*San Francisco News-Call Bulletin*.'"

"Is 'this generation' longer than 'our last 20 years'?"

"I just don't know," she said.

"Here's 'a flawless work of fiction,'" I said. "*The Travellers*, by Andrew Fetler."

"Aaah," my wife said, and flipped the page. "I'd rather have 'one of the most important books of our times.'"

"Who's that by?"

"Karl Stern. It's called *The Flight From Women*. 'Our times' must be longer than either 'this generation' or 'our last 20 years,' don't you think?"

"About the same," I said idly. "Now here's something. 'A masterpiece . . . In the perfection of *Noon Wine*, she has achieved what she has worked for—the artist in total command totally invisible.' Howard Moss on Katherine Anne Porter."

"What does 'perfection' mean?"

I thought for a moment. "I think it means there are no typographical errors or mistakes in grammar," I said. "How about 'one of the greatest and most original novels of our times'? Alberto Moravia on *That Awful Mess on Via Merulana*, by Carlo Emilio Gadda. 'In Germany the book was acclaimed as "one of the great novels of the century, a monument, a masterwork."'"

"We already have a masterwork acclaimed in English," my wife said. "It's back here somewhere."

"Never mind," I said. "Here's the 'greatest novel Genet or probably anyone else has produced in 20 years,' Alfred Kazin."

"Somehow it just doesn't grab me, you know what I mean?"

"Well, I guess that's about it, isn't it?" I said.

"Unless you want to look into an 'unforgettable' and a 'brilliant' on the last page."

"Nah. Which one are you for?"

"I think 'one of the most arresting literary achievements in our last 20 years' sounds like fun," she said, musing. "On the other hand, 'A flawless work of fiction' might be nice, too."

"I lean to either the first masterpiece or 'one of the great books of this generation,' myself."

There was a pause. "Tell you what," I said, dejectedly. "Let's wait and see what's in next Sunday."

"O.K.," my wife said. "Maybe there'll be something better by then."

—RICHARD LEMON.

Don't put the Chartreuse too close to the milk

(someone might pour it on the cornflakes!)

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The Skin Game

YOU wouldn't think a man could make shaving his life's work, but that's what Elbridge Johnson Casselman did. Mr. Casselman died at seventy-one on the last day of October 1965. Until his retirement two years earlier, he had studied shaving as a science. He was paid to do so by some of the big razor blade companies, and he came up with some findings that were pretty important, at least to anybody whose whole life is razor blades, such as a big razor-blade company.

For one thing, he discovered that every shave removes from .006 to .03 cubic inches of skin. If my arithmetic is any good, that multiplies to 10.95 cubic inches per year (10.98 in leap year) for a man who shaves every day. With that astounding news in mind, I looked up *Skin* and learned that at no point on the body is it more than three-sixteenths of an inch thick. I also learned that the epidermis is remarkably self-renewing.

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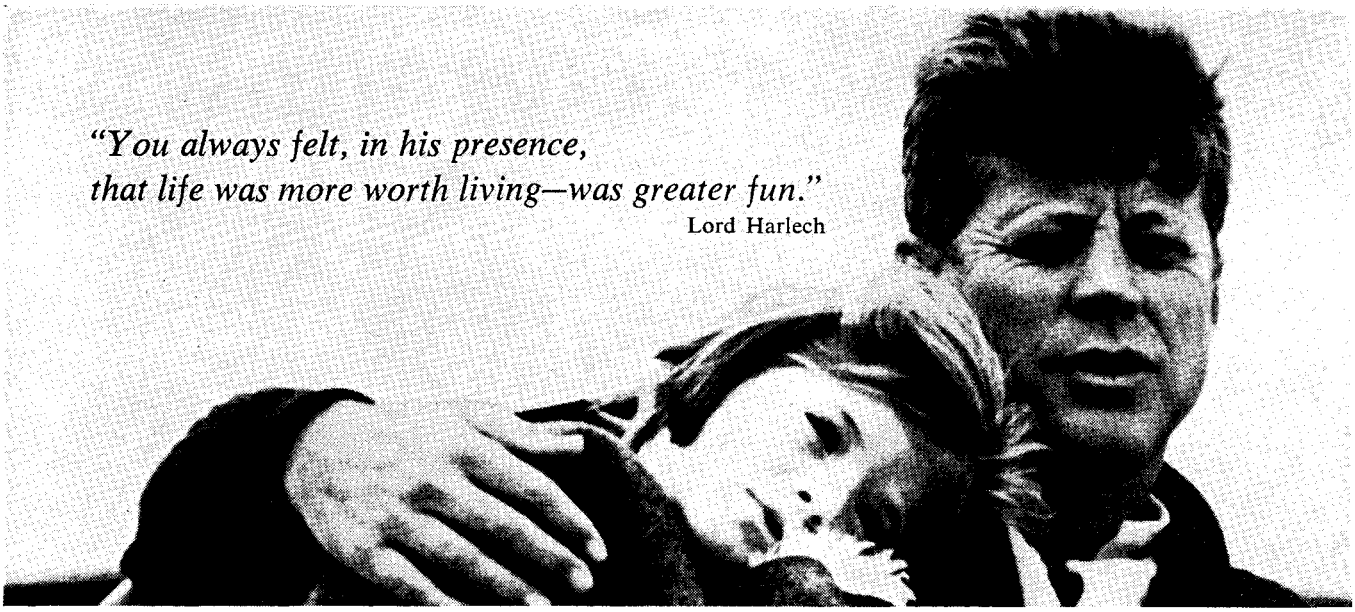

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PUEBLA, capital of its State and perhaps the most Spanish of all Mexico's cities, is steeped in Colonial traditions. It is consecrated in Mexican history as the place where on May 5th, 1862, a Mexican force of 2,000 men, including Indians, defeated 6,000 French invaders. Its splendid buildings are outstanding examples of baroque architecture. Superb works of sixteenth and seventeenth century religious art adorn its churches. Its Talavera tile products and ceramics are world-famous. Nearby is Cholula "The Holy city of Anahuac", center of Toltec civilization with a population of 100,000 at the time Cortes destroyed it four centuries ago. It remains today one of Mexico's great archeological wonders. Visit Puebla and the rest of Mexico--so near, so modern and yet so foreign.

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But self-renewing or not, nearly eleven cubic inches is a powerful lot of skin scraped away yearly. Let's see. In a seventy-year-lifespan, if a man started shaving at fifteen, that would be. . . .

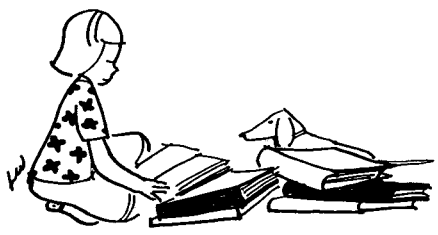
Another thing Mr. Casselman discovered is that it takes water three minutes to soak into the center of a hair. Or, I presume, of a whisker. You know any man who will hover over the sink for three minutes after lathering up before he makes the first razor stroke? Mr. Casselman did. He washed with soap and water and rinsed twice before lathering, shaved with the grain, rinsed, and shaved again against the grain. He claimed he shaved closer than any man he knew. But then, he had all day to do it in. And besides, he was being paid.

He also discovered that it's a sharp blade, not a dull one, that draws blood. I could have told him that. I take off all three-sixteenths of an inch of my skin every time I put in a new blade.

Finally, in the course of his studies he found thirty-six factors that influence ease of shaving, ranging from diet and skin tone to season of the year and water temperature. To get this kind of information, he spent nine years observing fifteen men shaving in his laboratory every morning. I don't know whether he used the same fifteen men for all nine years, but it must have been quite a club if he did. Can't you just see them—getting lathered up, then waiting for the egg-timers to run out so they could start shaving . . . yelling "Hey, Charlie, it's draw-blood day!" when new blades were issued . . . comparing batting averages to see who took off the least skin each day (any man who shaved consistently down near the .006 mark would obviously make it into the Shaving Hall of Fame during his own lifetime).

For thirteen years, Mr. Casselman worked for the American Safety Razor Products Company. Before that he was with Eversharp, and before that with Schick. I wonder whether, like so many job-changers, he was enticed from one company to another by bigger paychecks or greater fringe benefits (including, perhaps, clearer mirrors or shinier tile in his office), or whether, like so many others, he became bored with the job or frustrated by his boss's taste in sideburns and sought the changes himself. And I'd love to know whether he had any regret that he had never shaved for the big one, Gillette.

—Bernard Ryan, Jr.



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1

What's the special today, Ed?

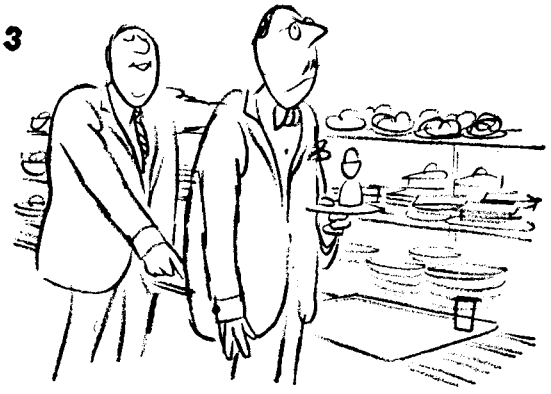
I'm having a soft-boiled egg and a cup of tea.

2

I thought you were a big chili man.

Please!

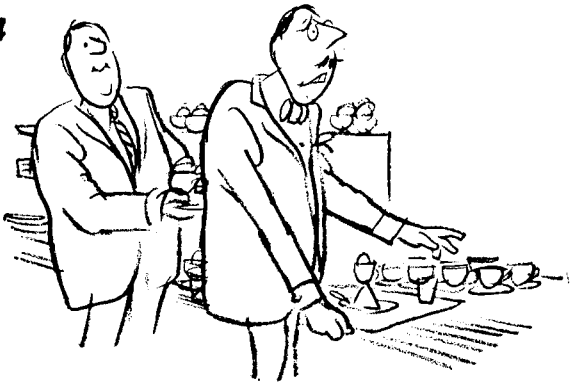
3



Off your feed, huh?

I was thinking about what happened to Fred in Accounting.

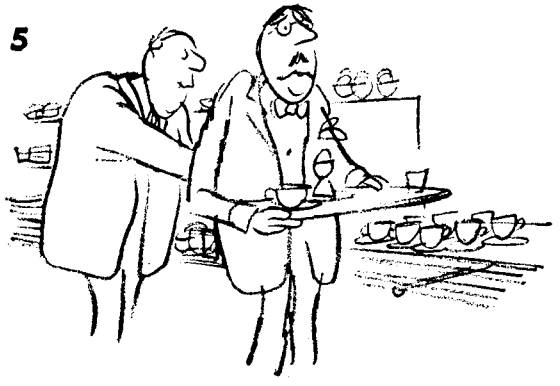
4



He's ok now. You could never tell he was laid up close to three months.

But how's he ever going to pay all those bills—doctors, nurses, hospital, medicine?

5



It doesn't seem to be worrying him.

It sure would worry me. I've got a family to think of—and I don't have that kind of dough.

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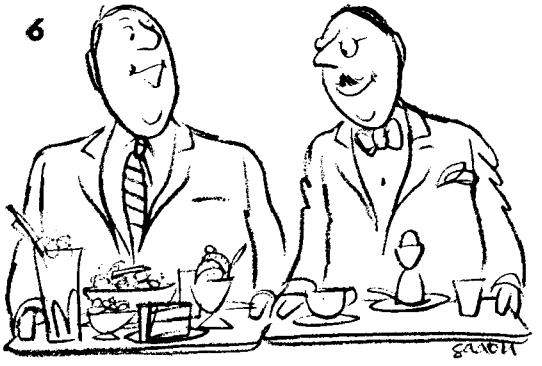

Neither does Fred. But he has Equitable's Lifetime Major Medical Policy and it's taking care of most of the tab for him. His policy covers bills in the thousands caused by serious illness or accidents. And it covers eligible family members, just in case.

Say, I think I'll trade in this egg for a bowl of chili.

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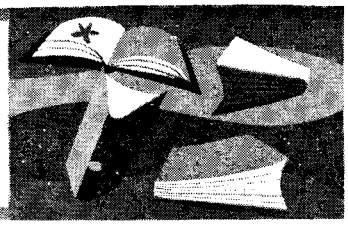
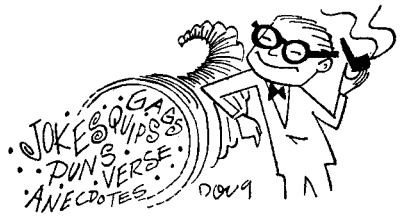
Trade Winds



"Can you tell me," I asked Bennett Cerf, "about the horrible ignominy that every habitual joke-teller faces?"

"Nonsense," said Mr. Cerf, who on January 1 will leave the post of president of Random House to become chairman of the board. "It's an exalted profession. It is, as Moss Hart said, a way of making people feel a little bit nicer than they really are."

Mr. Cerf, former conductor of this column for fifteen years, should know.



His fourteenth book of humorous anecdotes, stories, puns, and verse, under the title *Laugh Day*, is just being uncrated at the bookstores. Some are fresh and sprightly; some hoary and crusted. "It's this way," Mr. Cerf told me. "If Mickey Mantle hits .333, he's doing all right. I figure the same for the jokes."

When the book tells about Bobby Clark sampling a bowl of soup in a beanery, it moves to the head of the class. "How's the soup, sir?" asked the solicitous waiter. "To tell the truth," comes the answer, "I'm kinda sorry I stirred it."

Or, consider this one: A man selling two-dollar tickets at the Aqueduct race track registered considerable surprise when a horse stepped up to the window and asked to bet on himself. "What's the matter," snorted the horse. "Are you astonished that I can talk?" "Not at all," said the man. "I'm astonished that you think you can win."

At times, however, the book plunges into abysmal gulfs. (When I was a kid, ten cents was a lot of money. How dimes have changed! Or: Man with a terrible hangover hollering to his cat: "Confound it, stop stamping your feet!")

"Don't forget," warns Mr. Cerf, "there's no such thing as a really new joke. It was one of the sailors in *The Odyssey* who put an oar on his shoulder and started walking inland. 'I'm not going to settle down,' he said, 'until I get so far from the water that somebody asks me what an oar is.' That story has been pulled out and dusted off in every war up to the present."

Mr. Cerf gradually collects his jokes until he has a batch of 100 or so, then sends them along to the newspaper syndicate that handles his column. "It's sort of good relaxation for me," he says. "My main work is being a serious book publisher, but things like this amuse me, and I hope they amuse others."

His only criterion for picking a joke is that it must make him laugh. "It's the only definition I know that counts," he says. "But in order to get enough volume of stories, I have to practice a lost art: I *listen*."

Contrary to reports, Mr. Cerf collects, edits, and rewrites the gags without help. "Every time I hear a story that is any good at all, I jot down the tag line on a slip of paper and then toss it into my desk drawer. There's no elaborate filing system or anything like that. Sometimes I can't remember what the rest of the joke is that's supposed to go with the tag line, and then I'm stuck. Sometimes I scribble my notes so fast that I write three tag lines on top of each other, and I have to call back to find out the rest of the joke."

Mr. Cerf once tried to use a Dictaphone for recording jokes, but it didn't work. "There's a certain rhythm to jokes on the printed page that's hard to explain, but it's there. So I write them out in longhand and my secretary types them out. She has permanent job security because no one else in the world can read my handwriting."

It's interesting, in any book of anecdotes and humorous stories, to note jokes that take off from the same root. Two of them in *Laugh Day* involve actors taking a break while in costume, and going into a bar.

Kirk Douglas, dressed as a Roman soldier of Caesar's legions for a big historical picture, took with him two lesser actors in similar garb. The bartender's eyes popped. Douglas, noting his astonishment, asked casually, "What's the matter, pop? Don't you cater to servicemen here?"

In the second, a stunt man was offered $100 for a one-day job of portraying a savage gorilla in a TV drama. It took him so long to perfect his makeup that he didn't bother to remove it at the lunch break. The bartender next door to the set was favored, therefore, by a visit from one ferocious gorilla. He never batted an eyelash; he simply handed the

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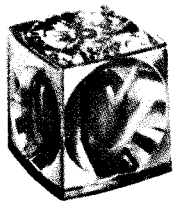

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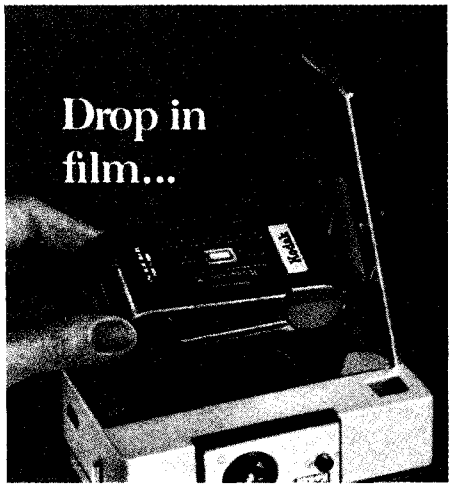

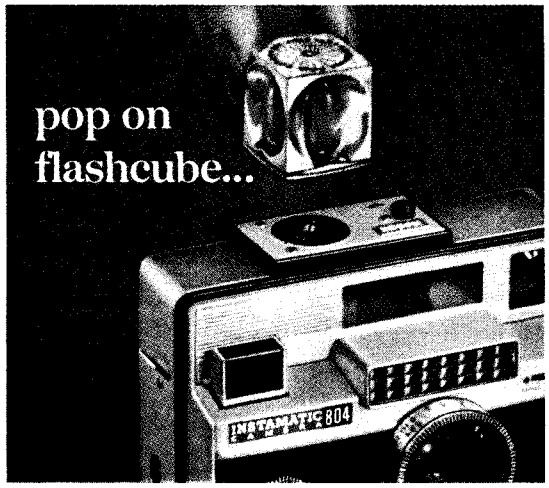

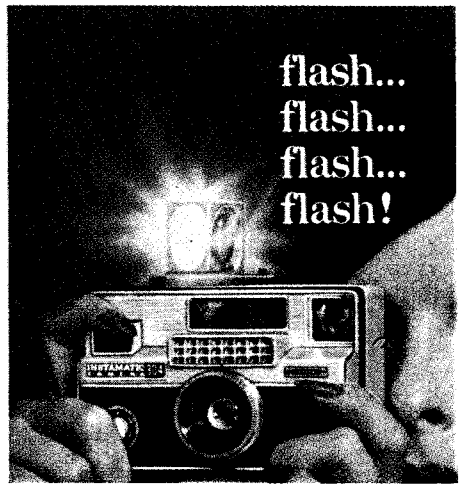

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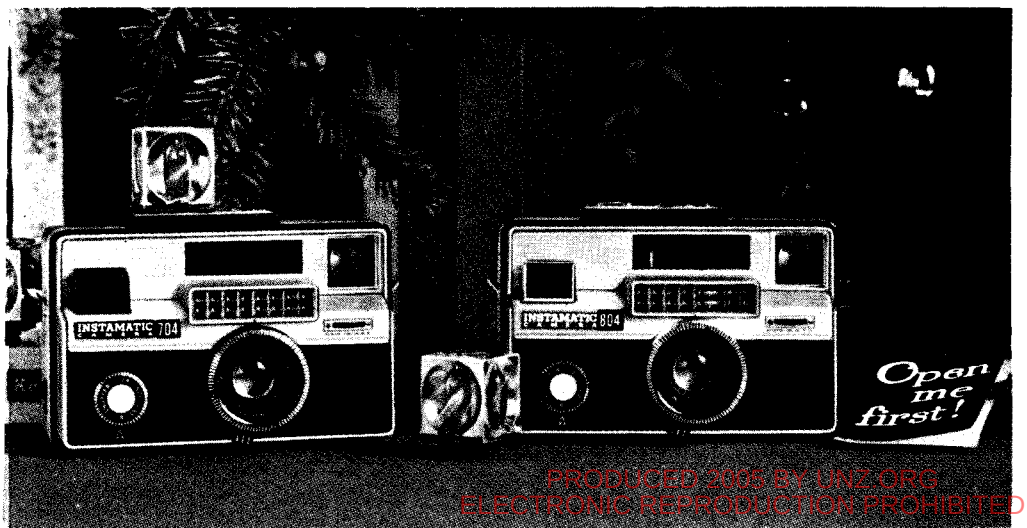

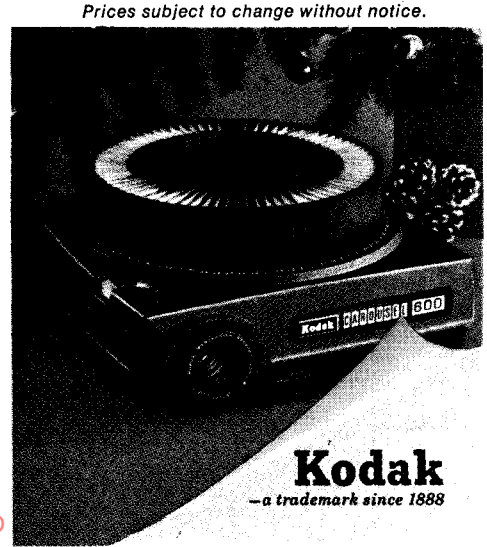

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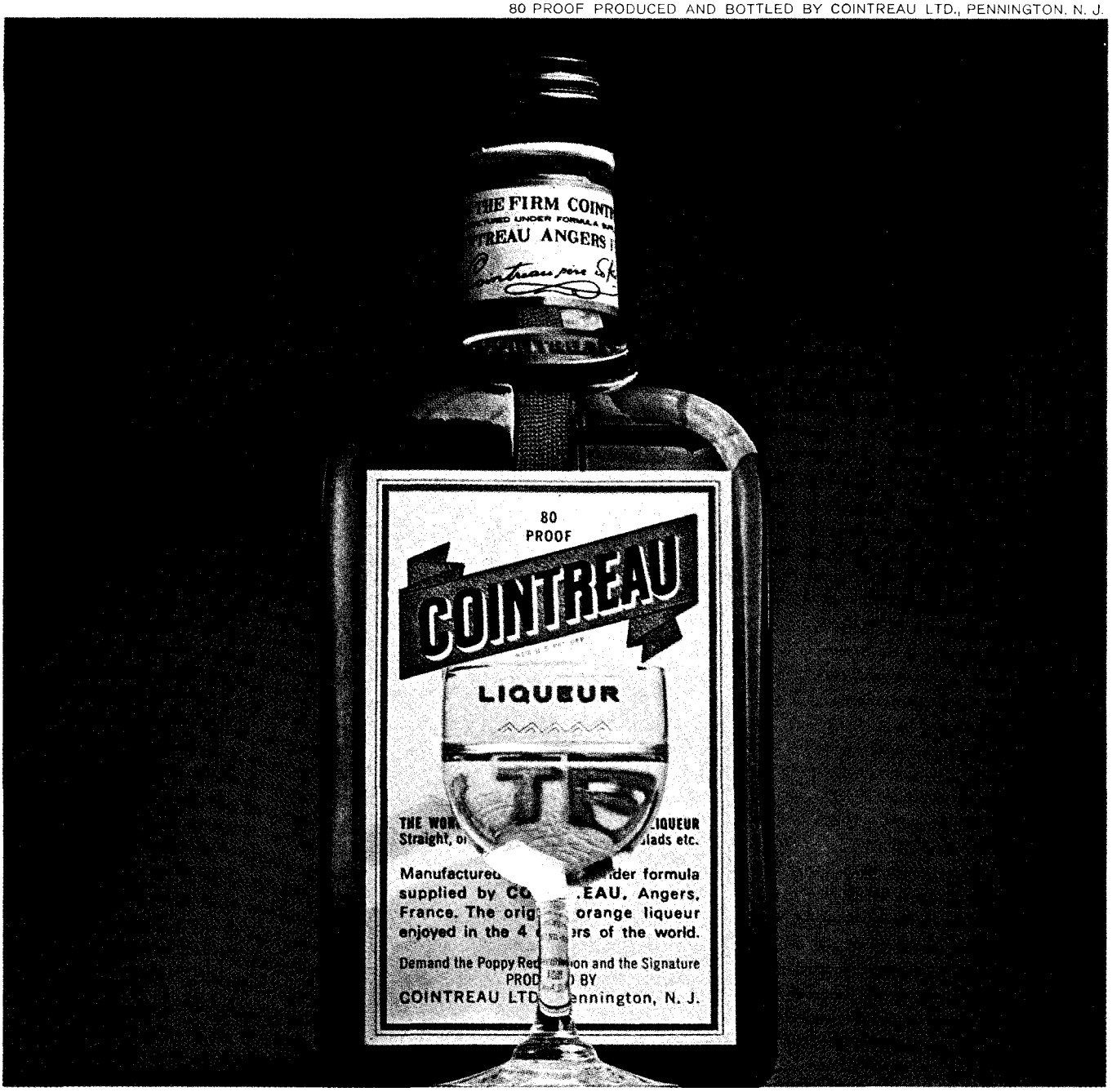

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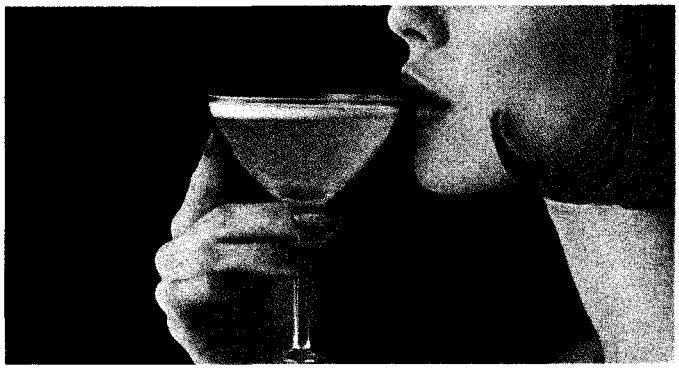

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gorilla a price list of drinks and called to his assistant: "Keep an eye on the peanuts."

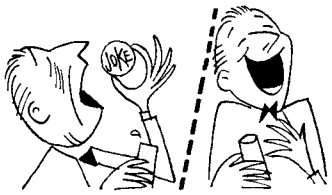
Of course, jokes about animals, showbiz, or psychiatrists can seldom go wrong, and Mr. Cerf has a lot working for him even before he gets started in these categories. In the latter grouping, you'll find these noble representatives:

► "Now," said a head doctor to his new patient. "We're going to find out just what makes you tick." "That won't be enough," mourned the patient. "I also want to know what makes me chime every half-hour."

► You've got to straighten out my husband," said a wife to a Park Avenue psychiatrist. "He thinks he's a jet plane." "Bring him here Thursday at two," suggested the psychiatrist. "That time is impossible," said the wife. "He's got to appear in court that afternoon—for flying low over Flatbush."

► A sheep who couldn't get to sleep finally sought out a psychiatrist and told him, "You simply *have* to find a way for me to fall asleep nights—and please, Doctor, no wisecracks."

Old and hoary or young and limber, the jokes continue to be stuffed into Mr. Cerf's desk drawer. In his introduction Mr. Cerf writes: "Laughter is the greatest humanizer and medicine God has



given us. It can relieve tension faster than all the newest pills rolled into one."

But you have to be careful about pills. As Victor Borge reminds us in the pages of *Laugh Day,* a cousin of his took some pills guaranteed to make him fifteen years younger, and they all but killed him. He was only twelve at the time.

—JOHN G. FULLER.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1653)

(W)ALKER) GIBSON:

CHRISTMAS EPISTLE (TO ALL MY FRIENDS)

(Suggested by F. J. Roberts)

Moralists say they want the pure old spirit
Restored to Christmas. I don't want to hear it.
If you're a friend of mine, then you'll resist
All that subversive talk. (You have my list.)
When I hear Santa ring out merrily,
I know for whom he tolls—he tolls for me.

Chess Corner—No. 97

THE old-fashioned Wing Gambit of the Sicilian Defense, 1 P-K4, P-QB4 2 P-QN4, seldom played these days, is nevertheless a stimulating vehicle for an imaginative attacker.

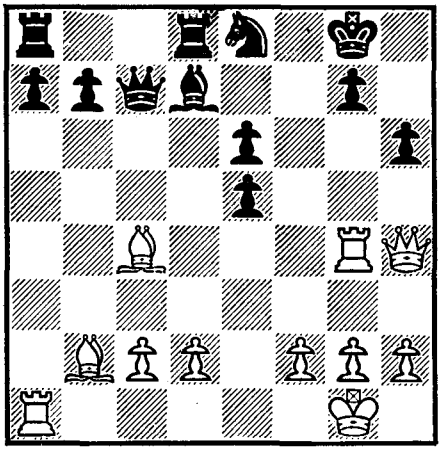
During the last Wisconsin State Championship, Richard Kujoth quickly attained a free-wheeling momentum. Though hard-pressed, his opponent, Algis Johaitis, defended nimbly and, in fact, set a sly trap after 20 . . . PxN.

At first sight, it seems that White could mount the pressure while picking off a pawn by 21 QxRP. This, however, is an illusion. For that sortie fails to 21 . . . QxB. The capture of the Queen, 22 RxQ, breaks the pin of the Knight Pawn and White's own Queen is *en prise.*

But the penetration, 21 Q-K7, with myriad threats against the King and King Knight Pawns, allows Black no satisfactory reply. The sequence is clear.

SICILIAN DEFENSE

Kujoth White	Johaitis Black	Kujoth White	Johaitis Black
1 P-K4	P-QB4	11 O-O	Q-B2
2 P-QN4	PxP	12 R-K1	O-O
3 P-QR3	PxP	13 B-R3	R-Q1
4 NxP	N-KB3	14 Q-K2	B-Q2
5 P-K5	N-Q4	15 Q-K4	N-B3
6 N-B3	N-QB3	16 Q-R4	P-KR3
7 B-B4	P-K3	17 B-N2	N-K1
8 N-QN5	P-Q3	18 R-K4	P-B3
9 NxPch	BxN	19 R-N4	N-K4
10 PxB	QxP	20 NxN	PxN



21 Q-K7	Q-Q3	23 R-R7ch	K-N1
22 RxPch	K-R1	24 Q-B7 mate	

—AL HOROWITZ.

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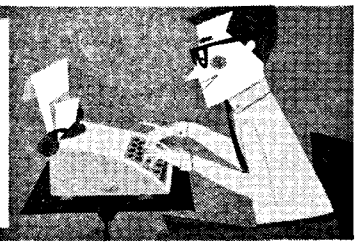
Top of My Head



Operation Operation

DEAR SINUSES: I got your letter and I'm happy you're enjoying your stay in Arizona. I miss you. The day I packed you in that suitcase and flew you off to Tucson I thought, "Good riddance. I need those sinuses like a hole in the head." But I've lived to regret it. I should have gone to Arizona and left you here.

Remember the doctor who advised me to send you to Arizona? Sure you do. You were with me when he told me. Well, after I waved goodbye to you at the airport I went to his office for a checkup. He took X-rays, a cardiogram, and some blood tests and gave me a dirty bill of health.

"You're in good shape," he said, "for the shape you're in."

That's a hell of a diagnosis to come up with for a hypochondriac.

"I'll say one thing," he continued. "Your sinuses have cleared up."

"I should think they have," I said, "sopping up all that sun out there in Arizona at twenty-five dollars a day. And that's only for single occupancy."

"I want you to come in for some vitamin shots three times a week," the doctor said.

I should have left sick enough alone. But you know me—always probing.

"What do you suppose this is?" I asked pointing a forefinger at my cheek.

"Don't touch it," he said.

He didn't even get up from his desk to examine it. "It" was a small, calloused spot on my cheek just where the—well, you can see it in that drawing up there at the head of this column. The artist must have been vaticinal when he decorated my cheekbone some years ago with that circle of blob. Incidentally, don't let the little finger of the right hand up there mislead you. That's not dainty. That's arthritic.

Well, one day a couple of weeks later when the doctor had just finished his needlework on me he stared at my cheek and said, "What's that?"

"That," I said, "is a donttouchit."

He touched it.

"You should see a skin man about this," He said.

"Is it serious?" I asked.

"Well," he said, "it could be nothing, and then again it could be something. I'll send you to this skin man. He'll nip it out and examine it."

"What happens then?" I asked.

"Nothing," he replied. "It leaves an interesting nick."

The next day the skin man touched it.

"It could be nothing," he said, "and then again it could be something."

Nobody mentions the dread word.

"I'll nick out a piece and look at it," the skin man said. "When can you come in?"

"I'm in now," I said.

He hesitated. "Don't you want to have your doctor here?" he asked.

"Why? Can't you do it yourself?"

He stared at me. Somebody should tell this skin man he has high blood pressure. The operation took ten minutes. He stuck a small patch over the interesting nick and said he would phone me Friday. He didn't phone me Friday. So I didn't phone him. If he wasn't going to worry about it why should I? Right, sinuses?

During the week I took off the patch. The interesting nick was of little interest to anyone. My wife asked about it.

"Where did you get that?" she asked.

"In a duel," I replied.

"Serves you right," she said.

Then one day the skin man phoned.

"It's nothing," he shouted.

"Is that your bill?" I asked.

"Come to the office. I want to talk to you."

I went over. He examined me and pronounced me cured.

"What did I have, doctor?"

"You had a senile keratosis."

I didn't mind the noun. The adjective I found offensive.

"Do you sit in the sun much?" he asked.

"Only during the day."

"Well, due to your pigmentation," he said, "don't sit in the sun with your skin."

"How do I do that, doctor?"

What an interesting shade of blue that skin man is! Well, anyway, sinuses, you can see what I've been through while you've been enjoying Arizona. If some senile doctor discovers another keratosis I'll send it off to you. Why only sinuses? Why couldn't we get rid of all our ailments by sending them off to Arizona? Find out how much it is for each extra bed in your room. Have fun.

—GOODMAN ACE.

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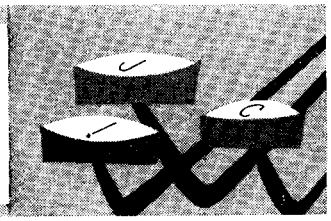
Manner of Speaking



Pigeon Mail:

Dear Mr. Ciardi:

It is just possible that some sympathetic soul will write you about a unique way of banishing pigeons [*SR*, Oct. 16]. Should it be the same advice given me, I feel obligated to brief you on the results of the experiment.

Not long ago, in a moment of pesticidal desperation, I phoned an exterminator about the problem. After listing what I could not do legally, he conceded that since shooting was out, any first step would involve catching the pigeons. Having caught them, he implied that we might enjoy a midnight ride on some back road.

His suggested method was as follows: Get a large plastic bag and punch a few holes in it. Buy a box of bird seed and thoroughly soak in brandy. Scatter seed in driveway and wait, the theory being that this "on the house" fare would get them off the house and leave them staggering and unable to fly. Drop them in the bag and take off. Since there is nothing on the books about either intoxicating or transporting pigeons, this seemed an attractive idea.

I did hesitate when I discovered that our only brandy was Hennessey 4 Star, but this was no time to be pigeon-hearted and think of cost. The birds loved it, all the pigeons in the neighborhood attended the open house, but I couldn't get near a single boozy bird.

The only result of this ignoble experiment is that my husband, finding a new bottle of brandy practically empty, thinks I've gone in for secret binges. The chatter has increased, for the pigeons are still cooing about the party. Should you have better luck with gin or vodka, do let me know.

Sympathetically yours,
Mrs. Kenneth H. Bailey.

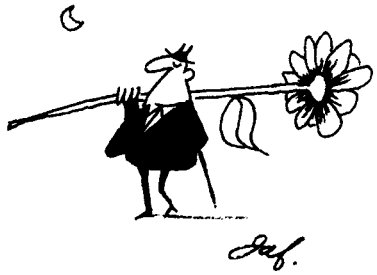
Flushing, N.Y.

Dear Mr. Bailey

I hope you will not think I am barging in where I have no right to be. I have something to say to you about your wife's drinking habits, and why should the fact that I am a stranger deter me from a good deed? When I was a Boy Scout I never insisted on a formal introduction before helping an old lady across the street.

Not that I imply Mrs. Bailey is an old lady—heaven forbid. I don't even mean to help her across the street, not in any literal sense. But I do find myself in a position to do a good turn, and you wouldn't want me to turn that down, would you?

What I mean is I don't want you to start brooding in any serious way about what is going on in your brandy bottles, or about what is going out of them. Mrs. Bailey, I happen to know, hasn't really turned into a secret tippler. It was the pigeons, Mr. Bailey. You can probably hear them in your eaves right now. Let me ask you just one question: do they sound innocent to you? Before you start thinking ill of Mrs. Bailey, just listen to them, and then ask yourself if you have ever heard anything guiltier than their cooing. See what I mean?



It all began, as nearly as I can make out, when the pigeons got a large plastic bag and began poking holes in it. After that Mrs. Bailey just had to soak the bird seed, and is it her fault if you keep only good stuff on hand? You certainly wouldn't want her to walk into the local liquor store and ask for any of that cheap pigeon brandy.

Then, to make matters worse, the pigeons refused to get inside the plastic bag even after holes had been poked in it. I know that leaves you with a damaged large plastic bag on your hands, but you can hardly blame Mrs. Bailey for that, can you? She really was trying her best and in a good cause, as I hope I have made clear to you.

I hope that setting your mind at rest in this way will be enough excuse for busting in on you. Believe me, Mrs. Bailey is not becoming an alcoholic but only has pigeons on her roof. That, as you will admit, could happen to anyone. Since you share the same roof, it is happening to you. Under my own roof, it is happening to me. So you see that puts us all in the same boat, doesn't it?

Shipmates forever,
JOHN CIARDI.

Dear Mrs. Bailey:

I must thank you for your suggestions and I want you to know I am off to a glorious start even though I took time off to square you with Mr. Bailey about the shrinkage in the brandy bottle. I had set up the experiment as you outlined it, but I had hardly begun to lower the experimental level when I found myself thinking of Mr. Bailey pointing the dark suspicion of several missing fingers of brandy at you, and on impulse I sat down and explained the whole thing to him, even though the plastic bag over my head kept fogging up and kept needing to have more holes punched in it.

Let me confess I had to improvise in a few other ways. We didn't have any bird seed in the house, and the stores were closed, so I settled for a few bowls of puffy cereals. I think you will find they absorb liquids in a more satisfying way than bird seed does. I especially recommend any of those enormous blown-up oats.

The only brandy I could find in the house was a bottle of Remy Martin VSOP, but I did turn up a lot of vodka, and I decided to use that on the oats, reserving the Remy Martin for myself as a control group for determining relative absorption. Obviously, you can't have a real experiment without a control group, as I am sure you will agree.

I do not know how much the oats soaked up, but the control group was doing fine until it fell asleep and woke to find that my little monsters had come down for breakfast, slurped up the bowls of specially treated oats, and subsided into beatitude.

If the end can be said to justify the means, the experiment—whatever it was—came to a lovely conclusion. I am a little embarrassed to say I can't quite remember what the experiment was supposed to get rid of, but I am sure it is gone. Thank you for the suggestion that made all this possible.

Not only were the results gorgeously conclusive, but though it hardly seems possible, my eaves are full of nightingales. Yes, I know that nightingales are not indigenous to North America and also that they are not supposed to sing in the morning, but believe me there they are—whole exaltations of them. Or is that larks? Anyhow, the air is full of their warbling. If I did not know better, in fact, I'd swear that I was hearing their trills and flutters from inside my own head. It's beautiful!

Let me only hope your own experiments will have the same, or at least comparable results. I am afraid I have a long way to go before I have compiled and correlated the final data, but the general conclusions are unmistakably promising.

With every good wish for your own experimental work, and with best regards to Mr. Bailey.

Yours gratefully,
JOHN CIARDI.

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Vietnam:

The Road to Negotiations

By SANFORD GOTTLIEB

THERE IS little agreement among historians and governments on the origins and character of the war in Vietnam. After the eight-year war of independence against the French by the Vietminh, the Geneva Accords of 1954 divided Vietnam temporarily into two zones, to be reunited through free elections in 1956. Ho Chi Minh, the Moscow-trained Communist who led the successful fight against the French and was considered a national hero, consolidated his power in North Vietnam, while in South Vietnam the U.S. helped to create what Walter Lippmann has called an anti-Chinese, pro-American regime under Ngo Dinh Diem as a buffer against the spread of Communism.

No doubt Ho Chi Minh confidently looked forward to winning the 1956 reunification elections. But Diem refused to discuss election arrangements with the North. Hanoi was thus confronted with a choice: a separate, hostile regime in the South, or reunification by force. Diem helped bring the situation to a head by his own insensitivity to the needs of his people. In 1956 he abolished the elected village councils that constituted the only form of democratic rule in South Vietnam. He thereby imposed on the villagers, who make up 85 per cent of the South Vietnamese population, the dictatorship that he exercised from Saigon. During the same period Diem set up detention camps for political opponents and began to fill them with many of the ex-guerrillas who had fought against the French. Some, but not all, of these "former resistance members"—who were supposedly protected by the provisions of the Geneva Accords—were Communists. Allowing no room for legal opposition, Diem pushed his political opponents toward the use of armed violence. By 1956, according to the British scholar P. J. Honey, "it was already clear that Diem was establishing an authoritarian regime which would tolerate no political dissent."

INDEPENDENT observers such as Bernard B. Fall, author of *The Two Vietnams*, and Brian Crozier, author of *Southeast Asia in Turmoil*, set the date of the beginning of this war at 1957 or 1958. They suggest that at the outset it was an effort by separate factions of South Vietnamese to defend themselves against Diem. "The Vietminh were involved, but at that stage they were in the minority," Crozier has written. "Most of the insurgents belonged to one or another of those curious politico-religious sects that are peculiar to Cochinchina: Caodai, Hoa Hao, and Binh Xuyen [whose chiefs also gained control over in Saigon]. . . . All three sects had private armies, and all three had played a part in the first Indochina war. In the spring of 1955, Diem had smashed them. . . ." Crozier adds that toward the end of 1957 the remnants of these sectarian armies and the Vietminh dug up their hidden arms and took to battle.

Any aid from North Vietnam at that stage was undoubtedly very modest, although this aspect of the war was to change later. Official South Vietnamese estimates of the number of cadres and military personnel illegally introduced from North to South in 1959 put the figure at only 300. The same estimates indicate a combined total of 21,700 in 1961 and 1962.

The origin of the war thus seems rooted in two conditions: the refusal of the Diem regime to proceed with reunification of the divided country, and that regime's attempt to wipe out all political opposition. At the outset, the conflict was basically a civil war within South Vietnam. In time each party to the civil war was to become increasingly dependent upon outside support and direction. North Vietnam assumed general leadership over the Vietcong guerrillas, while the United States gradually gained a commanding voice over the Saigon government's conduct of the war.

To the State Department, however, the picture is different. "The assault on the Republic of Vietnam is, beyond question, an aggression," Dean Rusk said in August. "It was organized and has been directed by North Vietnam, with the backing of Communist China. . . . The war in Vietnam is a test of a technique of aggression: what the Communists . . . call 'wars of national liberation,' to destroy by force any non-Communist government."

Whatever the war may have become recently, it is doubtful that those who were being hunted down by Diem's forces in the late 1950s were interested in testing the political-military techniques that were later to be spun into theories by the Chinese. Most Vietnam-

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The author has been Political Action Director of the National Committee for a Sane Nuclear Policy in Washington since 1960. Last summer, on behalf of SANE, he met with representatives of North Vietnam and the National Liberation Front of South Vietnam in Paris and Algiers. He also visited South Vietnam as an adviser to an interdenominational group of clergymen, and on November 27 he was coordinator of the March on Washington.

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A Debate

ese harbor a historic enmity for the Chinese, an enmity born of 1,000 years of domination. Nor is it likely that men (as well as women and children) will spend years in the hunted life of the guerrilla without having some more tangible goals. These goals have been offered to them by the National Liberation Front.

IN March 1960, guerrillas in South Vietnam calling themselves the Nam-Bo Resistance Veterans Organization met in hiding and declared that they had taken up arms in "self-defense." In September 1960 the North Vietnamese Communist Party took note of the "Southern people's revolutionary struggle" and advocated the establishment in South Vietnam of a "broad national united front against the U.S.-Diem clique." In December 1960 the National Liberation Front of South Vietnam was created. Brian Crozier believes that as early as 1959 the North Vietnamese Communist Party showed its intention of directing the insurrection in the south, whose leadership had by that time been assumed by Communist elements. On the other hand, such French observers as Philippe Devillers and Jean Lacouture believe that Hanoi belatedly and rather reluctantly came to the aid of its embattled brethren in the south. The truth may lie somewhere between these two versions, with Hanoi's original moral encouragement being replaced over the years by a flow of arms, trained cadres, and political directives.

The NLF is a Communist-style revolutionary popular front, with specialized organizations for workers, women, intellectuals, ethnic groups, etc. The South Vietnamese Communist Party is only one of the political groupings that ostensibly make up this coalition. Until this summer the Communists (known as the Popular Revolutionary Party) down-

(*Continued on page 48*)

2. *Why We Can't Withdraw*

By LEO CHERNE

MUCH HAS BEEN SAID about the South Vietnamese government—its instability, the imperfections of its democratic institutions, and the inadequacy of its economic and social programs. Much of the criticism is sound. It would indeed be relevant to the wisdom of our involvement if the government of South Vietnam were intent on forcing its defects on North Vietnam or on imposing its will on its neighbors in Laos, Cambodia, or Thailand. Far from wanting to export these defects, the South Vietnamese ask only to be left in peace to overcome them.

This is the real tragedy of Vietnam—that history has denied it the chance to grow and evolve in peace. Unless that fact is understood, no proper American policy can be formulated or understood.

The U.S. has expended massive effort and substantial funds to help meet the social, economic, agricultural, and educational needs of the Vietnamese people.

We are in Vietnam, not to sustain a particular government or even a particular philosophy of government. We are, however, deeply involved in a military defense of Vietnam because there has been a military assault upon *any* non-Communist government in Vietnam. During the last five years the Vietcong focused its special fury on the civilians working in the countryside to enlarge the economic and social horizons of the Vietnamese peasants. Teachers, nurses, tractor operators, village chiefs, sanitation engineers, agricultural specialists—these have been among the 10,000 Vietnamese civilians who were kidnapped and assassinated.

All that can be claimed after eleven years is that the South Vietnamese people are still independent. But that is a claim bursting with promise. It means they are free to make their own progress or mistakes, free to be Buddhists or Catholics, free to overturn regimes. No curtain separates them from the rest of the world, no Marxist-Leninist can direct their lives from a foreign capital or take them out on a course of aggression dressed up as a "war of national liberation."

ONE may conscientiously urge an American withdrawal from Vietnam. But there should be no illusion about the consequences. There will be a bloody purge of the non-Communist leaders and intellectuals, such as has occurred in every other Communist takeover; "National Liberation Fronts" from Thailand to India will spring into new life to carry on the wave of Asian Communization.

Some few have said they welcome such an outcome in the name of "Marxism." Their view has the virtue of consistency since they explicitly seek *both* American withdrawal and accept the inescapable aftereffects. Others, however, who urge attrition of the American effort in the sincere belief that political choice and social welfare would thus be reinforced should reflect long and hard

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on the consequences of the policy they urge.

There is good evidence that the Asians themselves have been doing precisely this kind of soul-searching and coming up with some sober answers. Cambodia's "neutral" ruler, Prince Norodom Sihanouk, for example, calls the Cambodian Communists "the valets of North Vietnam." The *New York Times* of November 10 quotes his warning that if Thailand and South Vietnam pass into the Communist camp, the Red Cambodians "will not so much as lift their little finger to prevent these neighbors laying their hands on part of our national territory."

In Sukarno's Indonesia, the world has just been treated to the spectacle of a Communist attempt to destroy a government which by no stretch of the imagination could be called "pro-Western" or an "imperialist puppet."

As Thailand's Foreign Minister, Thanat Khoman, sagely pointed out several months ago, "The Communists never have spoken the line of quitting. When they go some place, they stay there." Thanat warned his American friends that they must not speak of quitting either. "The Thai government knows better," he said, "but some people are not so sure we can depend on outside help."

To understand more completely what the Asian peoples close to North Vietnam fear, listen to the first-hand account of Professor P. J. Honey of London University. As one of the few universally acknowledged authorities on North Vietnam, Professor Honey cannot be accused of playing the role of U.S. apologist. This is what he wrote of Ho Chi Minh's North Vietnam in *The Spectator* early this year:

> Overworked, underpaid, and underfed, the ordinary people have long since lapsed into a state of resigned apathy. Disillusion was forcefully, if briefly, expressed in the newspaper published during the "Hundred Flowers" campaign, when the authorities rashly permitted criticism to appear. But Phan Khoi, the editor of the paper, *Nhan-Van*, was hounded to death and most of his contributors still languish in jails.
>
> Government is of the most oppressive kind and control exercised by the Communist oligarchy is rigidly enforced. Everyone must enroll in officially sponsored organizations ranging from national mass movements down to local street committees. Through these a man receives political indoctrination, "volunteers" for unpaid labor, is criticized by his fellows and criticizes them in turn. On December 17, for example, a young schoolteacher, Le Duc Tri, was tried for "forming a choir, a philanthropic society, and an

Vietnam Year by Year

September, 1940. Japanese troops occupy French Indochina (including Vietnam).

May 19, 1941. The Indochinese Communist Party and various non-Communist groupings decide on a "National Front" policy and form the Vietminh (led by Ho Chi Minh).

Summer 1944. Ho Chi Minh, just released from prison by the Nationalist Chinese, agrees to a collaboration with the Nationalist Chinese (then occupying North Vietnam). The Chinese hope by this alliance to gain mineral rights.

March 10, 1945. Japanese announce to Vietnamese puppet Emperor Bao-Dai that his country is now "independent."

July 17-August 2. Victory powers at Potsdam, at the suggestion of the U.S., decide that Vietnam shall be occupied north of the 16th parallel by the Nationalist Chinese and south of that line by the Indians and the British, and that the whole country shall be placed under trusteeship without participation of France in its administration.

August 13 (VJ Day). The Indochinese Communist Party (ICP) and the Vietminh hold a "national conference" and decide to make a strike for power before the Allies land.

August 19. Ho Chi Minh seizes control of Hanoi.

August 25. Bao-Dai hands over the government to the ICP-Vietminh regime.

September 2. Ho Chi Minh proclaims, in Hanoi, the independence of the "Democratic Republic of Vietnam" with Bao-Dai remaining as "Supreme Advisor" to the DRV.

Early autumn. Nationalist Chinese forces loot their way to Hanoi, in the process giving the Vietminh sufficient time to gain control over North Vietnam.

Early October. French troops in POW camps south of 16th parallel released by Japanese. Other French reinforcements arrive, aided by British. To counteract them, South Vietnamese Communists attempt to carry out a scorched-earth policy in South Vietnam that embarrasses Hanoi.

October 17. Vietnam-American Friendship Association is formed in Hanoi. At its inaugural, American General Philip E. Gallagher sings over Vietminh broadcasting station.

January 1946. Controlled elections are held in Vietnam by the Vietminh.

February 28. Ho Chi Minh, under the pressure of a starving population, concludes a treaty with the French under which the latter recognize the "Republic of Vietnam" and are given permission to station 15,000 troops north of the 16th parallel, to be relieved within five years by Vietminh forces that France is to train and equip.

March 18. Bao-Dai flees North Vietnam in a U.S. Army plane, takes up residence in Hong Kong.

May 31. At Saigon, Admiral Thierry d'Argenlieu, who had been appointed by the French as the first High Commissioner to Indochina (the title of governor general had been dropped), acting without authorization from Paris, recognizes the "Republic of Cochinchina" in exactly the same terms as the "Republic of Vietnam" had been recognized in February.

November 20. Vietminh fires on a French ship that is bringing a captured Chinese junk loaded with contraband into Haiphong harbor.

November 23. French forces order Vietminh to evacuate Haiphong. When they refuse, the French fire. Thousands of Vietnamese civilians stream out of the city. The French, incorrectly believing them to be armed, fire into the mob. In all, 6,000 civilian Vietnamese are shot or trampled to death.

December 19. Vietminh forces attack French troops throughout Indochina. The French-Indochina war begins.

June 5, 1948. On a seaplane off the coast of North Vietnam, Bao-Dai signs, with French government officials, a document that recognizes the independence of Vietnam but proclaims "its adherence to the French Union as a state associated with France." (But actually only part of Vietnam is under the control of France.)

March 14, 1949. Elections are held in Cochinchina. Out of an adult population of 3,000,000, only 1,700 vote.

April 23. Cochinchina becomes the "Republic of Vietnam."

May 8, 1950. Secretary of State Dean Acheson announces that U.S. will send "economic and military equipment to the Associated States of Indochina [Vietnam, Laos, and Cambodia] and to France . . ."

August. A U.S. Military Assistance Advisory Group of thirty-five men is sent to Indochina.

May 8, 1954. French forces in Vietnam surrender at Dienbienphu. More than $2 billion in American aid had been contributed to the French war effort.

May 8-July 21. Delegates from Great Britain, the USSR, France, the U.S., Communist China, Cambodia, Laos, Vietnam, and the Vietminh regime meet

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at the Geneva Conference on Indochina. Agreements are signed specifying that Vietnam is to be partitioned along the 17th parallel into North and South Vietnam, but country-wide elections leading to reunification are to be held by July 20, 1956. An International Control Commission (ICC) is established to supervise the implementation of the agreements. The U.S. and South Vietnam do not sign, but the U.S. declares that it "would view any renewal of the aggression in violation of the aforesaid agreements with grave concern. . . ."

July 7. Bao-Dai appoints Ngo Dinh Diem as premier of South Vietnam.

January 1, 1955. U.S. begins to give direct assistance to South Vietnam, is soon training South Vietnamese Army.

July 20. South Vietnam rejects a North Vietnamese invitation to discuss preparations for reunification elections.

October 23. Bao-Dai deposed by referendum and Premier Diem becomes the first president of South Vietnam.

November 16, 1961. President Kennedy announces he will not commit U.S. combat forces at this time, but increases arms support.

February 7, 1962. Two U.S. Army air-support companies arrive in Saigon.

June 3, 1963. Buddhist demonstrations break out against Diem regime.

June 11. First Buddhist monk burns himself to death.

September 2. The *Times* of Vietnam charges that the CIA had planned a coup for August 28 to overthrow President Diem.

September 27. Elections are held in South Vietnam. All candidates approved in advance by government, many unopposed.

November 1. President Diem and his brother Ngo Dinh Nhu assassinated after military coup.

January 30, 1964. South Vietnamese government of Duong Van Minh ousted by Major General Nguyen Khanh.

May 2. A U.S. aircraft transport ship is sunk after an explosion in Saigon Harbor.

May 18. The White House requests an additional $125,000,000 for economic and military aid to Vietnam.

August 2-4. Two American destroyers attacked by North Vietnamese torpedo boats. President Johnson orders "air action" against the torpedo boats and their bases.

February 1965. Gen. Khanh deposed. Pham Huy Quat becomes head of a civilian government of South Vietnam.

February 7. Guerrillas attack a U.S. compound at Pleiku. U.S. bombers retaliate by striking targets in North Vietnam.

April 7. In a speech at Johns Hopkins University President Johnson offers "unconditional" talks and suggests that once a settlement is agreed to in which the independence of South Vietnam is assured, the U.S. would be prepared to consider a $1 billion aid program for Southeast Asia.

May 6. Two Marine divisions are sent to Vietnam in the first deployment of combat units.

May 19. U.S. planes resume bombing of North Vietnam after a five-day moratorium.

June. Brigadier General Nguyen Cao Ky heads a new military regime in South Vietnam.

September 23. U.S. lays a new bid for Vietnam peace negotiations before the U.N.

October 14. Dean Rusk says North Vietnam is apparently no longer demanding an American withdrawal from Southeast Asia as a condition to negotiations.

October 26. The U.S. announces it has received no sign that another pause in bombing raids on North Vietnam would persuade the Hanoi government to begin peace negotiations.

October 31. Two U.S. planes bomb the friendly village of Deduc in error, killing at least forty-eight civilians and wounding fifty-five.

November 9. American planes mistakenly bomb the friendly village of Locthuonghiet, killing one woman and wounding ten other civilians.

November 16. The U.S. State Department confirms that in August 1964, the Johnson Administration turned down an opportunity for peace talks with North Vietnam that had been secretly arranged by U.N. Secretary General U Thant. Dean Rusk explains that the North Vietnamese had attached conditions that were unacceptable.

November 17. U Thant says that there is still time to find a peaceful solution if major concessions are made by all sides.

November 30. McNamara says it seems clear that North Vietnam has elected to "raise the level of conflict" and that the inescapable conclusion is that it will be "a long war."

orphans' association" in his village of Duc-long, Ha-tinh province. His sentence of seven years' rigorous imprisonment is a measure of the morbid suspicion and fear with which the authorities view any organization other than their own.

It is this small, impoverished, totalitarian Asian state which is the root cause of so much of today's international disagreement and dangers.

American policy in South Vietnam needs to be viewed against this background. Vietnam is not an isolated piece of geography; it is, and has been, a cockpit for world struggle. Its tragedy may have been discovered recently on some campuses, but its importance has dominated a thousand years of Chinese history during which Vietnam was a Chinese colony. Aggressive Imperial Japan understood the significance of Vietnam, which had to be conquered in 1941 in order to make possible the main assault upon Burma, Malaya, and ultimately India. Its absorption now behind the bamboo curtain is part of a similarly explicit purpose.

In fact, in 1956 Professor Hans Morgenthau wrote, "The Communists expected, and in view of all the facts that were then available had a right to expect, that sooner or later South Vietnam would be dominated by the Vietminh."

Vietnam can, therefore, not be separated from this long stream of history nor, for that matter, from the repetitive pattern of aggression by European as well as Asian imperialism. Furthermore, the outcome of the struggle in Vietnam will radiate to distant corners of the world. We are indebted again to Professor Morgenthau for a crisp and correct understanding of these relationships. In the shadow of the 1954 Geneva Conference, when some unsophisticated observers were still persuaded that Ho Chi Minh was fundamentally nationalist, Professor Morgenthau stated, "The struggle for Indochina was a struggle between Communism and the Western World and, more particularly, the United States. For those who made that war possible, in the first place, that is to say, the Soviet Union and Communist China, the war had nothing to do with national liberation or colonialism. It was an attempt to extend the sphere of influence and domination of Communism."

It is possible, of course, to agree that Vietnam has been the consistent object of tenacious Asian Communist ambition and still conclude that the attainment of these purposes by Hanoi and Peking presents no problems sufficiently grave to concern the United States, or sufficiently dangerous to warrant the escalating risks of military action. This requires response on several levels, first historical.

In 1931 a farsighted Secretary of

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State, Henry L. Stimson, confronting Japan's assault upon Manchuria, urged President Hoover and the British government to oppose this aggression. But a dozen arguments were advanced to demonstrate that Japan's aggression was temporary and limited, confined to an area complementary to its economy. The Stimson insight and recommendation were thrust aside. Manchuria led to China, China led to Indochina, and the sequence was arrested finally only at the borders of India in 1945, and only with the ghastly expenditure of American, European, and Asian life.

WE need not go back quite that far. Fifteen years ago, a not dissimilar ambition thrust an invading horde across the thirty-eighth parallel in Korea. More recently, one of the world's most unoffending nations, Tibet, lost its age-old independence and is now a vassal to Communist China. For more than ten years, Communist insurrectionary war sought the collapse of Burma, Malaya, and Indonesia. The voluntary American grant of independence to the Philippines was followed by an almost successful Communist guerrilla takeover. When Communist China made its first incursions across India's northern frontier, Prime Minister Nehru mournfully told his Parliament, "It did not occur to us that our neighbors would resort to aggression."

The United States invested the vast moral capital with which it emerged from World War II to persuade and even compel its Western Allies to disgorge themselves of their imperial Asian holdings. It is central to American foreign policy that these areas freed of nineteenth-century colonial bondage should not be swallowed by a new and more ruthless imperial neighbor.

In essence, the alternatives in Vietnam fall into two broad categories: Shall the United States assist the continuing effort of South Vietnam to retain its national independence until a cease-fire and negotiated settlement provide reasonable assurance that independence will not be threatened by its northern neighbors, or shall the United States withdraw and permit the absorption of South Vietnam into an expanding world of Asian Communism?

If negotiations promise an end to bloodshed and the protection of independence, discussion should of course be speeded. If negotiations endanger or impede that result, we ought not to be eager to enter them. Above all, negotiation must not be simply the instrument to enable the U.S. to terminate its commitment and to consign the Vietnamese people to a bleak and terrible future.

We provided humanitarian help for the 900,000 who, after 1954, voluntarily chose to leave all behind, flee North Vietnam, and sink new roots in the country now under ruthless onslaught. There are more than 700,000 additional refugees who have recently fled the countryside dominated by the Vietcong and with their act of flight have chosen the meager sanctuary provided by the government of South Vietnam. Shall we consign these, too, helplessly to their fate?

If the consequences were limited to the Vietnamese people, unhappy as the human aspect may be, weighed against the benefits of peace, it might painfully perhaps be contemplated. But our Communist adversaries have made quite clear that the tragedy will not be cauterized in Vietnam. Both Communist China and Communist North Vietnam have made their intention to next achieve the "national liberation of Thailand." Here, indeed, the real meaning of national liberation is made undeniably plain. By an anomaly of history, Thailand has never fallen into colonial hands. From whom, then, will it be liberated? The Thais, of course.

It is urgent that we examine the ominous implications of an American withdrawal under any circumstances other than the reasonably assured national integrity of South Vietnam. Both the President and the Secretary of State have repeatedly stressed the consequence this repudiation of an American pledge would have upon more than forty other nations bound to us in alliance.

We ought to be particularly concerned with two of those alliances. America has been deeply involved in the massive effort to eradicate Fascism and the continuing effort to encourage, in Germany, a non-nationalist government tied irrevocably to Europe, with new, deep, and enduring roots in the soil of democracy. Most Americans believe that our pledge to defend Berlin and its alliance with the Federal Republic in Bonn are unbreakable. But bear in mind that we do not live in their insecurity. Nor, in fact, is our promise of automatic support totally compelling when measured against the awesome price we might have to pay. It must be observed that the shrewd general who governs France is quite persuaded that the United States will not, in a final moment of confrontation, risk its own destruction to defend Western Europe.

Now put a repudiation of the American pledge in Vietnam in that context. It could but serve to redirect the foreign policy emphasis in both German political parties. The present mild traces of fatigue, nationalism, and neutralism would be quickly replaced by a conviction that Germany's future must again rest on its own resources, that its relationships with its neighbors and its military requirements must be determined solely by German self-interest.

A similar anxiety does, almost certainly, involve Japan. A laborious effort to create the first peaceful and democratic society Japan has ever known was painfully begun in 1945. Japan's constitution forbids war, its impressive economy and industrial sinews are now harnessed to the ways of peace.

THE Asia that has emerged since 1945 is an Asia that permits this evolution, an Asia with a number of new and several democratic nations, of an independent and struggling India, with China, the growing giant, thus far unable to achieve total domination.

Those who think they see peace accomplished in our withdrawal from Vietnam should ask themselves if they are prepared to upset this perilous balance. Would they make Japan either an uneasy commercial partner of Red China or an ominous and ambitious antagonist? For this is precisely what Japan's self-interest would suggest if we withdraw.

It is not only, however, the effect on our new friends on which we must focus our anxiety. Reflect on the unequal encouragement our withdrawal would give to our adversaries. Let us recall that it was in Moscow in December 1960, before a young and untried Kennedy was yet to enter the White House, when Khrushchev and Kremlin leadership were at their all-time peak, that

Killed in Action in Vietnam

	U.S.	South Vietnamese	Vietcong
1961	1	2,500	9,000
1962	31	4,400	21,000
1963	77	5,700	21,000
1964	146	7,000	17,000
1965*	1,104	9,086	26,475
Totals	1,359	28,686	94,475

*Through Nov. 27; sources for figures are as follows: U.S. dead, Department of Defense; South Vietnamese dead, South Vietnam; Vietcong dead, U.S. and South Vietnam.

Military Buildup

	U.S.	South Vietnamese	Vietcong (est.)*
Dec. 1960	773	245,000	
			less than
Dec. 1961	1,364	250,000	20,000
Dec. 1962	9,865	350,000	84,000
Dec. 1963	16,575	525,000	108,000
Dec. 1964	23,300		165,000
July 1965	80,000		175,000
Aug. 1965	90,000		
Sept. 1965	131,700		
Oct. 1965	148,380		195,000
Nov. 1965	165,700	550,000	

*Including part-time guerrillas

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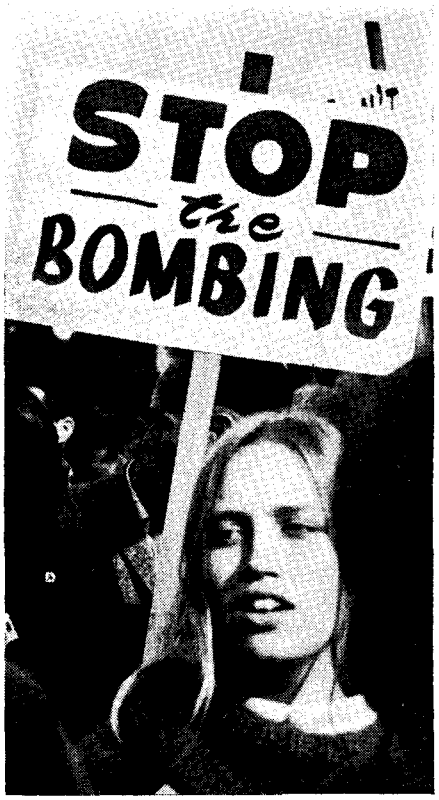
the heads of eighty-one Communist parties of the world met to issue a manifesto that advocated the expansion of Communism via the route which was called "just wars, wars of national liberation, local wars."

The Soviet Union has had some reason to moderate its enthusiasm for these appetizing smaller ventures during these last five years. Its assessment of our impotence was sufficiently wrong to lead to the placement of missiles in Cuba. The failure of its own resolve in that deadly context not only altered the course of its own national policy but persuaded the Chinese Communists that the future of Leninist expansion was theirs, not Moscow's. Shall the United States be the nation that demonstrates to the Kremlin that China is right? Will the misguided hope for a temporary peace in the United States invigorate that wing of the Communist Party that repeatedly and explicitly says it wants no peace? Shall we penalize the tendencies toward detente in the Kremlin and reward the world revolutionary zeal of the aging purists in Peking?

IT is urgent that the South Vietnamese have the opportunity to laboriously learn the ways of national independence and to protect the similar efforts in a handful of countries that still struggle with their own destiny in Southeast Asia.

But it is even more urgent that we not again contrive to visit holocaust upon the world in the name of an illusory, momentary peace.



—Hal Painter (Pix).

Demonstrator in San Francisco.

The Problem of Dissent

By HENRY STEELE COMMAGER

IT IS barely two months now since Pope Paul VI made his historic plea to the United Nations and to the peoples of the world for an end to war and a restoration of brotherhood. "No more war. War never again," he said, and the whole nation applauded his noble plea. But when young men and women from our colleges and universities take the papal plea in good faith, and demonstrate against the war in Vietnam, they are overwhelmed with a torrent of recrimination and obloquy that is almost hysterical. Even students catch the contagion. "We're sick and tired of peaceniks" shriek the students of the Catholic Manhattan College. Are they sick and tired of Pope Paul, who said, "It is peace that must guide the destinies of mankind?"

Surely it is time to bring a little clarity and common sense to the discussion of this matter of student protests and demonstrations.

First, as Attorney General Katzenbach has reminded us, there is no question about the right of students, or of others, to agitate, to demonstrate, to protest, in any nonviolent manner, against policies they consider misguided. That is, after all, not only a right but a necessity if our democracy is to function. People who ought to know better—Senator Dodd of Connecticut, for example—have loosely identified agitation with "treason." Treason is the one crime defined in the Constitution, and the Senator would do well to read that document before he flings loose charges of treason about. Students have the same right to agitate and demonstrate against what they think unsound policies—even military policies—as have businessmen to agitate against the TVA or doctors against Medicare. When, back in New Deal days, distinguished lawyers publicly advised corporations to disregard the Wagner Act and the Social Security Act on the ground that they were unconstitutional, when distinguished medical men called for the sabotage of Medicare, no one called them traitors. Businessmen and doctors and lawyers, to be sure, funnel their protests through respectable organizations like chambers of commerce, or the American Medical Association, or the American, and state, bar associations, or resort to well-paid lobbyists to express their discontent; students have no such effective organizations nor can they support lobbying. To penalize them for their weakness and their poverty is to repeat the error of the Cleveland administration in arresting Coxey's army for walking on the grass, or of the Hoover administration in sending soldiers to destroy the pitiful Bonus Army. The rich and respectable have always had their ways of making their discontent heard; the poor and the unorganized must resort to protests and marches and demonstrations. Such methods have not customarily been considered un-American.

Second, we are not yet legally at war with Vietnam, though what is going on there has, to be sure, the character of war. Nor are we acting in Vietnam under the authority or the auspices of the United Nations, as we did in the Korean crisis. We are in Vietnam as a result of executive decision and executive action, and it is not yet traitorous or unpatriotic to criticize executive action. In so far as they were consulted on the matter, the American people voted, in 1964, for the candidate who appeared to promise them peace in Vietnam, and against the candidate who advocated war. It was not thought unpatriotic for President Johnson to demonstrate against war in Vietnam in 1964; what has changed in the past year is not the law or the principle, but Presidential policy, and it is not unpatriotic to fail to change when the President changes his policy.

BUT, it is said, whatever the legal situation, war is a fact. We do have 165,000 men in Vietnam; we do send our bombers out every day to rain destruction on our "enemies" there. The time for discussion, therefore, has passed; we must close ranks behind our government.

What is the principle behind this line of reasoning? What but that it is right and proper to protest an error—or what seemed even to President Johnson to be an error, as long as it was a modest one, but that it is unpatriotic to protest an error when it is immense. If this is sound logic, the moral for men in high position is clear. If any policy upon which you are embarked excites criticism, expand it, enlarge it, pledge all of your resources to it; then criticism will be unpatriotic and critics will be silenced. A little error is fair game for critics, but a gigantic error, an error that might plunge us into a world war, is exempt from criticism.

Is this the principle Senators Dodd and Lausche, Kuchel and Stennis, wish to adopt?

Third, there is the now popular argument that whatever the logic of protests, they are intolerable because they might give comfort to the enemy. Whatever may be said for the sentiment behind

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Henry Steele Commager, the author of numerous books on American history, teaches at Amherst College.

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—Michael Gregory (Pix).

Members of "Hell's Angels," California group supporting U.S. Vietnam policy.

this argument, it can be said with certainty that it runs counter not only to logic but to history and tradition as well. When George III resolved on war against rebellious colonies, nineteen lords signed a solemn protest against the war; the commander-in-chief of the Army, Lord Jeffery Amherst, refused to serve; the highest commanding naval officer, Admiral Keppel, refused to serve; Lieutenant General Frederick Cavendish resigned his commission. We do not think poorly of them today for refusing to fight in what they thought an unjust war, and Amherst College is not about to change its name to Lord North.

NOR do we think poorly of preachers and men of letters who denounced the war with Mexico as unjust and counseled civil disobedience. President Polk, who at the last minute found a dubious justification for the war, is remembered, a century later, as "Polk the Mendacious" while Abraham Lincoln, who called upon him to indicate the "spot" where American blood had been shed, does not suffer in our esteem for his contumaciousness. Henry David Thoreau, who went to jail rather than pay taxes to support a war he thought iniquitous, is one of the glories of our literature and his essay celebrating civil disobedience is read in every high school and college in the land. Does Senator Dodd think it ought to be banned? James Russell Lowell wrote of the warmongers in his day (it is Hosea Biglow who is speaking):

> They may talk o' Freedom's array,
> 'Tell they're pupple in the face;
> It's a gran' great cemetery
> Fer the barthrights of our race

And he charged that

> Ez fer war, I call it murder;
> There you hev it plain and flat;
> I don't want to go no furder
> Then my testyment fer that.

And he concluded with words that are as apt today as they were in 1846:

> Call me coward, call me traitor,
> Jest ez suits your mean idees;
> Here I stand a tyrant-hater
> An' the friend o' God an' Peace.

A grateful government later sent Lowell as Minister to the Court of St. James's. And while the war was on, Lincoln's favorite clergyman, Theodore Parker, denounced it from the most eloquent pulpit in America, Sunday after Sunday. He is remembered today as The Great American Preacher.

In 1899 we fought a war that has interesting parallels with that which we are fighting today—a war which we now have almost wholly forgotten, perhaps for reasons that psychologists can understand better than politicians. That was the war to put down the Filipino "insurrection." For the Filipinos—like the Cubans—thought that they were to be liberated, but Admiral Dewey cabled that the Filipino Republic represented only a fraction of the Filipino people and that independence was not to be thought of, and the United States threw her military might into the task of defeating what they called an insurrection. Soon the presses were filled with stories of concentration camps and tortures; soon American soldiers were singing

> Damn, damn, damn the Filipinos
> Slant-eye'd Kakiack Ladrones
> And beneath the starry flag
> Civilize them with a Krag
> And return us to our own beloved
> Homes!

The Filipino war excited a wave of outrage and protest among intellectuals, reformers, and idealists as vociferous as that which we now witness. Mark Twain addressed a powerful letter, "To a Person Sitting in Darkness," which asserted that the Stars and Stripes should have the white stripes painted black and the stars replaced by skull and crossbones. The philosopher William James charged that "we are now engaged in crushing out the sacredest thing in this great human world. . . . Why do we go on? First, the war fever, and then the pride which always refuses to back down when under fire." And from the poet William Vaughn Moody came a memorable "Ode in Time of Hesitation":

> Alas, what sounds are these that
> come
> Sullenly over the Pacific seas. . . .
> Sounds of ignoble battle, striking
> dumb
> The season's half awakened
> ecstacies. . . .
>
> Was it for this our fathers kept the
> law?
> Are we the eagle nation Milton saw
> Mewing its mighty youth,
> Soon to possess the mountain winds
> of truth
> And be a swift familiar of the
> sun. . . .
> Or have we but the talons and
> the maw?

And "To a Soldier Fallen in the Philippines" he wrote just such an ode as might be written for a soldier fallen in Vietnam:

> A flag for the soldier's bier
> Who dies that his land may live;
> O banners, banners, here
> That he doubt not, nor misgive . . .

—Hal Painter (Pix).

Demonstration in San Francisco—Protest is a necessity as well as a right.

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Let him never dream that his
bullet's scream'
Went wide of its island mark
Home to the heart of his darling
land
Where she stumbled and sinned in
the dark.

Nor were these men of letters alone in their passionate outcry against what they thought an unjust war. They had the support of a brilliant galaxy of public leaders: Carl Schurz and Samuel Gompers, E. L. Godkin of the *Nation* and Felix Adler of the Ethical Culture Society, Jane Addams of Hull House and President Jordan of Stanford University, and Andrew Carnegie and scores of others. And when the defenders of the war raised the cry "Don't haul down the flag," it was no other than William Jennings Bryan, titular head of the Democratic party, who asked, "Who will haul down the President?"

We need not decide now whether those who protested this war were right or wrong. It is sufficient to remember that we honor Mark Twain and William James, regard Jane Addams as one of the greatest of American women, and still read Godkin, and that Bryan is somewhat better remembered than William McKinley. Those infatuated patriots who now assert that it is somehow treasonable to criticize any policy that involves Americans in fighting overseas would do well to ponder the lessons of the Philippine War.

But, it will be said, as it is always said, this war is different. Whether history will judge this war to be different or not, we cannot say. But this we can say with certainty: a government and a society that silences those who dissent is one that has lost its way. This we can say: that what is essential in a free society is that there should be an atmosphere where those who wish to dissent and even to demonstrate can do so without fear of recrimination or vilification.

What is the alternative? What is implicit in the demand, now, that agitation be silenced, that demonstrators be punished? What is implicit in the insistence that we "pull up by the roots and rend to pieces" the protests from students—it is Senator Stennis we are quoting here. What is implicit in the charge that those who demonstrate against the war are somehow guilty of treason?

It is, of course, this: that once our government has embarked upon a policy there is to be no more criticism, protest, or dissent. All must close ranks and unite behind the government.

Now we have had a good deal of experience, first and last, with this view of the duty of the citizen to his government and it behooves us to recall that experience before we go too far astray.

We ourselves had experience with this philosophy in the ante-bellum South. The dominant forces of Southern life were, by the 1840s, convinced that slavery was a positive good, a blessing alike for slaves and for masters; they were just as sure of the righteousness of the "peculiar institution" as is Senator Dodd of the righteousness of the war in Vietnam. And they adopted a policy that so many Senators now want to impose upon us: that of silencing criticism and intimidating critics. Teachers who attacked slavery were deprived of their posts—just what Mr. Nixon now advises as the sovereign cure for what ails our universities! Editors who raised their voices in criticism of slavery lost their papers. Clergymen who did not realize that slavery was enjoined by the Bible were forced out of their pulpits. Books that criticized slavery were burned. In the end the dominant forces of the South got their way: critics were silenced. The South closed its ranks against critics, and closed its mind; it closed, too, every avenue of solution to the slavery problem except that of violence.

Vietnamese at war—In history, some sobering reminders.

Nazi Germany provides us with an even more sobering spectacle. There, too, under Hitler, opposition to government was equated with treason. Those who dared question the inferiority of Jews, or the justice of the conquest of inferior peoples like the Poles, were effectually silenced, by exile or by the gas chamber. With criticism and dissent eliminated, Hitler and his followers were able to lead their nation, and the world, down the path to destruction.

There is, alas, a tragic example of this attitude toward criticism before our eyes, and in a people who inherit, if they do not cherish, our traditions of law and liberty. Like the slaveocracy of the Old South, the dominant leaders of South Africa today are convinced that whites are superior to Negroes, and that Negroes must not be allowed to enjoy the freedoms available to whites. To maintain this policy and to silence criticism—criticism coming from the academic community and from the press—they have dispensed with the traditions of due process and of fair trial, violated academic freedom, and are in process of destroying centuries of constitutional guarantees. And with criticism silenced, they are able to delude themselves that what they do is just and right.

NOW, it would be absurd and iniquitous to equate our current policies toward Vietnam with the defense of slavery, or with Nazi or Afrikaner policies. But the point is not whether these policies have anything in common. The point is that when a nation silences criticism and dissent, it deprives itself of the power to correct its errors. The process of silencing need not be as savage as in Nazi Germany or in South Africa today; it is enough that an atmosphere be created where men prefer silence to protest. As has been observed of book-burning, it is not necessary to burn books, it is enough to discourage men from writing them.

It cannot be too often repeated that the justification and the purpose of freedom of speech is not to indulge those who want to speak their minds. It is to prevent error and discover truth. There may be other ways of detecting error and discovering truth than that of free discussion, but so far we have not found them.

There is one final argument for silencing criticism that is reasonable and even persuasive. It is this: that critics of our Vietnam policy are in fact defeating their own ends. For by protesting and agitating, they may persuade the Vietcong, or the North Vietnamese, or the Chinese, that the American people are really deeply divided, and that if they but hold out long enough the Americans will tire of the war and throw in the

(*Continued on page* 81)

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ICY

UNDER the initials ICY, a warm-blooded, ambitious program for making a better America has been drafted by a group of 1,500 Americans and is now on the desk of the President of the United States.

ICY stands for International Cooperation Year, a world-wide project initiated by the United Nations. Following the success of International Geophysical Year in 1957, various world leaders, including Pope John XXIII and Prime Minister Jawaharlal Nehru of India, suggested that a similar world effort be made in the general field of humanities and sciences. The U.N. General Assembly acted favorably on the proposal and asked all nations to develop their own programs.

In the United States, President Lyndon B. Johnson called a special White House Conference on International Cooperation. By way of preparing for the conference, he appointed a National Citizens Commission for International Cooperation Year under the chairmanship of Robert M. Benjamin, president of the United Nations Association of the United States. The Commission, working through the UNA, was divided into twenty-nine committees in fields ranging all the way from planning for peace to cultural exchange. Each committee had its counterpart inside the government.

It quickly became clear that ICY in the U.S. was to be the most comprehensive joint-planning project between citizens and government ever undertaken in this country. For six months the individual committees carried on their work. Then they came together in Washington on November 28 for a three-day White House Conference. The participants compared notes and exposed their findings and suggestions to a cross-fire of comments and criticisms in open forums.

As the Conference progressed, it became apparent that the various panel discussions were connected to each other by a central and unifying tie-line. This line extended beyond a common assignment; the participants shared a growing awareness that their work led them directly to a design for living in an atomic age. They discovered it was virtually impossible to ponder the requirements of cooperation with other nations without also pondering the infinitely varied mechanism of civilization itself. And they shared the awesome realization that what was involved in their work was nothing less than the need to reshape human society in a time of fragmentation, disruption, and violence.

In the words of the introductory statement to the report on Culture and Intellectual Exchange, international cooperation means more than mutual action for mutual benefit. It means working for and moving toward a world community instead of a world battleground. It means the development of the world's resources for the world's good. It means the highest release of the human intelligence in meeting man's most enduring problems. It means developing the creative capacities of the individual human being. It means the enjoyment of living. It means unobstructed access to knowledge.

Inevitably, too, ICY means education that leads to comprehension of diversity, respect for the elements inside the diversity, and ability to pursue the unity that lies beyond the diversity. It means cutting across national barriers in an attempt to restore to the human race the sense of human kinship that is at the core of human existence and that is inherent in a common destiny.

But cooperation in terms of ICY requires of us more than the desire to pursue it, or the energy to achieve it. For cooperation does not exist just in the form of a specific program or programs. As the conferees emphasized, it must be an organic part of a nation's or a people's approach to life, their philosophy of relationships to others, their foreign policies. For nations cannot maintain policies that contribute to the anarchy of the whole and yet expect a cooperative world.

To be effective, therefore, cooperation presupposes a thoroughgoing recasting of the ways in which nations pursue their national interests outside their own borders. Meaningful cooperation among peoples begins in ordered relationships among nations. The spirit of cooperation can help create such relationships, and it will be enhanced through them, but it cannot exist apart from them.

In any event, President Johnson now has before him hundreds of specific ideas relating to the advancement of international cooperation in such areas as culture, trade, communications, science, transportation, disarmament, world law, to mention only a few. He has promised careful scrutiny of these reports. The nation and the world are the potential beneficiaries. —N.C.

Afraid

By Reeve Spencer Kelley

AFRAID to sink back into life,
Sure that it will cheat me,
I run hard at it,
In spiteful tones,
Clamoring for attention;

Fearing most the house
Of the retired soul, up Maple St.
To Sparrow Ave.,
Where Old Man Poet sleeps
Beneath his bird's nest hair.

Lord God (or whatever Your name is
in Your mother tongue)
May my poems keep the edge of swords
And not fall off in faints
And violets and useful sermons
Toward that laureate laid day,
When purposefully pious women
Will invite me to anoint
Their "festival of verse"
With a benignant art.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Moon Mission

THE THOUGHTS of Joseph Wood Krutch are invariably expressed with lucidity, but it seems to me he shows a blind spot in his article "Why I Am Not Going to the Moon" [*SR*, Nov. 20]. He says that the chief argument supporting a landing on the moon seems to be simply "because it is there." It does not seem reasonable that any but a very small percentage of those who believe in, advocate, and are working on the space program consider this to be *the* reason. Beyond the moon are the planets; beyond the planets are the stars. Beyond all of them is the secret of the universe. What is the key to creation and the meaning of life? What is the Grand Design? Surely these are the ultimate questions man hopes to have answered in the far reaches of space. Whether he will find the answers he seeks no one can know. But can Mr. Krutch claim that the search is a useless errand?

JANET B. FISHER.

Kerhonkson, N.Y.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH leaves me somewhat puzzled. Frankly, I wasn't aware that he had either been offered a ride to the moon or had changed his mind about going, whichever the case may be. But in either case this article should help NASA choose a better candidate. I am not going to the moon either, but I am not making a national issue of it.

Anyhow, I am sure similar articles were written to discourage other explorers throughout history. Consider Columbus, Ericson, Magellan. Did these men wait until all domestic problems were solved before they went? If they had, they would still be waiting. . . .

ERNEST H. WELLS.

Huntsville, Ala.

I SUGGEST THAT the principal reason Mr. Krutch is not going to the moon is that no one is likely to invite him. . . .

BARRY RICHMAN.

New York, N.Y.

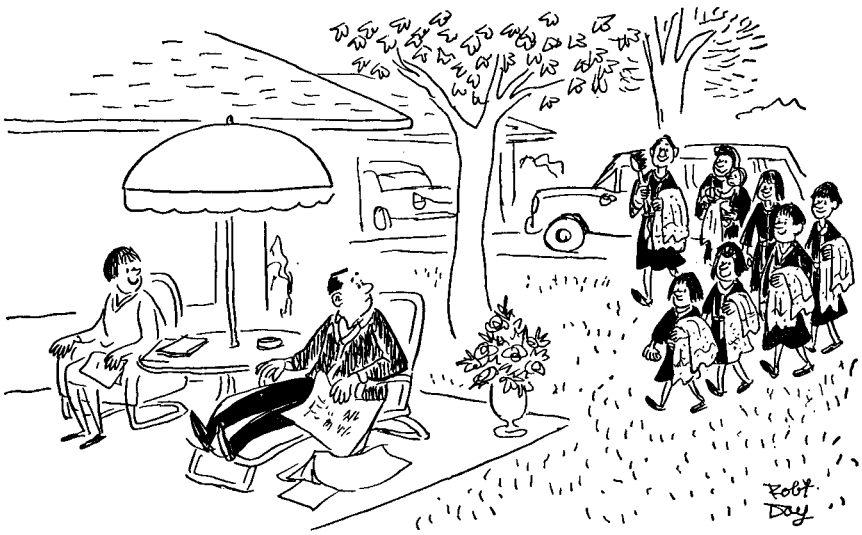
MR. KRUTCH makes the mistake of looking upon the lunar flight as a single phenomenon rather than an integral part of a much larger picture.

There are many reasons for going to the moon, some of them rather practical. For example: We have already learned that many tasks—such as global weather observation and communications, geophysical and astronomical research—can be accomplished better from space than from the ground. But maintaining satellites in orbit can be very costly, because the costs of boosting equipment from the earth's surface are astronomical. Now, if this equipment and the propellants needed to boost it could be manufactured on the moon, it could be flown to earth orbit for a fraction of the cost of boosting the same tonnages from the earth's surface. This is simply a function of the moon's lower gravity and airlessness. No one knows whether there will be sufficient natural resources accessible on the moon to allow manufacturing operations. If there are, the costs of those things we wish to do in space will decrease dramatically. And we will never know if this can be accomplished unless we go to the moon.

The moon mission is not detracting from the further growth of technology; if anything, it is adding to that growth by stimulating men from all walks of life to attack problems long thought unassailable. As Mr. Krutch himself points out, if we can go to the moon, why can't we handle population problems? We can and will, and technology will play an important role in feeding, curing, and educating the peoples of the world.

BENJAMIN W. BOVA.

Arlington, Mass.



"Oh, I forgot to tell you. The Mitchells' well has petered out. I invited them over for showers."

Extremism Revisited

ARTHUR M. SCHLESINGER'S attempt to smear Barry Goldwater in his article "Extremism in American Politics" in your issue of November 7 is of such a low standard that it has no place in a magazine like *SR*. He says that "extremism" dictated the nominees and platform of the GOP in 1964. Extremism, like society, is a concept and it can do neither good nor bad. Mr. Schlesinger points out that the "moderates" failed to unite to oppose Goldwater. He does not mention that no one dared to oppose LBJ in the other large party.

The trite attack on Goldwater's defense of extremism is the mark of a dishonest man. If we had not used extremism during World War II we might right now be living under the Fascism that Mr. Schlesinger doesn't like.

If Mr. Schlesinger will promise to give up his obvious prejudice I, as a Goldwater supporter, will give up any plan to "manhandle fellow Americans."

EUGENE MOHAN.

Minneapolis, Minn.

THE ARTICLE by Mr. Schlesinger, blithely assigning all of us Goldwater supporters to the same category as the Ku Klux Klan and the American Protective Association, is nothing less than an insult to a great many of your readers, including myself.

PERRY A. BRICK.

Danbury, Conn.

WE ARE very much touched by the beautiful tribute of Mr. Schlesinger to his father. Like his beloved father, Arthur Schlesinger is a man of whom the community of man can be very proud.

STUART AND RUTH PALMER.

Sag Harbor, N.Y.

Numbers Games

NOT TOO LONG AGO you ran a little essay about the comedy of errors caused by automation [PHOENIX NEST, Aug. 14]. Most of us have had our sad little rounds with that type of thing, and those so afflicted hope magazines will continue printing the stories.

One of my own tussles had to do with a record company. I sent in a check for $9.99 to close out an account. Unfortunately, their steel bookkeeper recorded it as $6.66. I received letters from aggressive collection agencies to cough up the $3.33 or they'd burn me at the stake. Fighting the good fight, I refused to go down without a whimper. I kept at it and they finally traced the dire deed back to its source and admitted that one of their robots had slipped a disc. This took approximately six months.

After a few minor skirmishes I am now engaged in another hassle. On this one the banks disagreed. *My* bank said they sent my check back to the company because the company had endorsed the check wrong and they had returned it to the company for my protection. Well, their benevolent act has me in a lot of hot water, I can tell you.

Articles like yours show those of us in the ranks that we are not fighting alone but that many are sharing the bruises of battle.

D. H. MILLER.

Eveleth, Minn.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

The Webern-Mahler Axis—Singers

ANTON WEBERN and Gustav Mahler have long been recognized as the polar personalities of Vienna's last musical cycle, but it remained for Leonard Bernstein to make a public demonstration of the reasons in the latest of his series of New York Philharmonic Orchestra programs devoted to "Symphonic Forms in the Twentieth Century." Everything was fine and to the point about his pairing of Mahler's hellish lengths (Symphony No. 7) and Webern's heavenly brevity (Symphony 1928) save the order in which they were performed; putting Webern first and Mahler second confounded logic by citing effect first, cause second.

To be sure, it would have confounded the logic of a public program in a subscription series to have played them in the order of writing, for how many listeners would have have remained for the eight minutes of Webern after the hour and twenty of Mahler? The obvious answer suggests, too, that this kind of speculative combination isn't really compatible with the logic and organization of a symphony series on the Philharmonic's plan—which remains the immovable object when confronted with a less than irresistible force.

For those who could sort out their impressions in retrospect rather than as they were happening, however, the relationship was clear enough. To me it proved that calling a succession of musical expressions a "symphony" doesn't make it so, in one case or the other. What Mahler was getting at, in his succession of gargantuan movements, was on the order of a divertimento; Webern might have called his writings "Orchestral Pieces," if he had not used the term earlier.

Mahler's Seventh is one of the least played of his symphonies, not because it is more difficult than four or five of the others, or even because it is much longer than his average. But it is, with the possible exception of the Sixth, the Mahler symphony with the greatest disproportion of length to substance, the most undisciplined in its repetitions, elaborations, digressions, and tonal footnotes, as self-indulgent in its preoccupation with an inner urge as a writer who leaves punctuation to the reader.

Just as the best of Mahler is the music he wrote to words (which imposed a factor of organization that he rarely achieved without them), so the second-best is the music in which banalities must be tolerated for the prevailing exaltation. In the Seventh, it is the other way around—there is, every now and then, an occasional exaltation amid the prevailing banality. The kind of thing to which the Mahler apologists allude, in the way of arresting tonal combinations (birdlike flute voices, atmospheric cow bells, tinklings of guitar and mandolin), reward curiosity but do not award pleasure. At the Friday-afternoon performance, those who took the option of leaving after the second or third movement seemed to be regarded by Bernstein as hostile to his interests—they had no other way of registering their dissent.

In a way, however, they were only asserting their fidelity to the same natural law that produced Webern after Mahler—namely, that to every action there is an equal and opposite reaction. The conclusion that length had had its day and brevity was the only possible alternative might have occurred to any other clever musician reared in the aftermath of Mahler. What made Webern's selectivity something more than merely clever was his invention of what might be called the art of omission. A note here, a tone color there, all in the framework of silence, combine to produce an esthetic of their own—which is, after all, as much as one can ask of any artistic expression. Bernstein's decision to repeat the Webern on each program, because it was so "short," obscured rather than clarified his point (to my way of thinking). The issue was not length but completeness—something Webern attained in eight minutes but Mahler did not in eighty. This Q.E.D. was made possible only by the devotion of Bernstein and his players to the interests of each.

The career that has carried Judith Raskin from television to the New York City Opera to the Metropolitan reached a new plateau of excellence in her first venture with a Town Hall recital. This was no miscellaneous series of songs in search of a character, but a full-fledged lieder recital drawn from the works of Beethoven, Schubert, Mendelssohn, Wolf, and Mahler. To say that Miss Raskin performed her chosen task with intelligence, musicianship, taste, and discrimination would be, merely, to recapitulate the qualities that have distinguished her efforts wherever encountered.

She did, indeed, do something more. That was to take a long step toward the front rank of recitalists now active. Her identity with what she sang was strongest in matter of a lighter, more playful character (Schubert's *"Jüngling An Der Quelle,"* Mendelssohn's *"Suleika,"* Wolf's *"In der Schatten meiner Locken"* as instances), but she skirted monotony by providing the contrast of Beethoven's *"Neue Liebe"* and Schubert's *"Gretchen am Spinnrad"* at strategic points. But the big climaxing phrase of Wolf's *"Verschwiegene Liebe"* asks a larger sound than is comfortably accessible to her.

Unlike some others who venture this kind of activity, Miss Raskin is on intimate terms with the poetic content of her material, and she frequently put a loving touch to a favored phrase, as in the last occurrence of *"Mein Herz ist Schwer"* in *"Gretchen am Spinnrad."* What needs more of her attention is the strident sound that sometimes showed itself in the top range of her voice. George Schick's accompaniments often attained the stature of duets, so well were they played.

Almost everything was in tune with the fictious West depicted by Puccini when *La Fanciulla* had its first performance of the season at the Metropolitan. "Tune" is used here not in the narrow technical sense of vibrations per second, but in the broader, philosophic sense of temperamental affinity. Dorothy Kirsten performed her carefully marcelled Minnie with an emotional intensity as deep as the lacquer on her gleaming fingernails, and she had the ideal opposite in the Dick Johnson of Franco Corelli, easily the tallest good-bad man this role has known.

The only false note was intruded by Anselmo Colzani, who had the unconventional idea that Sheriff Jack Rance was a real person, and worked devotedly to achieve that end. This is the kind of effort that can give a performer a bad name among his operatic colleagues. As it happens, Rance's reward for being "real" is to lose both the bandit he is seeking and the girl he loves, which shows how much, in opera, virtue is its own reward.

For Miss Kirsten, this Minne marked the twentieth anniversary of her debut at the Metropolitan in 1945, a fact that could not be deduced either from her appearance or her sound. She is, of course, a much more assured performer now than she was in that introductory *Bohème*, but still much the same kind of singer. Now, as then, she leaves considerable question why, with the voice and technical skill she commands, she fails to convey more emotional conviction. It is related, no doubt, to the same preoccupation with effect rather than meaning that resulted in the well-coiffed Minnie of the mining camp. It tends to persist.

As for Corelli, his Johnson in *Fanciulla* was much the same as his Rodolfo

(*Continued on page* 54)

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Books

LITERARY HORIZONS

Invitation to a World of Welty

WHEN *Book Week* polled 200 "prominent authors, critics, and editors" last summer, asking, "Which writers have created the most substantial body of work during the period [1945-1965]?," Eudora Welty came fourteenth on the list that resulted from a tabulation of replies. I think her position would have been higher if she had published more in recent years, but there has been no book from her since *The Bride of the Innisfallen*, just a decade ago. Flannery O'Connor, who was in everyone's mind because of her premature death and the excellence of her posthumous collection of short stories, *Everything That Rises Must Converge*, ranked ninth. (Such lists necessarily tell us more about the state of literary opinion than about the state of literature.)

If we survey the whole of Miss Welty's career, as we are invited to do with *A Season of Dreams*, by Alfred Appel, Jr. (Louisiana State University Press, $7.50), we recognize the magnitude of her achievement. The great virtue of Appel's book, for me at any rate, is that it reawakens the pleasure I have taken in reading her stories and novels as they appeared. Reading Appel is almost as good as rereading Welty.

Appel doesn't do much with biography, and apparently there is no reason why he should. After completing her education at the University of Wisconsin and the Columbia School of Business, Miss Welty settled down in her native Jackson, Mississippi, where she has spent most of her subsequent life. One of the significant facts Appel records is that her mother came from West Virginia and her father from Ohio. This, as he suggests, may explain why, despite her passionate attachment to the region in which she grew up, she has none of Faulkner's commitment to the South as an idea.

Appel's method is primarily the explication of texts. That is, he has read Miss Welty's stories and novels with great care in an attempt to get at all her meanings. He discusses her imagery, and makes much of the symbols he discovers or thinks he discovers. Sometimes his interpretations seem to me farfetched, but more often they are sound or at least suggestive. To give his method full scope, he offers a detailed discussion of two stories, "Death of a Salesman" and "The Hitch-Hikers." It is not quite fair to take a bit of analysis out of context, but perhaps the following paragraph will indicate how closely Appel has studied his text:

> Harris's isolation is formulated in the actions, characters, and details of each scene: the senselessness of the sudden murder; the roadside joint; the party scene; and the run-down, two-story Dulcie Hotel. Its proprietor, Mr. Gene, and his "ancient" collie dog mirror Harris's spiritual torpor: moving "stiffly, like a table walking," the dog shoves himself between the two men, putting his jaw in Harris's palm. " 'His spirit's gone. You see?' said Mr. Gene pleadingly." Miss Welty's symbolism works quietly.

Appel sometimes quotes out of what seems to be sheer pleasure in Miss Welty's skill:

> "Same songs ever'where," said the man with the guitar slowly. "I come down from the hills. . . . We had us owls for chickens and fox for yard dogs but we sung true. . . . My ma, she was the one for ballats. Little in the waist as a dirt-dauber, but her voice carried. Had her a whole lot of tunes. Long ago dead an' gone. . . . Dead an' gone an' the house burned down." He gulped at his beer. His foot was patting.

There is a good chapter on Miss Welty's humor, in which Appel talks about "Lily Daw and the Three Ladies," "Petrified Man," "Why I Live at the P.O.," "The Wide Net," and *The Ponder Heart*. It is easy to forget how very funny Miss Welty can be—and, as Appel points out, funny in several different veins, from frontier humor to the comedy of the absurd. There is an excellent chapter on the Negro in Miss Welty's fiction, with particular emphasis on "A Worn Path," which is one of my favorites and probably one of hers, since she chose to record it. He makes an interesting and valid distinction between Gothic and grotesque, pointing out that, although Miss Welty's work often belongs in the latter category, there are only a few tales that can properly be called Gothic.

One of Appel's major services is his interpretation of several stories that have proved difficult for many readers, myself included: "Flowers for Marjorie," "The Purple Hat," "Asphodel," "Powerhouse," "At the Landing," "A Still Moment," and "The Bride of the Innisfallen." I am not certain that he has got to the bottom of every one of these stories, but he is invariably illuminating and sometimes conclusive.

He devotes less space to *Delta Wedding* than I think it deserves. He points

27 A Season of Dreams, by Alfred Appel, Jr.
28 Letters to the Book Review Editor
29 The European Literary Scene
30 The Triumphant Empire: Vols. XI and XII of The British Empire Before the American Revolution, by Lawrence H. Gipson; Agents and Merchants: British Colonial Policy and the Origins of the American Revolution, by Jack M. Sosin; The King's Friends: The Composition and Motives of the American Loyalist Claims, by Wallace Brown
32 Testaments of Time: The Search for Lost Manuscripts and Records, by Leo Deuel
33 Westviking: The Ancient Norse in Greenland and North America, by Farley Mowat
34 The Maias, by Eça de Queiroz; The Mandarin and Other Stories, by Eça de Queiroz
35 The Man Who Had His Hair Cut Short, by Johan Daisne
35 Watch on the Wall, by Hallie Burnett
36 A New Dimension in Political Thinking, by William J. Thorbecke
37 The Atlantic Community: A Study in Unity and Disunity, by Drew Middleton
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out that the theme, as in many of the short stories, is a struggle between love and separateness, and he rightly asserts that Miss Welty is writing about a particular family, not about the South; but I think that he might have made more of the way in which an almost magically evoked atmosphere permeates and controls the novel. On the other hand, he is excellent on *The Golden Apples,* and here his emphasis on mythological parallels helps one to understand not only particular stories but the structure of the whole book.

Appel's writing is sometimes rather stiff in an academic fashion. For instance, after commenting—briefly, I am happy to say—on writers who influenced Miss Welty, he writes: "Yet the versatility of Miss Welty's style inhibits the inclination to categorize." But his joy in Miss Welty's work is so strong and his expression of it so uninhibited by academic caution that I can forgive him almost anything.

Although the body of Miss Welty's work is rather small, her importance is great. As I have made clear more than once, I have the highest admiration for the writings of Flannery O'Connor, and if I compare her novels and stories with Miss Welty's it is not with the intention of disparaging her, but in the hope of helping to define Miss Welty's virtues. In the first place, she has a wider range than Miss O'Connor, not geographically—that is unimportant—but in terms of the variety of persons she can bring to life. In the second place, although she can be fierce, almost as fierce as Miss O'Connor, she can be gentler than Miss O'Connor ever was. Finally, whereas there was for Miss O'Connor only one good, the Church, Miss Welty's God, like Tennyson's, fulfills himself in many ways. —Granville Hicks.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT No. 1167

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1167 will be found in the next issue.

F CQFYK LBSHZP XC LQP BSAE

PGHPG LBBA LQFL HYBMC RPP-

SPY MXLQ VBSCLFSL ZCP.

MFCQXSHLBS XYDXSH

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1166

Whenever I feel like exercise, I lie down until the feeling passes.
—Robert M. Hutchins.

LETTERS TO THE Book Review Editor

Deliberate Choice

My charge of "special pleading," in the review of James Baldwin's *Going to Meet the Man* [*SR*, Nov. 6], stands. In *Another Country* the one relationship presented as being beautiful is between two men. This kind of artistic choice is deliberate. Just as in many books of an older generation, if the one nasty character was a Negro the implication was all too clear.

I am not, as some correspondents implied, an anti-homosexual bigot. For the homosexual I say: sympathy, liberty, and compassion. But as to admiration, or respect for him as a representative of a valid, meaningful choice of style of life—science, as well as common sense, says no!

Daniel Stern.

New York, N.Y.

I was intrigued by the letter pertaining to homosexuality signed "Bergman," Los Angeles, Calif. [*SR*, Nov. 27]. No one here seems to be aware of what must be the definitive proof from which the writer is basing his argument for physiological etiology of homosexuality. . . . From the tone of finality with which he wrote, I assume that he must be in possession of positive confirmation from human studies rather than tenuous extrapolations from primate or lower animal studies. Offhand, it would seem that Mr. Bergman is "projecting" smugness onto Daniel Stern.

Joe S. Busey,
Graduate Student,
Clinical Psychology,
University of North Carolina.

Chapel Hill, N.C.

Reminiscent Motif

Richard Dudman's skillful review of six current books on the crisis in Vietnam [*SR*, Nov. 27] has led me to set down some of my own thoughts on this frightening subject. . . . The papers tell us, with what I suspect is more than their usual accuracy, that our top committee of military technologists is pushing for ever greater escalation of our poorly defined operations in Vietnam. Further, it is apparently becoming acceptable common knowledge that we have little intention of abandoning our major bases there even should peace break out. On the basis of all this, the difficulty of separating nineteenth-century colonialism with its Christian motif, from twentieth-century colonialism with its anti-Communistic motif, should be apparent to all those who can look with some objectivity at this tragic development. . . .

Robin A. Drews,
Chairman,
Sociology and Anthropology Dept.,
Lewis and Clark College.

Portland, Ore.

Richard Dudman states that U.S. "combat troops" being committed to Vietnam "soon could match the 275,000-man American peak in Korea." It is unclear what purpose he sought to serve by citing this figure but it is quite misleading in conveying the size of our Korean commitment. Why ignore, for example, the Air Force, which saw much combat and had 7,452 casualties, or the Navy, which lost 6,077 (exclusive of Marine Corps casualties more than four times larger)?

According to official statistics, the total personnel engaged in the Korean conflict numbered 5,720,000, with the Army accounting for 2,834,000 of the number. Casualties for all branches of service were 157,530.

If Mr. Dudman seeks to infer that our Vietnam involvement is approaching our Korean effort in terms of manpower, he will have to marshal far more detailed and reasonably verifiable statistics than the figure of 275,000, which he attempts to use in *ex cathedra* fashion.

William A. Kinney.

Washington, D.C.

For Indices and Reference Notes

Bernard Grebanier [Letters to Book Review Editor, SR, Nov. 6] wants to hear how the "general reader" feels about indices and reference notes for his *The Great Shakespeare Forgery,* since Harry T. Moore [*SR*, Oct. 23] criticizes the lack of these. . . . Doubtless the editor hoped that *The Great Shakespeare Forgery* would appeal to the general public as a novel, and that indices and references would frighten away "novel-readers."

He should have had more faith in a book as good as this, and one as delightfully written.

Edna D. Bernstein.

New York, N.Y.

Please tell Bernard Grebanier to convince the publishers that for their constant readers in general (nonfiction, of course) and researchers in particular, a full and thoughtfully prepared index is a *must.*

Corinne Tennyson Davids.

Manchester, Vt.

Phlegmatic

One of your readers has contributed to the gap in my reading of modern literature. Just as I was about to start *Herzog,* I glanced at *SR* and saw the letter to the Book Review Editor from Bloomsburg's Sally Freeman [*SR*, Nov. 6]. It ended, "I recommend *Herzog* to anyone with any emotions at all." As I have none, I decided against reading *Herzog.*

Rick Wilmer.

Paris, France.

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The European Literary Scene

Two high priests of the French New Novel, Robbe-Grillet and Butor, have recently put out curious novels that are commanding attention, although they have not yet rivaled the neck-and-neck sales in France of Troyat's *Les Eglantière* and Françoise Sagan's *Chamade*.

His first novel in six years, Alain Robbe-Grillet's *Maison de rendez-vous*, or "House of Assignation" (Editions de Minuit), has Hong Kong as its setting, adventure as its climate, and exoticism and eroticism as its accessories. The characters who frequent the vast blue house are elegant men, exquisite prostitutes in Western and Eastern costume, dope pushers, pimps, police stooges, and supernumeraries. This volume, of 216 pages without a break, has the adagio flow and somnambulistic quality of Robbe-Grillet's *Last Year at Marienbad*. There is the same indistinct relationship between characters. A flimsy plot concerns a possessive man whose love for a prostitute leads him back to the blue house and a police trap. Some of the New Novelistic tricks are here: use of the present tense, preoccupation with speech rather than narration, juxtaposition of different versions of events (one thinks of *Rashomon*). Robert Kanters in *Figaro littéraire* ("Robbe-Bond *ou* Joyce-Grillet?") draws the usual analogy between the author's novels and films. "The successive scenes, the differing versions, the false starts, the beginnings-again in this novel of Robbe-Grillet, as the critic Bruce Morrissette has demonstrated in an almost scholarly way for the earlier ones, are rigorously chained together, the linkings being furnished by words, analogies, or resonances strictly calculated." Interviewed last month on his Normandy farm by Thérèse de Saint Phalle, Robbe-Grillet denied that his "following the slope of reverie without being concerned with what was rolling over it" meant that he has turned his back on narrative. "I have never sought to suppress from my novels everything anecdotal. I have merely treated it in my own way. I have said that it was no longer possible to 'tell a story' as people did a hundred years ago."

Michel Butor—dialogue paramount.

His colleague Michel Butor, who also shuns simple narrative, was inspired by a 1962 visit to Niagara Falls to undertake his latest work, *6,810,000 Litres of Water per Second* (Gallimard). This noisy milieu moved him to attempt a new type of novel, akin to the tape-recorded novels to which we have become accustomed. "The importance of the sonorous aspect made me choose a dialogue form suitable to radio scripts, and my experience at cutting tapes required for radio to limit a text to a short duration let me foresee the cutting in advance." Thus, as in Robbe-Grillet, dialogue is paramount: the speech of the guide (for some reason varying again and again the famous description by Chateaubriand of the Falls he had possibly never seen), the discourse of the couples and the monologues of the loners. Butor continues to exhibit a fascination with typography on the loose: boldface, roman, and italic fonts jostling one another, uneven margins, incomplete lines, etc. We have seen Butor working up to this in other recent works (*Mobile, Réseau aérien, San Marco*), and I for one remain much happier with the solid experimentation of the earlier *Modification*. Through twelve chapters (April through March) the "interpersonal communicaton" (in the speech professors' phrase) of the newlyweds and long-married couples describes a "cycle of marriage or love throughout a lifetime." As the critic of *Figaro littéraire* puts it, "Among the words of these characters, indications of time, place, and weather, touristic data, noises and the brief snatches of Chateaubriand, M. Butor establishes at every moment, in minute detail, correspondences or resonances through sound or meaning." As if this were not enough, Butor gives us seven *réglages* of intensity and ten "channels," suggesting how we can suppress or muffle voices during one reading and then read the "stereophonic novel" *da capo* as a different work by restoring these voices and noises.

This novel, like a drama, calls for reading aloud. Not many of us would wish to read aloud a book about Niagara, especially after the power failure and the drought. Nor do many really look forward to struggling through the typographical patterns of Butor's newest books. Indeed, some critics are beginning to fear that Butor has ceased to be a writer entirely. True, we live in the age of the tape-recorded novel. But M. Butor doesn't even bother to turn on the magnetophone.

Robert Graves has just sounded two strings of his versatile trichord. His *Collected Poems 1965* and his thirty-five verses of *Love Respelt* have appeared under the Cassell imprint. The span from his student days at Oxford to his return there as professor of poetry includes two world wars and long sojourns in Cairo and Mallorca. These years formed him as a poet, novelist, and mythographer. Less influenced than his contemporary Eliot by symbolist and metaphysical predecessors, Graves as poet blends a loftiness of vision with brusque and realistic language and metaphor. A reviewer of the *Collected Poems* in the *Times Literary Supplement* momentarily forgot this tendency and informed his readers that Graves's "Bird of Paradise" was an allegory of an old and distinguished poet impressing his mistress:

> At sunset, only to his true love,
> The bird of paradise opened wide
> his wings,
> Displaying emerald plumage shot
> with gold
> Unguessed even by him.
> True that wide crest
> Had blazoned royal estate, and the
> tropic flowers
> Through which he flew had shown
> example
> Of what brave colors gallantry
> might flaunt,
> But these were other. She asked
> herself trembling:
> "What did I do to awake such
> glory?"

Mythographer, *sic*. Allegorist, *non*. A fortnight later the *Times* carried Graves's blast from Mallorca: " 'Bird of Paradise' is a simple poem of wholly natural experience and impulse. . . . Why does your reviewer who considered it a miniature allegory of an old poet not realize that if I had meant this, I should have said so plainly?"

The blushes of the gladiators who review for the *Times* redden fortunately anonymous cheeks.

At the same time Cassell has brought out Graves's *Collected Short Stories*, covering almost as long a period, 1924-62. They reflect life in three milieus of interest to Mr. Graves. There is the little Nepenthe of Mallorca, with its *faits divers* recalling Norman Douglas's *South Wind*, including a splendid contribution to the literature of tauromachy. Some

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stories take place in England; but the most ambitious are, as might be expected from the author of *I, Claudius,* the three evocations of ancient Rome. "The Myconian" brings us closer to chariot-racing than did Pindar. Graves prefaces his stories with the disclaimer, "Pure fiction is beyond my imaginative range." Or, to put it another way, if he had meant these as fiction, he would have said so.

Uwe Johnson, famous and controversial at thirty-one, has just published with Suhrkamp of Frankfurt his third novel, *Zwei Ansichten* ("Two Viewpoints"). To those who remember from 1959 his first novel about the German railroader homeless between a divided East and West, *Mutmassungen über Jakob* (*Speculations About Jakob,* issued here by Grove in 1963), the theme will be familiar. His latest is based on a love affair between a nameless press photographer from Holstein and a nurse from Potsdam. Since they represent the two Germanies, he is named B (*Bundesrepublik*) and she D (*Deutsche Demokratische Republik*). The worlds which they incarnate and which oppose their union are depicted by Johnson through the words and viewpoints of the individuals themselves, neither of whom is imbued with the dogmas that separate them. B seems more interested in his *Sportwagen,* whereas D's main interest is the East Berlin Hospital. When B's car is stolen, his grief forms a curious parallel to that of the East Berliners over erection of the Wall.

Whereas many East Germans are willingly risking their lives to flee to the West, D does not come to this solution easily. When she revisits the scenes of her childhood and the family cemetery in Potsdam, she sheds tears over the world she is to leave.

The contrasting of East with West is continuous. (One remembers *Hiroshima, mon amour.*) As *Suddeutsche Zeitung* puts it, "Johnson relies on the undisguised effect of image and counter-image."

Because Johnson, whose sympathies are obviously with the West (see EUROPEAN LITERARY SCENE, July 11, 1964), is concerned with life in both zones, he is sometimes called "poet of the two Germanies." But Marcel Reich-Ranicki alleges in *Die Zeit*: "Poet of the Partition he is not. As in *Mutmassungen* and in *Achim* [*The Third Book About Achim*], he shows himself again in this new book as a poet of one of the two German worlds, that one between the Elbe and the Oder." However, this time Johnson receives more praise for his style. Reinhard Baumbart in *Der Spiegel* calls him a "storyteller who translates what he has to say into language without any excess or anything left over."

—ROBERT J. CLEMENTS.

Americans Loyal to the Crown

***The Triumphant Empire** (Vols. XI, XII of The British Empire Before the American Revolution), by Lawrence H. Gipson (Knopf. 480+xxv pp.; 372 +xxx pp. $10 each), **Agents and Merchants: British Colonial Policy and the Origins of the American Revolution,** by Jack M. Sosin (University of Nebraska Press. 267 pp. $5.50), and **The King's Friends: The Composition and Motives of the American Loyalist Claims,** by Wallace Brown (Brown University Press. 411 pp. $7), implement the view that our War for Independence was not only distinguished by its concern for and emphasis upon legality, but a civil war with class overtones. Richard B. Morris's latest study is "The Peacemakers: Great Powers and American Independence."*

By RICHARD B. MORRIS

GENERATIONS of Americans have accepted as self-evident the Whig notions of the right of resistance expounded so eloquently by Thomas Jefferson and in later years by such eminent British historians as W. E. H. Lecky and George Otto Trevelyan. We have been taught that only after "a long train of abuses and usurpations" did the patient colonists rise up and revolt, that they seceded in the name of justice, equality, and liberty. However, for more than half a century a respectable company of historical scholars have insisted that the American Revolution cannot be considered in such simplistic terms. George L. Beer, Charles M. Andrews, and others have made us aware of the enormous problems of empire confronting the British in the eighteenth century. The followers of Sir Lewis Namier have denounced the Whig interpretation of English history as a parody of the facts and have castigated the Whigs as self-seeking, landed magnates who opposed royal innovation in order to stay in power. While not denying the existence of Crown influence, even corruption, the Namierites, unlike their Whig-minded predecessors of Victorian and Edwardian times, pass no moral judgment.

In the long process of revising our estimates of the old British Empire, no scholar, either here or abroad, has explored so widely and researched so prodigiously as Lawrence Henry Gipson. At the ripe age of eighty-five he can take rightful pride in an extraordinary enterprise, now so near to completion, an achievement comparable in its way to that of Giuseppe Verdi, who wrote *Otello* at the age of seventy-four and *Falstaff* at eighty. Dr. Gipson's multivolume study *The British Empire Before the American Revolution* explores every nook and cranny of the British domains, from the Falkland Islands to Hudson's Bay and from Old Northwest to Calcutta. Unabashedly an admirer of that empire, Dr. Gipson paints a sympathetic canvas, but not without a considerable measure of objectivity. His most recent volumes bring the story of the empire down to the threshold of disunion, the Declaration of Independence, completing the account of the coming of revolution to the thirteen North American colonies. This is to be followed by a concluding volume covering the areas that remained loyal to Britain in her day of crisis.

John Adams once said that the Revolution was completed before the outbreak of the War for Independence. Some of Adams's contemporaries thought differently. Benjamin Rush, for example, asserted that the war was only the first act in the "great drama" of the American Revolution. Dr. Gipson puts himself squarely beside Mr. Adams. For him, the end of the first British Empire completes his tale. While he is at pains in these two volumes to show the temper of the colonial legislatures, striving in the years between the Stamp Act and the Intolerable Acts to control their governments and maintain a quasi-independence, he also shows how the resentment of the British government in America was matched by discontent and reformism in England. Step by step, as Dr. Gipson relates, the colonies were slipping away from the moorings that earlier had fastened them to the mother country, until violence on one side and repression on the other made revolution seem inevitable. This indeed is the central theme of an impressive work of sustained scholarship, a work that will be indispensable for all future probers into both the fate of the old British Empire and the origins of American nationalism.

Critics of Britain's mercantilist policy have repeatedly contended that, when

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the chips were down, the British government heeded its own merchants and ignored the colonies. Dr. Gipson and Professor Jack M. Sosin would both disagree. They show that the government at Whitehall made no major decision affecting the colonies without giving careful consideration to the arguments of the colonial agents. These agents, representing the royal governors in some cases, the colonial assemblies in others, constituted a rudimentary American lobby in London, one which Dr. Sosin studies in considerable depth. In his book, *Agents and Merchants*, he argues that the colonial agents worked in cooperation with British merchants who considered the well-being of mother country and colonies as inextricably tied together. Understandably, in the closing years of the pre-Revolutionary decade some of the better known agents, like Benjamin Franklin and Arthur Lee, became identified in the minds of the British ministry with colonial radicalism, and their advice became suspect. That indeed was a pity, because men like Franklin and Lee were not only agents but mobilizers of opinion, and the indifference to such advice proved fatal to the North ministry.

The Revolution was not begun in England, we are reminded by both Dr. Gipson and Professor Sosin, but in America, and it is to the Whig leadership rather than to British administration that we should look if we would understand the origins of revolutionary sentiment. Dr. Gipson also reminds us that the Declaration of Independence "did not speak the minds and hearts of all Americans," that there were thousands who remained loyal to the King. In fact, the American Revolution was not only an anticolonial war for independence, but a tragic civil war, fought in each state and county and village.

Nowhere can one find more poignant examples of how that civil war literally tore families apart than in the data painstakingly compiled by Professor Wallace Brown in his book, *The King's Friends*. We are fortunate that the British commission which settled the claims of the American Loyalists kept very full and careful records. Brown's state-by-state analysis of these records modifies rather drastically the composite portrait of a Tory found in the average textbook—a wealthy Anglican tied by place or connection to the Crown. True, royal officials, rich merchants like the Scottish traders in Virginia, and some large landowners tended to support the King, but so did the tenant farmers in upstate New York who chose to follow their landlords rather than oppose them. So did the New England Baptists, some of the Newport Jews, the Delaware Methodists, small farmers in the Carolinas, along with most newly-arrived immigrants from England. The claims disclose that many persons of modest means, shopkeepers, artificers, and even laborers took the side of the King.

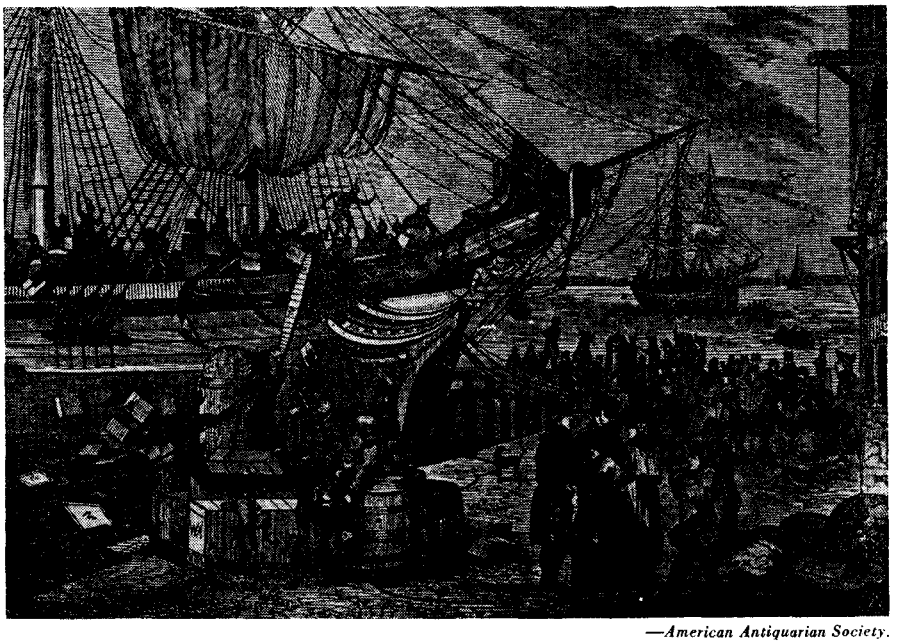
A number of Loyalists had been in the forefront of the protest movement against British measures adopted after 1763, and they considered themselves good Americans. "At the same time that I acted with the greatest zeal against my *rebellious* countrymen I never forgot that I was an American," asserted Major Walter Dulany in 1783, in filing an application for a permanent commission in the British army. He added: "If, therefore, Sir, Independence should be granted, and the war still continued, I should deem it extremely improper to remain in a situation, obliging me to act either directly or indirectly against America."

The American Revolution was a civil war with class overtones. While it was distinguished from later revolutions by its concern for and emphasis upon legality, it could not prevent mobbism, vigilante executions, tarrings and featherings on both sides, and the confinement of Tories in foul dungeons. What with the confiscation of Loyalist estates on a substantial scale and the pressure of Southerners to free themselves from indebtedness to British and Scottish merchants, there seemed to be just enough evidence to substantiate the charge of one Georgia lady that, with the Revolution, "everywhere the scum rose to the top," a view of the leveling process shared by embittered royal governors and obtuse British generals.

The fact that the Revolution was from beginning to end directed by a Whig élite, themselves suspicious at every turn of the lower classes, is perhaps beside the point. The Loyalists invested the struggle with a class attitude borrowed from the mother country. They were Americans, but only up to a point. Brown has furnished the kind of evidence upon which to base further studies of caste and class during the Revolution.

Dr. Brown's records tell us an important part of the Loyalist story, but by no means all of it. The Tory claims cast light upon their background and motives, but we must look elsewhere to learn what happened to their property. We must look to deeds and tax rolls buried in county clerks' offices, as well as to the reports of commissioners of forfeited estates. There is one nagging question that remains unsettled. Did the confiscation of Tory estates lead to a democratization of landholding or did it offer rich Patriots an opportunity for aggrandizement? To date the evidence is mixed. In urban areas, like New York City and Annapolis, Tory lands were picked up by the wealthy with cash and not by the poor. On the other hand, upstate New York and western Maryland provided numerous instances where the great confiscated holdings were subdivided among the erstwhile tenantry. The subject is indeed complex and merits the same kind of state-by-state review that Dr. Brown has given us of the Loyalist claims. On paper confiscation was the most social revolutionary step taken by the American Patriots. A knowledge of how it worked out in practice is essential if we are to understand the Revolution as both a great internal struggle as well as a war of secession from an empire.

It is this conception of the dual character of the War for Independence which transfigures the American Revolution from an event in American history to a turning point in world history, from a single crisis settled in a brief span of years to a broad movement of liberation which has not yet run its course.



—*American Antiquarian Society.*

The Boston Tea Party, a nineteenth-century copy of a contemporary English print.

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They Came, They Saw, They Testified

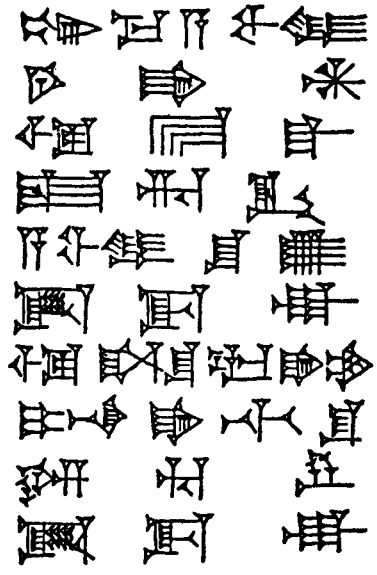
Testaments of Time: The Search for Lost Manuscripts and Records, *by Leo Deuel (Knopf. xxxii+590+xxi pp. $8.95), describes documents on parchment, paper, silk, bark, clay, and papyrus unearthed from digs in the Near East, Egypt, Mexico, and China. James B. Pritchard does field archeology in Jordan every winter for the University Museum at the University of Pennsylvania, for which he is curator of biblical archeology. He is now excavating a site called Tell es-Sa'idiyeh, which is probably ancient Zarethan.*

By JAMES B. PRITCHARD

MAN HAS left a variety of clues to his past. Among the artifacts most useful for tracing it are examples of writing, a device invented only about 5,000 years ago, which is by all odds the most eloquent witness to what man in the past has thought and believed. It is this particular increment of archeological research during the past two centuries that Leo Deuel has staked out as his claim.

With enough documentation to satisfy even those most interested in man's search for the records of his own past, Deuel has described the results as well as the high adventure of the discoveries. The extreme care that he has exercised in dealing with his sources of information is matched by a lively and readable style. In many places he has rescued some moments of excitement from the obscurity of scholarly journals in which they were first recorded. It is the story of men as well as of manuscripts. Colorful personalities appear with interesting details about their adventures, frustrations, and moments of triumph, to form a fascinating mosaic of the recovery of the past.

Sir E. A. Wallis Budge, in whom Egyptology and the British Museum found a forceful champion. Caricature by Powys Evans.



Section of Law Code of Hammurabi (second millennium B.C.) in the syllabic cuneiform script of Babylonia.

Although this book may not contribute directly to the finding of more ancient documents, it should strengthen the base of popular interest in and support for the work of the field archeologist. Accordingly, he should be grateful to the author for making available to a wide audience the fruits of much labor and research.

It may come to many as a surprise that the unearthing of the Dead Sea Scrolls two decades ago can be matched in drama and significance by a number of other discoveries of manuscripts in modern times. Documents have come from the most unlikely places. In 1900, Grenfell and Hunt, while working in the Fayum of Egypt, where the dry climate favored the preservation of papyrus, found mummies of crocodiles not only wrapped in papyrus sheets but stuffed with entire rolls of Greek documents. The findings at Oxyrhynchus were so extensive that they have as yet not all been published. Most famous of these discoveries is the "Sayings of Jesus," written down about A.D. 200. ("Jesus saith, wherever there are two, they are not without God, and wherever there is one alone, I say, I am with him. Raise the stone, and there thou shalt find Me, cleave the wood and there am I.")

Tischendorf's discovery and rescue of the most famous Greek manuscript of the Bible, the Codex Sinaiticus—sold by the Soviet Union to the British Museum for £100,000 in 1933—are tributes to the archeologist's scholarship and his tact. In 1844 Tischendorf made a twelve-day caravan trip to the monastery of St. Catherine at Sinai and saw by chance 129 parchment pages of the oldest Greek edition of the Bible he had ever examined; two heaps of similar material, he was told, had already been committed to the flames. The drama of the recovery of this important evidence to the biblical text is one of suspense and intrigue involving no less a personage than Czar Alexander.

IN BULK, certainly, the treasure of ancient documents recovered from the closet (Geniza) of the Cairo synagogue by Solomon Schechter is outstanding. Alerted by the appearance of Hebrew manuscripts on the market, Schechter journeyed to Egypt in 1896 and was granted access to the storeroom by the Grand Rabbi of Cairo. He described his first view of the inside of the dust-covered, windowless room: "It is a battlefield of books, and the literary productions of many centuries had their share in the battle, and their *disjecta membra* are now strewn over its area. Some of the belligerents have perished outright, and are literally ground to dust in the terrible struggle for space, whilst others, as if overtaken by a general crush, are

—From "The Testaments of Time."

Tomb tile of a Han dynasty Chinese scribe holding a bundle of writing slips, the traditional form of ancient Chinese "books."

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squeezed into big, unshapely lumps...." The hoard has not even yet been fully exploited for history.

One of the merits of Deuel's book is his exemplary choice of discoveries. Extending over the ancient Near East, Egypt, Mexico, and China, they encompass records on such varied materials as parchment, paper, silk, bark, clay, and papyrus. Many finds not generally known have been included, and fresh details about the more familiar incidents have been emphasized. The result is a story of high human interest about an important aspect of one of the most significant achievements of modern times, the recovery of a long segment of man's recorded past.

The Northern Route to Discovery

Westviking: The Ancient Norse in Greenland and North America, *by Farley Mowat (Atlantic Monthly Press-Little, Brown. 494 pp. $10), reinterprets the sagas and other records, offering as substantiation the author's examination of the camp sites and landfalls in North American and the Arctic. Samuel Thorne was chief of map information at the Army Map Service and a consultant geographer at the Statistical Office of the U.N.*

By SAMUEL THORNE

EMPLOYING saga material but interpreting it in the light of his knowledge of the coasts of Newfoundland, Labrador, Greenland, and the Canadian Arctic, Farley Mowat offers in *Westviking* a reconstruction of the Norse voyages of exploration in the latter tenth and early eleventh centuries. A trained meteorologist, he has studied the ocean currents and storm patterns of the Atlantic near Greenland, seems familiar with accounts of voyages that have bearing on his subject, and is obviously a student of maps, particularly sailing charts. Moreover, having lived in the Arctic, he knows at firsthand the local fauna as well as the ways of Eskimos.

Mr. Mowat states that Celtic refugees from Ireland, fleeing Viking raids were the first settlers of Iceland. Once they began to prosper, the Norse attacked them, enslaved those who stayed behind, and began settlements of their own. Supporting this view is the name "Island Ibernica" on Yale's recently discovered Vinland Map.

Celtic refugees from Iceland went on to colonize Greenland. Indeed, an early name for Greenland was "Irland Mikkla" —Greater Ireland. Moreover, archeologists, working at the site of Erik the Red's settlement at Brattalid, have found the ruins of the oldest house, the floor plan of which seems typical of tenth-century Irish farmhouses, while the dimensions are much larger and different from the other Norse buildings. Nor were the artifacts found there exclusively Norse. Mowat maintains that Erik first went to Greenland to raid the Celtic settlements. However, according to the *Islendingabok* he found human habitations in Greenland, but no people. This, Mowat says, is because conditions in Ireland had recently grown more stable due to severe defeats of the Norse, and "Celtic refugees were streaming back to Ireland in large numbers." Lack of people eliminated pillaging possibilities, but the land was good, and Erik decided to settle.

Bjarni Herjolfson, recently returned to Iceland after a successful trading voyage in the summer of 985, made a belated start for Greenland to rejoin his father and the other settlers who had followed Erik. However, he got blown off course by a northeasterly storm, and, asserts Mowat, his landfall was at Avalon Peninsula, Newfoundland, the first recorded sighting of the North American coast by Europeans.

BJARNI could observe that his latitude was too far south, and he realized that he had been blown far west. He therefore coasted northerly to pick up the right latitude, intending to sail east to Greenland. Passing various capes of Newfoundland, without picking up Cape Bauld, Bjarni next sighted Round Hills of Southern Labrador. This landfall was later named "Markland." The barren peninsula Kaumajet of Northern Labrador was called "Helluland." By the time he reached Cape Chidley Bjarni had had northing enough, and sailed straight to Greenland, where he joined his father at Herjolfsness.

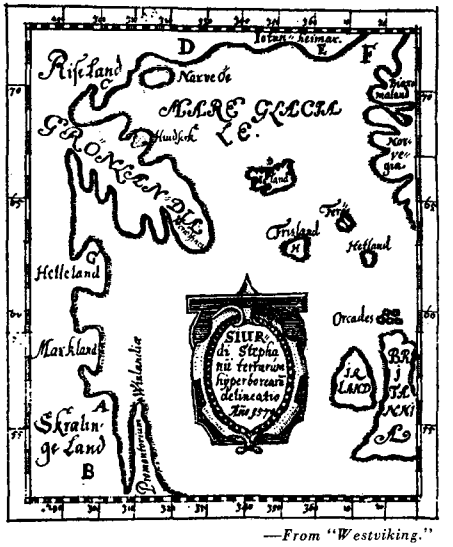
Leif, son of Erik, heard the Vinland story the next winter when Herjolf and Bjarni visited at Brattalid. By 995 Leif determined to go to Vinland on his own.

Mowat drastically revises the saga material at this point, claiming that Leif sailed directly from Greenland to Newfoundland, instead of retracing Bjarni's route. His landfall was Baccalieu Island, and he passed into Trinity Bay, wintering in a haven at Tickle Cove Head, which Mowat claims as Vinland. Wild grapevines may well have grown in this part of Newfoundland in the period of climatic optimum. The lumber, particularly hardwood, would form a precious return cargo for the Greenlanders.

Mowat records at some length the later landing in Newfoundland, ca. 1004, of a sizable expedition led by Thorfinn Karlsefni, the Icelander. Part of the group were Greenlanders, part Icelanders. He believes that their main camp was the site at L'Anse-au-Meadow, described by Helge Ingstad in the *National Geographic Magazine* of November 1964. Mowat himself found a firepit and what appear to be four Norse ballast stones near St. Paul's on the west side of the northern peninsula—in Mowat's opinion, Karlsefni's winter camp site in 1005. Despite extensive explorations, none of Karlsefni's group relocated Leif Eriksson's Vinland, but the "Promontorium Vinlandiae" of the old maps would seem to be the northern peninsula of Newfoundland.

AFTER two winters Karlsefni returned to Greenland. Grave dissensions then broke out between the Greenlanders and the remaining Icelanders, resulting in the mass murder of the latter. Even with Karlsefni present there had been almost wholesale slaughter of both Dorset Eskimos and Beothuk Indians. Mowat concludes that because of the quarrelsome relations between the Norse and the native "Skraelings" no permanent settlement of Vinland was likely.

His book, which is well organized, has involved mountainous research. Mr. Mowat has included 166 pages of appendix, a chronology of the western voyages, and an index, along with seventeen clear sketch maps and map endpapers. It is to be hoped that further archeological evidence will be forthcoming to support his lively theories.



—From "Westviking."

Sigurd Stefansson map of 1570.

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Reality Was Better Forgotten

***The Maias,** by Eça de Queiroz, translated from the Portuguese by Patricia McGowan and Ann Stevens (St. Martin's. 633 pp. $7.95), and **The Mandarin and Other Stories,** by Eça de Queiroz, translated from the Portuguese by Richard Franko Goldman (Ohio University Press. 176 pp. $4), represent works by a nineteenth-century writer who, though appalled by corruption, regarded it as signifying no more than the end of an enfeebled social class. Emile Capouya's comments on fiction appear regularly in Saturday Review.*

By EMILE CAPOUYA

IN THAT spacious nineteenth century, artists had considerably more room for maneuver than they have since enjoyed. They could develop philosophic systems in the course of writing a novel, be nasty about the government, deal directly with social questions, make pronouncements about the meaning of progress, tell a story—and how long has it been since a writer of any talent has attempted one of those feats? Eugenio Montale remarks in an essay that it is only third-raters who have the presumption nowadays to carry on the humanistic tradition in the novel, and naturally their third-rate efforts make that tradition seem even more hopelessly inappropriate to the way we have chosen to live.

How bracing, then, to return to the nineteenth century, to read Eça de Queiroz. We console ourselves with the tale that things were simpler in former times, but that cannot be true. Eça de Queiroz saunters through sixty years of Portuguese history in *The Maias*, three generations in the life of a single family, heaping up countless pleasant or comic or amorous episodes in order to make at last one frightful and unanswerable point. At a critical juncture, generations of Voltairean irony, nostalgia for the vanished Portuguese empire, fashionable denigration of all things Portuguese in favor of French *cocottes*, English sports, and Spanish songs, refined dilettantism in politics, in science, in literature—all at once these harmless things amount to the end of a social order.

Carlos Eduardo da Maia, the central figure of the novel, a rich, handsome, talented, and honorably disposed aristocrat, discovers that he is not committing conventional adultery but incest.

The brutal biological metaphor of flesh confounded with itself, of brother and sister who cannot recognize each other, or unconsciously choose to mistake each other for a possible mate, was strangely current in the nineteenth century. It is as if our predecessors identified at its first appearance the theme that was to dominate our own time, the retreat of the citizen to within the limits of the "personality," the rejection of public life in favor of a minute interest in the mental life of mother's little man and daddy's girl. But at that first ominous looming, the great nineteenth-century writers did not throw down their arms; the notion was still current that man was his own master. If Eça de Queiroz is appalled by his vision of genteel corruption, he reads into it no more than the end of an enfeebled social class—certainly not the end of man. Our dilemma is that we do have clear omens of the end of man, and our art, like our politics, makes the random gestures of a stricken animal. To restore to our writers the limited optimism and tonic irony of an Eça de Queiroz, we should have to give mankind some hope of survival. A very little sign would suffice. Artists are sensitive people.

The title story of *The Mandarin and Other Stories*, by far the most substantial in the collection, is one of the great philosophic tales, worthy of Voltaire. What bad thing will you do for the sake of power, money, and women? What very little bad thing? Signify by a nod to the Devil's emissary that, so far as you are concerned, one aged, moribund, every way useless Mandarin can cease to cumber the earth? That was very much like Raskolnikov's problem, wasn't it, and we remember that he resolved it with a hatchet. Well, on the Mandarin's death, his immense fortune goes to his moral murderer—whereupon credits are opened at once in unimpeachably worldly banks. And worldly delights crowd upon the happy heir, and that topgallant delight, the power to do great good.

Unfortunately, the Mandarin's discreet and unreproving ghost visits him, too, inspiring him to the doubts and scruples that he should have felt before he gave his soul's assent to murder. Perhaps the Mandarin was wise and benevolent as well as aged; perhaps his counsels were the only hope of the moribund Chinese Empire, sole bulwark between her teeming millions and the British opium interests, and all the other extraterritorial scalawags that ravaged her. Perhaps, indeed. As you see, Eça de Queiroz is arguing for a quietism that would make life unlivable. That is, we should have to refrain from committing murder in a good cause.

The other three stories in the collection, excellent of their kind, are nevertheless a good deal more conventional. They are genre portraits presented in stories that are realistic in detail, romantic in conception, and have much the same qualities and limitations as the stories of O. Henry. The narration is masterly, and the human types described are quite convincing, but the author's ambition in these tales goes no further than a gentle irony that pleases at once and later fades from the reader's mind. All of which is small beer compared to that extraordinary "Mandarin."

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich and David M. Glixon

PUT UP YOUR DUKES!

All the dukes of Column One play significant roles in the Shakespeare plays of Column Two. But—asks Ron Smith of Logan, Utah—in which play is each duke important? Identities are established on page 37.

Duke of Albany ( )	1. *The Tempest*
Duke of Britaine ( )	2. *A Midsummer Night's Dream*
Duke of Illyria ( )	3. *The Comedy of Errors*
Duke of Milan ( )	4. *Measure for Measure*
Duke of Ephesus ( )	5. *King Henry the Sixth* (any Part)
Duke of Venice ( )	6. *Twelfth Night*
Duke of Vienna ( )	7. *King Lear*
Duke of Gloucester ( )	8. *King Richard the Second*
Duke of Athens ( )	9. *King John*
Duke of York ( )	10. *Othello*

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Notes from the Beginning of the End

The Man Who Had His Hair Cut Short, *by Johan Daisne, translated from the Flemish by S. J. Sackett (Horizon. 224 pp. $4.95), tells the first-person story of an inmate of a mental institution who may or may not have murdered the girl he loved. Robert L. Stilwell teaches English at the University of Michigan.*

By ROBERT L. STILWELL

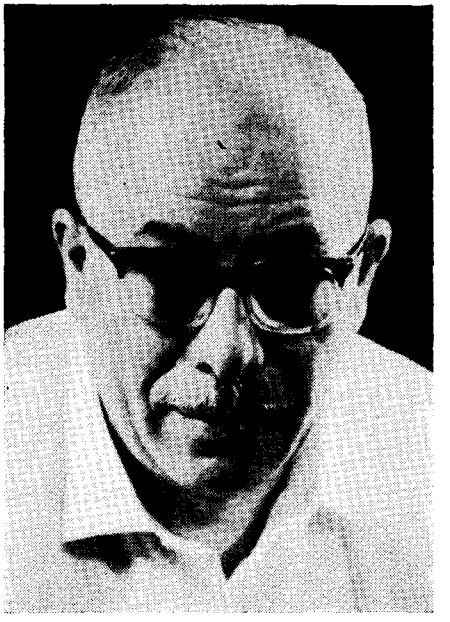
TO RENDER the mingled wonder and terror of psychosis has become a central compulsion among recent European novelists, in much the same degree that the exploration of social disorder constituted a dominant impulse for the European novel of two or three decades ago. An Ignazio Silone could salvage troubled poetry from the clashes of political ideology; a Nathalie Sarraute now discovers such poetry in the devious mental processes of aberration.

Certainly this shift in fiction's center of gravity is the stalest news. There is only a minimum of staleness, however, throughout Johan Daisne's *The Man Who Had His Hair Cut Short,* a harrowing but sternly controlled novel first published in Belgium some fourteen years ago and already translated into French, Spanish, and German. Daisne, who was born in Ghent in 1912 and whose real name is Herman Thiery, is widely accounted among the foremost men of letters currently writing in Flemish. And if the present work provides a sensitive index to his forty volumes of fiction, poetry, film analysis, essays, and miscellaneous prose, then he would appear to deserve the numerous literary awards, and the shelf of critical studies, accorded him in Belgium and the Netherlands.

The Man Who Had His Hair Cut Short represents the confessions of a radically demented narrator—a device so often abused in the past that considerable numbers of potential readers are likely to turn away with prejudiced impatience. The Godfried Antfield who tortures out his own story (in one unbroken paragraph of nearly 200 closely printed pages) is a man confined in an institution for the criminally insane: one of those ultimate places from which, presumably, certain individuals can see into their lives with awful and perhaps unbearable clairvoyance. Antfield's ruin, we are to infer, has been accretive; every particle of his experience has helped to bring it on. Its principal cause, however, was his obsessive love for a girl named Fran, who began to haunt his imaginings when she was his student during a brief, disastrous interlude of teaching secondary school. She continues to haunt him long after her graduation, through years in which he moves deeper and deeper into his private turmoils of mind and spirit; and when by chance they meet again he murders her, in a gesture that seems almost—but not quite—still another repetition of the classical "gratuitous act." Or *did* he murder her? Remembering in the asylum, Antfield cannot be sure. He has lost all hold on Rilke's question, "What was real in the world?"

Have readers been here before? Of course they have. Yet Daisne employs such tact and delicacy, such skill at wringing formal patterns from chaos that he is able to infuse Antfield's darkening pages with a power and cogency which are always admirable and sometimes remarkable.

Professor S. J. Sackett, of the University of Kansas, has turned Daisne's extremely difficult Flemish into uncommonly good English. Included with this American version, as a sort of codicil tucked away at the end, is Daisne's fairly recent article "The Novel: Where Do We Go from Here?," a surprisingly naïve document that says little about the novel as an art form and even less about its sharply challenged future.



Johan Daisne—"power and cogency."

Berlinitis: Even those who hold no brief for the Germans are likely to be affected by the spirit of Germany's former capital, its mixture of breezy living, high politics, and pervading sense of adventure. Something is always happening in the shadow of the Wall, and no Berliner forgets for long that twenty divisions of the Red Army are ready to zero in on his city. Quite naturally, the feeling of insecurity prompts the Berliners to look to those who would protect them, and theirs is the city where nobody knows ugly Americans.

The sentiment has not gone unrequited, as is evident from a number of recent books with a Berlin background, but "Berlinitis" has never been more brilliantly and sympathetically diagnosed than in Hallie Burnett's new novel, *Watch on the Wall.* (Morrow, $5.95). Realistic without vulgarity, colorful but not gaudy, topical and yet more than merely sensational, *Watch on the Wall* has, above all, been written with a decent respect for the reader.

Watch on the Wall is the story of a young New Yorker and her sudden involvement in the life of her husband, who walked out on her shortly after their marriage. Carolyn Miller arrives in Berlin as an unsuspecting tourist and in no time at all finds herself in the very midst of people who need her for designs of their own. Mr. Miller, it turns out, lives in East Berlin, and the U.S. government wants him back. New York has not prepared her for the exigencies confronting her on both sides of the Wall but Carolyn soon learns to deal with them. Her journeys to the East and her eventual escape have all the suspense that we have come to expect of a novel set in Berlin.

Mrs. Burnett's unique achievement, however, is her evocation of the city and its people, West Berliners, East Berliners, and Americans. There are vignettes, like that of the Jewish Frau Bernstein, or of Frau Hoffmann, mother of an ardent Communist, that give a glimpse of a world beyond the headlines. Readers who have visited Berlin will recognize the streets, the restaurants, and the hotels. The author has taken scrupulous care with the reality of present-day Berlin and succeeded so well that the city's heady air seems to permeate the novel. Why, one may ask, did the publishers not exercise equal care with the spelling of German words? Not many of them are correct. —JOSEPH P. BAUKE.

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Peace by Evolutionary Progress

A New Dimension in Political Thinking, *by William J. Thorbecke (Oceana. 226 pp. $6.50), holds that international discord will ultimately be harmonized by means of an evolutionary process not unlike that described by Aldous Huxley and Teilhard de Chardin. Kenneth W. Thompson, a social scientist, is the author of "Political Realism and Crises of World Politics."*

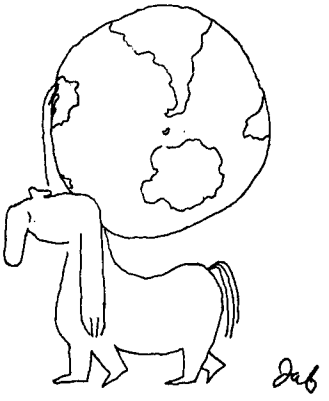
By KENNETH W. THOMPSON

POLITICAL thinking about the present world crisis often proceeds at two levels. The one involves description and analysis; the other projects solutions and a resolution of the conflict. William J. Thorbecke's original and challenging book is no exception. As a former diplomat climaxing a brilliant career as Netherlands Envoy to China, Dr. Thorbecke, who has also been professor of political science at Emory University, examines with studied detachment and a solid grasp of political realities the world struggle between Communism and democracy. As a disciple of Teilhard de Chardin and Julian Huxley, he turns to the science of evolution to resolve the Cold War. His analysis of the discord is forceful and illuminating; his argument that evolution will end it is stimulating but not wholly convincing. Nevertheless, Dr. Thorbecke's use of an evolutionary framework helps us to comprehend some of the basic trends in the world around us.

He leaves no doubt that foreign relations are conducted today on a troubled international scene. Dr. Thorbecke, who is clear-eyed about the opportunism and ruthlessness of the Communist leaders, describes how they employ harsh discipline and terror, cement mass solidarity through common hatred and fear of external enemies, and build faith in the inevitable success of the collectivist venture. He explains that "there are signs that in many countries people are beginning to see through the Soviet maneuvers," such as the peace offensive, which might not have become so effective, if it had not coincided with a growing desire all over the world for better understanding.

Yet Dr. Thorbecke, while acknowledging the false doctrines and cynical practices of Communism, is uneasy about the prevalent American attitude, which is "unanimous in its condemnation." He examines the American "view that Communism is a gigantic threat to human well-being, overlooking the fact that though Communism undoubtedly offers a threat to others, it made life less harsh for the Russian masses than it was under the czars." He calls on the contenders in the Cold War to disengage from continued attacks and counterattacks and to synthesize the positive elements in both systems. To some extent, he believes, this is already occurring via creeping Socialism in democracies and creeping capitalism in Communist states. Individualism "is being given somewhat more attention in Soviet Russia," and collective needs are being met on a new basis especially in the United States and Britain. The differences in the Chinese brand of Communism have deep cultural roots in China's "reaction to a century of foreign subjugation." Thanks to Mao, China for the first time in a hundred years turned back in Korea "the combined powers of the world and brought to an end a long period of national degradation and servitude."

Nevertheless, if Dr. Thorbecke holds that peace requires greater detachment in the Cold War, he also recognizes the present need for military security and resistance to expansionism. However, he notes, in the long run security rests as much on economic and social progress as on a policy of containment. In the meantime, Communism has important weaknesses in fundamental sectors of society. For example, agriculture remains its Achilles heel. "In China each farmer feeds three persons . . . , in Soviet Russia . . . seven persons, in the United States thirty. . . ." Moreover, Communism in its more revolutionary and dangerous forms is threatened by erosion from within due to the ferment of freedom agitating Russian workers and the more pragmatic, cosmopolitan outlook of an emerging managerial class. There has also been a breakup of the monolithic force of world Communism especially through the Sino-Soviet rift. History affords examples of stranger regroupings than an eventual alliance with the West by the Soviet Union to protect its eastern flank.



Thus Dr. Thorbecke sees hope for a more peaceful world in the winds of change that are drawing at least some of the Cold War adversaries more closely together. However, up to now the USSR has had no more to offer than coexistence and the West no more than the promise of peace if Communism remains within its present boundaries. Dr. Thorbecke concludes that what is needed is a "concept that grips the imagination and envisions a new equilibrium to which all nations can rally, the Communists included." Such a concept is evolution rather than the constructs of political science and diplomacy, which in the end "will fail us."

This reviewer cannot do justice in a few sentences to Dr. Thorbecke's formulation of evolution as a solution to the rivalry of ideologies and nations. Suffice it to say that his "new dimension" is essentially a restatement of Teilhard's and Huxley's theories of evolution applied to international politics. Life from its earliest beginnings has advanced by spurts and shocks toward world-wide unity. Teilhard's "noosphere" or sphere of interthinking is bringing about a convergence of the common interests of all mankind. In Huxley's phrase, a "single pool of common thought greatly helped by modern means of communication is putting an end to parochial inhibitions." World opinion is spurred on by "the meeting of millions of conscious minds on earth." As men become conscious of the evolving core of intelligence throughout the world, they will rise above nationalism and ideologies.

Dr. Thorbecke concludes his study by applying this concept of evolution to specific areas of discussion: American foreign policy, European unification, foreign aid, and the Cold War. His suggestions are provocative and challenging if highly sanguine and rationalistic. He has less to say about negotiating with the Russians on concrete outstanding problems or about the residual emotionalism of world politics than about the grand vision of evolutionary change. Yet, if Dr. Thorbecke's dream is ever to have its chance, traditional diplomats and statesmen must labor day by day not in a brave new world but in the realm of harsh claims and persistent nationalistic ambitions.

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Toward a Larger Western Alliance

The Atlantic Community: A Study in Unity and Disunity, *by Drew Middleton (McKay. 303 pp. $5.95), takes a gloomy view of the present state of the alliance and proposes a global substitute, free of U.S. domination. Philip Van Slyck is a consultant on international public affairs.*

By PHILIP VAN SLYCK

DREW MIDDLETON's credentials for considering the state and future of the Atlantic alliance are superior. He reported around Europe for fourteen years, was for ten years chief of the London bureau of *The New York Times,* and served two years as *The Times*'s chief correspondent in Paris. He has made use of his familiarity with chanceries and foreign offices, cultivated during those years, to paint a disturbing picture of an alliance in disarray and to offer a few proposals for remedying the situation.

His principal thesis is that "The crisis in Western relations has reached the point where an effort must be made to restore purposeful cooperation. . . . Europe is drifting into a state that will leave it vulnerable to internal dissension and external pressure. New forces and new issues that will affect directly the well-being of Europe are developing in Asia, Africa, and Latin America."

Middleton distributes widely the blame for the alliance's failure to mature to its fullest potential, and for its more serious failure to keep up with the shifting challenges of the times. The parochialisms of Western European politics and the rise of nationalisms in Eastern as well as Western Europe are matters he explores at length in chapters on Charles de Gaulle's pursuit of *la gloire,* Britain's economic senility, West Germany's ambivalence toward both East and West (on politics, economics, and especially reunification), Italy's unbalanced economic progress and unstable politics, and the tentative and as yet unreliable assertion of economic and ideological independence from Moscow on the part of several of the East European states. He is also concerned about the rosy view in Western Europe, especially in Paris, of the presumed diminution of the threat of war in Europe. This attitude, he implies, derives in part from confidence in the Washington-Moscow nuclear stalemate and overconfidence in

Drew Middleton—nostalgia for 1945-55.

the mellowing of Kremlin leadership, in part from Western European economic successes and the enticement of East European markets, and in part from West European myopia toward recent global developments, especially the escalation of the Cold War to the sophisticated level of "wars of national liberation."

The West's fundamental failure, however—and this is the author's pervading theme—is a lack of far-sighted and effective leadership. On this count he faults nearly everyone in power in the Atlantic community, saving his deepest exasperation for General de Gaulle. He considers the General a pompous and misguided chauvinist and cannot understand his influence in other capitals. Yet even Middleton acknowledges that the General's politics may well dominate France long "after the funeral."

THE author is even more ambivalent toward those he treats as an anonymous collectivity of American policy-makers, although he spends no time describing, let alone appraising, U.S. policies within the Atlantic alliance or U.S. global strategies as leader of the family of free-world alliances. He expresses nostalgia for the 1945-55 period of "creative" American diplomacy, while deploring the "pactomania" of Eisenhower-Dulles policies. He regrets the United States was not more persuasive in pushing the multilateral nuclear force (MLF), but would like NATO to make serious proposals to Moscow for European disarmament. He is unhappy about U.S. domination of NATO nuclear strategy and U.S. unilateralism wherever in the world American (and free world) interests are challenged; yet he would like Washington to do a better job of impressing its allies with the great dangers of the "next phase of the world conflict," now in process in Southeast Asia, Africa, and Latin America.

One might share one or more of these views and still say, "So what?" At moments of transcending Western interest —Berlin in 1961-62 and Cuba in 1962— NATO stood rock-firm. In Vietnam in 1965, moreover, France can afford the luxury of diplomatic deviousness without risking its own or the rest of the free world's stakes that are riding on U.S. firmness. This analysis of the alliance's weaknesses ought to be balanced, in other words, by an awareness of the free world's strengths. Diversity and competitiveness may be exasperating, but they are not necessarily fatal.

SOME OF Middleton's recommendations may have an appealing ring, though the manner of fulfilling them is left to speculation. In probable ascending order of priority they are: British entry into the European Economic Community; German reunification "based on self-determination" but through a formula "that will not disrupt the Atlantic community or invite new political progress in Central Europe"; a European unity that "extends into the political field and . . . is then welded into a larger Atlantic community," and finally a transformation of NATO into a "larger alliance," less obviously U.S.-dominated and capable of dealing with "the problems of the next twenty or thirty years." Interestingly, this new exercise in pactomania would include such anti-Communist nations as Sweden, Switzerland, Austria, and Spain; Australia, New Zealand, Japan, and the Philippines; and Mexico and Chile.

This is the difficulty with carrying micropolitics too far: one loses sight of the real world. Also, it can lead an honest man into strange paths, such as the proposition that in Latin America "the economic and political influence of the United States has been so great and the inevitable anti-American reaction against it so powerful that wisdom dictates that the effort to develop its resources and strengthen democracy be carried on by others than Americans."

This is a brand of wisdom that neither De Gaulle nor the Latin Americans, let alone the State Department, is likely to entertain with more than a quizzical eyebrow.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column One should read: 7, 9, 6, 1, 3, 10, 4, 5, 2, 8.

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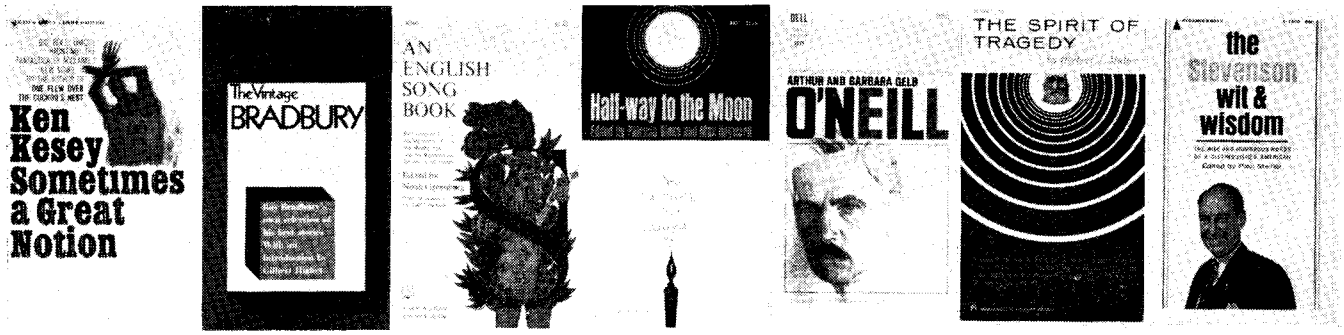
Ken Kesey Sometimes a Great Notion
The Vintage BRADBURY
AN ENGLISH SONG BOOK
Half-way to the Moon
ARTHUR AND BARBARA GELB O'NEILL
THE SPIRIT OF TRAGEDY
the Stevenson wit & wisdom

PICK OF THE PAPERBACKS

Books that are gifts for all seasons are especially good for this, the gift-giving season. And paperbacks, less costly and nowadays as handsome as hardcovers, encourage the donor to be lavish. Just for the festival there are titles like *The Penguin Book of Christmas Carols*, edited by Elizabeth Poston ($1.45), fifty songs with music for those who have the right spirit but not the words. Victorian holiday cheer is recalled in William Makepeace Thackeray's quaint *The Rose and the Ring* (Avon, 50¢), wryly illustrated with the author's own line drawings. Also for children is John Harwood's *A Christmas Manger* (Puffin, 95¢), a punch-out nativity scene bright enough to gladden any modern hearth. Our own favorite, *Garlands for Christmas* (Macmillan, 95¢), is a fresh and nostalgic bouquet, gathered by Chad Walsh, of such poems as Robert Herrick's delicate "Go prettie child, and beare this Flower/Unto thy little Saviour" and Yeats's portentous "And what rough beast, its hour come round at last,/Slouches towards Bethlehem to be born."

Listed below, screened from the year's offerings, are our best bets for the Christmas stocking.

—Rollene W. Saal.

Fiction

Black Humor. Edited by Bruce Jay Friedman. Bantam. 75¢. Ah, the dark side of the moon, by such modern comedians as Edward Albee, Terry Southern, J. P. Donleavy. Spooky.

The Brigadier and the Golf Widow. By John Cheever. Bantam. 75¢. The author's errant imagination plying its witchcraft savagely among the concealed terrors of the suburban East.

The Complete James Bond. By Ian Fleming. 12 vols. boxed. Signet. $7.20. For those who like 007 in large doses.

Corridors of Power. Bantam. 95¢. The Masters and Homecoming. Scribners. $1.65 each. All by C. P. Snow. What could be more Christmassy than snow? Lord Snow. *The Masters* is a gem of academic warfare; in *Homecoming* narrator Lewis Eliot finally gets around to his own misbegotten marriage; while the eminent men of our time walk through *Corridors of Power*.

The Exile and the Kingdom. By Albert Camus. Vintage. $1.65. The philosopher lightly disguised as short-story writer.

From Death to Morning. By Thomas Wolfe. Scribners. $1.65. In which Wolfe proves that his sprawling, robust prose can be contained in the short-story form. This volume includes "Only the Dead Know Brooklyn."

Funeral in Berlin. By Len Deighton. Dell. 75¢. Another much-praised spy thriller by the author of *The Ipcress File*.

Half-Way to the Moon. Edited by Patricia Blake and Max Hayward. Anchor. $1.25. The new Soviet literary set, including Evgeni Evtushenko, shooting off firecrackers in showy stories and poems.

Herzog. By Saul Bellow. Crest. 95¢. An erudite navel inspection by a stately, plump, and static hero whose wife has taken up with his best friend.

Jubb. By Keith Waterhouse. Pocket Books. 50¢. A thoroughly nasty anti-hero remains altogether human and memorable through the talent of *Billy Liar*'s creator.

The Just and the Unjust. By James Gould Cozzens. Harvest. $1.95. This novel about law and conscience is one of Cozzens's best.

The Keepers of the House. By Shirley Ann Grau. Crest. 60¢. The Pulitzer Prize-winner for fiction in 1964.

The King Must Die. By Mary Renault. Vintage. $1.95. The first part of the author's evocation of a sympathetic Theseus.

The Lottery. By Shirley Jackson. Avon. 60¢. These tales, especially the title story, attest that the name of Shirley Jackson, who died prematurely this year, was not writ on water.

A Mother's Kisses. By Bruce Jay Friedman. Pocket Books. 75¢. To Friedman nothing is sacred, not even the long-suffering, matzo-ball-making Jewish mother.

Sometimes a Great Notion. By Ken Kesey. Bantam. 95¢. One of America's keenest young writers displaying Bunyanesque talents in the woods of the Northwest.

The Vintage Bradbury. By Ray Bradbury. Vintage. $1.45. Travel in outer space's eerie twilight zone.

Art and Music

The Alphabet of Creation. By Ben Shahn. Schocken. $1.95. A medieval Spanish legend turned into a thing of calligraphic beauty.

Ancient Art of the Americas. By G. H. S. Bushnell. Praeger. $3.95. Pre-Colombian art in all its rich variety, from the massive Teotihuacan pyramids to calendars carved on jaguar bones.

The Archetypal World of Henry Moore. By Erich Neumann. Harper. $1.75. The limited subject matter—mother-and-child and the reclining figure—and the unlimited creativity of the artist explored and related to its mythic past.

Blues People. By LeRoi Jones. Apollo. $1.65. Negro music, its force and its fate in white America, by a militant voice here speaking in a gentler tone.

Drawings of Rembrandt. Commentary by Seymour Slive. Dover. 2 vols. $6. The 1,100 illustrations in these stunning volumes range from quiet landscapes and lush nudes to brilliantly etched portraits.

The English and Scottish Ballads. Edited by Franch James Child. Dover. 5 vols. $2.75 each. If "Mitch the Miller's Son" is not to be found here, this is still the sing-along to end them all. Three hundred and five ballads with a dozen variations, endless notes and commentaries.

An English Song Book. Edited by Noah Greenberg. Anchor. $1.45. The medieval spirit in words and notes of reverence and joy.

Life with Picasso. By Françoise Gilot with Carlton Lake. Signet. 95¢. The author is a chatty ex-mistress who enjoyed the celebrities who came to pay the master court. The photographs are remarkable.

A Treasury of Great Operas. By Arthur Holde. Bantam. 95¢. From *Aïda* to *Wozzeck*, a handbook to thirty-five operas. Photographs of singers at work are grimmer-than-life.

Tutankhamen. By Christiane Desroches-Noblecourt. Doubleday. $2.95. The treasure-troves of young "Tut" glowingly revealed in pictures and text.

Painting in the Twentieth Century: An Analysis of the Artists and Their Works. By Werner Haftmann. Praeger. $3.95. Painting in the Twentieth Century: A Pictorial Survey. By Werner Haftmann. Praeger. $4.95. The first of these companion books explains those forces that led from Seurat's pointillism to the bold abstractions

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of Kline, while the second boasts more than 1,000 reproductions, many in full color. Totally gorgeous.

Personal History

DU BARRY. By Stanley Loomis. Pyramid. 75¢. Proving once again that du Barry was no lady.

THE BURDEN AND THE GLORY. By John F. Kennedy. Edited by Allan Nevins. Popular. 75¢. This collection of public statements charts a brilliant American future.

CONFESSIONS OF A EUROPEAN INTELLECTUAL. By Franz Schoenberner. Collier. $2.95. *Simplicissimus*, Germany's blazingly satiric political journal, was crushed by the Nazis. Luckily its editor was not, and his account of his eventful life is inspiring.

THE ESSENTIAL LIPPMANN. Edited by Clinton Rossiter and James Lare. Vintage. $2.45. A treasury of writings by the specialist on the nation's moral and political health.

FRANZ KAFKA: DIARIES 1910-1913; 1914-1923. Edited by Max Brod. Schocken. 2 vols. $1.95 each. The poignant record by an agonized genius of his forty-one years.

REMINISCENCES. By Douglas MacArthur. Crest. 95¢. The General's autobiography illuminates a half century of U.S. military history.

THE STEVENSON WIT AND WISDOM. Edited by Paul Steiner. Pyramid. 60¢. In 1965 Adlai Stevenson died; in this collection his sagacity lives on.

Fact Finders

A BOOK OF FRENCH QUOTATIONS. By Norbert Guterman. Anchor. $1.75. In a dual-language text, *bon mots* from Guillaume d'Aquitaine to Albert Camus.

A COMPLETE PAPERBOUND REFERENCE LIBRARY: SPELLING FOR THE MILLIONS. By Edna L. Furness. THE NEW AMERICAN ROGET'S THESAURUS. HOYLE'S RULES OF GAMES. By Albert H. Morehead and Geoffrey Mott-Smith. THE NEW AMERICAN WEBSTER HANDY COLLEGE DICTIONARY. HOW TO WRITE, SPEAK AND THINK MORE EFFECTIVELY. By Rudolf Flesch. THE NEW AMERICAN MEDICAL DICTIONARY AND HEALTH MANUAL. By Robert E. Rothenberg. New American Library. Set, $4.10 boxed. A weighty packet. Now all you have to do is read.

DICTIONARY OF MIND, MATTER AND MORALS. By Bertrand Russell. Edited by Lester E. Dennon. Citadel. $1.95. There's a word for it, and Lord Russell usually has the last one.

THE DOLPHIN BOOK OF SPEECHES. By George W. Hibbitt. Dolphin. $1.25. The silveriest-tongued orators from Caesar to Cotton Mather, Demosthenes to Churchill.

GREEK GODS AND HEROES. By Robert Graves. Dell. 45¢. Only Robert Graves can chat with such offhand charm about the Olympians.

THE NIGHT PEOPLE'S GUIDE TO NEW YORK. By Jane Wagner, Gilman Park, and Jack Rennert. Bantam. $1. A night owl's directory to fun and games in an insomniac city.

THE U.S. BOOK OF FACTS, STATISTICS AND INFORMATION FOR 1966. Pocket Books. $1.95.

Center Stage

SAMUEL BECKETT. Edited by Martin Esslin. Spectrum. $1.95. A collection of essays by such critics as Hugh Kenner and Alain Robbe-Grillet which try to pin down the elusive quality of Beckett's dramas.

CINEMA EYE, CINEMA EAR. By John Russell Taylor. Hill & Wang. $1.95. Largely a directory of directors—Bergman, Buñuel, Bresson, Fellini, Antonioni, and Hitchcock.

EURIPIDES AND HIS AGE. By Gilbert Murray. Oxford. $1.85. A distinguished work, not only on the dramas but on the tenor of those classical times.

IBSEN. Edited by Rolf Fjelde. Spectrum. $1.95. Essays by E. M. Forster and Eric Bentley are among those that silhouette the playwright as a pioneer.

THE MOTHER. By Bertolt Brecht. Evergreen. $1.45. Not *Mother Courage*, but derived from the Gorki novel about another spunky heroine, who becomes involved in the Russian Revolution. First English publication.

O'NEILL. By Arthur and Barbara Gelb. Dell. 95¢. An exhaustive and very nearly exhausting study.

ONLY YOU, DICK DARING! By Merle Miller and Evan Rhodes. Bantam. 75¢. In which the authors turn TV rejection slips into "How to Write One Television Script and Make $50,000,000."

THE SPIRIT OF TRAGEDY. By Herbert J. Muller. Washington Square Press. 75¢. The author takes a stab at the tragic concept from Aeschylus to Arthur Miller.

Peoples and Places

AN ATLAS OF LATIN AMERICAN AFFAIRS. By Robert C. Kingsbury and Ronald M. Schneider. Praeger. $1.75. What's what and where, charted in regions economic, geographic, and political.

EXCAVATIONS AT UR. By Sir Leonard Woolley. Apollo. $1.95. The dig that unearthed Nebuchadnezzar's ancient realm.

AN EXPLANATION OF SPAIN. By Elena de La Souchere. Vintage. $2.45. The Spanish as a disenchanted, apathetic, and apolitical people.

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MEXICO: PLACES AND PLEASURES. By Kate Simon. Dolphin. $1.45. One woman's energetic foray below the border.

Twentieth Century

AGAINST THE AMERICAN GRAIN. By Dwight Macdonald. Vintage. $1.95. Arrogant and interesting essays on mass culture.

ESCAPE FROM FREEDOM. By Erich Fromm. Avon. $1.25. The fierce attraction totalitarianism holds for a modern society shuddering among the pressures of free choice.

A MOVEABLE FEAST. By Ernest Hemingway. Bantam. 95¢. The special past that was Paris in the Twenties, when the brash young Hemingway palled around with Fitzgerald, sneered at Ford Madox Ford, and took tea with Miss Stein.

PORTRAIT OF A DECADE. By Anthony Lewis and *The New York Times*. Bantam. 95¢. Those ten crucial years that followed the 1954 Supreme Court decision on school segregation and how they have affected the fate of our nation.

SCIENTIFIC MAN VERSUS POWER POLITICS. By Hans J. Morgenthau. Phoenix. $1.95. A stern, lucid statement on the dangers of too great reliance upon scientific solutions to world problems rather than the more difficult road of diplomacy.

SINCE YESTERDAY: 1929-1939. Frederick Lewis Allen. Bantam. 85¢. A super-civilized sequel to *Only Yesterday*, covering the eventful decade from the stock market crash to World War II.

WHAT IS EXISTENTIALISM? By William Barrett. Evergreen. $1.95. The what and the why and also the how of a modern system of philosophic thought.

Homemaking

THE FEMININE MYSTIQUE. By Betty Friedan. Delta. $1.95. Get out of the kitchen, ma, and into the office or the bedroom. A head-on assault on the limitations of wife- and motherhood.

THE I NEVER COOKED BEFORE COOKBOOK. By Jo Coudert. Signet. 75¢. Strictly for hunger.

PROBLEMS OF PARENTS. By Benjamin Spock, M.D. Crest. 60¢. Be kind to children, but even nicer to their mothers.

SIXPENCE IN HER SHOE. By Phyllis McGinley. Dell. 75¢. Who says homemaking isn't fun? Not Pulitzer Prize-winning poet McGinley, who joyfully defends her role as wife and mother.

History

THE ELIZABETHAN JOURNALS. Edited by G. B. Harrison. Anchor. 2 vols. $1.95 each. "Being a Record of Those Things Most Talked of During the Years 1598-1603." Chitter-chatter while Shakespeare wrote and Queen Bess ruled.

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Verse

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COLLECTED POEMS OF HENRY THOREAU. Edited by Carl Bode. Johns Hopkins Press. $2.45.

(*Continued on page 54*)

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SR's Check List of the Week's New Books

Archeology

BAT CAVE. By Herbert W. Dick. School of American Research, Santa Fe, N.M. $4.75.

CLANTON DRAW AND BOX CANYON: An Interim Report on Two Prehistoric Sites in Hidalgo County, New Mexico, and Related Surveys. By Eugene B. McCluney. School of American Research. $2.85.

THE CLASSICAL WORLD. By Donald E. Strong. McGraw-Hill. $5.95.

THE MEN OF THE OLD STONE AGE. By H. Breuil and R. Lantier. St. Martin's. $6.

A SURVEY AND EXCAVATION OF CAVES IN HIDALGO COUNTY, NEW MEXICO. By Marjorie F. Lambert and J. Richard Ambler. School of American Research. $4.80.

Art

KANGRA PAINTINGS OF THE GITA GOVINDA. Text by M. S. Randhawa. East-West Center Press. $25.

Business, Economics

GOLD OR CREDIT? The Economics and Politics of International Money. By Francis Cassell. Praeger. $6.

THE MEXICAN MINING INDUSTRY. By Marvin D. Bernstein. Antioch Press. $10.

Cookery

THE BRIDE'S GUIDE TO CREATIVE COOKING. Edited by Anne London. World. Loose-leaf binding. $3.95.

CREATIVE COOKING. Edited by Anne London. World. Loose-leaf binding. $3.95.

MA CUISINE. By Auguste Escoffier. Translated by Vyvyan Holland. Tudor. $4.95.

Current Affairs

THE NEGRO IN THE UNITED STATES: A Research Guide. By Erwin K. Welsch. Indiana Univ. Press. Hardbound, $5. Paperback, $1.85.

PUBLIC PAPERS OF THE PRESIDENTS OF THE UNITED STATES, VOL. 18. Book I: Nov. 22, 1963-June 30, 1964. $6.75. Book II: July 1-Dec. 31, 1964. $7. Compiled by Office of the Federal Register, National Archives and Record Service, General Services Administration. U.S. Government Printing Office.

URBAN DESIGN: The Architecture of Towns and Cities. By Paul Spreiregen. McGraw-Hill. $12.50.

THE ZANDE SCHEME: An Anthropological Case Study of Economic Development in Africa. By Conrad C. Reining. Northwestern Univ. Press. $5.50.

History

AGRIPPA AND THE CRISIS OF RENAISSANCE THOUGHT. By Charles G. Nauert, Jr. Illinois Univ. Press. Hardbound, $8. Paperback, $7.

A COLONY ON THE MOVE: Gaspar Castaño de Sosa's Journal, 1590-1591. School of American Research. $6.50.

EMPIRE AND INDEPENDENCE: The International History of the American Revolution. By Richard Van Alstyne. Wiley. Hardbound, $6.95. Paperback, $2.45.

JEWS IN AMERICA: A Short History. By Ruth Gay. Basic Books. $4.95.

THE LEGEND OF THE WANDERING JEW. By George K. Anderson. Brown Univ. Press. $12.

A NATION ON TRIAL: America and the War of 1812. By Patrick C. T. White. Wiley. Hardbound, $4.95. Paperback, $1.95.

A SOCIAL AND RELIGIOUS HISTORY OF THE JEWS. Vol. IX: Under Church and Empire. Vol. X: On the Empire's Periphery. By Salo W. Baron. Columbia Univ. Press. $8.50 each.

Literary Criticism

THE CHOICES OF CRITICISM. By William Chace Greene. MIT Press. $7.50.

THE CLAIRVOYANT EYE: The Poetry and Poetics of Wallace Stevens. By Joseph N. Riddel. Louisiana State Univ. Press. $7.50.

THE POETRY OF POPE: Laureate of Peace. By C. Wilson Knight. Barnes & Noble. $4.50.

Miscellany

BEST LOVED SONGS AND HYMNS. Edited by James Morehead and Albert Morehead. World. $4.95.

DANCERS, BUILDINGS, AND PEOPLE IN THE STREETS. By Edwin Denby. Horizon. $5.95.

THE FILMS OF CHARLIE CHAPLIN. Edited by Gerald D. McDonald, Michael Conway, and Mark Ricci. Citadel. $7.95.

Personal History

ANDRE CHENIER: His Life, Death and Glory. By Vernon Loggins. Ohio Univ. Press. $5.

BOGEY: The Good-Bad Guy. By Ezra Goodman. Lyle Stuart. $4.95.

POLISH JEWS: A Pictorial Record. By Roman Vishniac. Schocken. Hardbound, $6. Paperback, $2.45.

REFLECTIONS: The Diary of a German-Jew in Hiding. By Julian Castle Stanford, formerly Julius Schloss. Institute for the Righteous Acts, Oakland, Calif. $4.50.

Religion, Philosophy

HERITAGE AND HOPE: Dialogues in Judaism. Edited by Rabbi William Berkowitz. Yoseloff. $4.95.

JESUS IN THE QUR'AN. By Geoffrey Parrinder. Barnes & Noble. $6.

PAUL TILLICH'S PHILOSOPHY OF CULTURE, SCIENCE, AND RELIGION. By James Luther Adams. Harper & Row. $5.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF EXISTENTIALISM: Selected Essays. By Jean-Paul Sartre. Edited with a foreword by Wade Baskin. Philosophical Library. $7.50.

READINGS IN CHURCH HISTORY, Vol. III. Edited by Colman J. Barry, O.S.B. Newman Press. Hardbound, $7.50. Paperback, $3.75.

SPINOZA'S CRITIQUE OF RELIGION. By Leo Strauss. Schocken. $8.50.

A STAND ON ECUMENISM—THE COUNCIL'S DECREE. By Lorenz Cardinal Jaeger. Kenedy. $4.95.

—Compiled by RUTH BROWN.

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by Doris Nash Wortman

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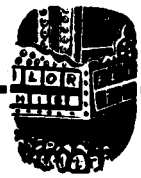

Return to Room at the Top

ONE TENDS to be wary of sequels to successful films. *Room at the Top*, released here in 1959, was a stunner; it was the harbinger of a new wave of frankness in British film-making; it introduced Jack Clayton as a director of skill and subtlety; it won Simone Signoret an Academy Award; and it had a striking performance by Laurence Harvey as a young man who worms his way to the top by seducing the big boss's daughter, getting her pregnant, and marrying her. *Life at the Top*, also from a novel by John Braine, is the sequel, and it takes up the same characters some nine or ten years later. Again it is Laurence Harvey playing Joe Lampton, Donald Wolfit returns as his father-in-law, but Jean Simmons replaces Heather Sears as the wife. Simone Signoret is out of it, naturally, because the character she played died in a suicidal auto accident. Her husband is still around, however, and he's planning to marry a pretty young girl.

So far, I'm sure, it sounds like an English Peyton Place revisited, and for the first ten minutes it appears as though we're about to be treated to a closetful of skeletons, scandals, and secret sensualities. Joe Lampton and his wife aren't happy together, Michael Craig is the seducer of the rich provincial married set, and svelte Honor Blackman is in town running a local television show on her way to the big time in London. Then the sure, talented hand of a new Canadian director, Ted Kotcheff, takes over. Adulteries do occur, and demeaning scenes of unsavory revelation, but the story builds into a surprisingly perceptive study of a man's bleak encounter with his true image.

Joe Lampton has made it, all right, but what is he really? His high position with the big firm owned by his wife's father is a paternal handout. His white Jaguar belongs to the company. His nice, big house is in his wife's name. His son already has a tonier accent than he'll ever have. So, in an effort at redemption, spurred by an affair with the television lady, he heads for London and there learns truths bitterer than those he fled. And, somehow, so well done is it that the film is almost as absorbing as its predecessor. The acting is a great help. Laurence Harvey takes his abilities out of wraps and demonstrates once more how thoroughly he understands Joe Lampton. Jean Simmons handles his wife with remarkable sensitivity, and Donald Wolfit is once more splendid as her father. Not all of the scenes have the ring of honesty, as when Lampton, elected to the town council, blasts the venality of the Conservatives (they're given a political philosophy somewhat to the right of William Buckley), but, even so, it is effectively staged. The editing makes use of the currently fashionable abrupt cuts, and they do build tension and underline meanings. Producer James Woolf had excellent instincts when he returned to *Room at the Top*.

Producer-director Fred Coe's instincts were not as reliable when he decided to turn his Broadway success, *A Thousand Clowns*, into a movie. First of all, as a film director he hasn't got much beyond television basics, and secondly, the screen transference is uncomfortably close to the stage original, complete with projective acting and exit lines. Not that the film is a total loss—not by any means. For Herb Gardner's play had a cogent theme to explore—that of a man attempting to escape the falsities and hypocrisies of his television writing career, and to live a simple life free of cant. And Mr. Gardner can also write witty and clever lines, and these lines, though they are often presented stagily, give moments of charm and delight. There is also Barbara Harris. She just can't say anything without giving it an extra delicious twist of parody. Her plumpish, passive face shades into dozens of minute changes of expression. Miss Harris is a total joy. She doesn't work at all; she simply happens. Jason Robards, Jr., though, works at being charming. The effort is apparent, and Fred Coe's constant use of TV close-ups emphasizes his failure to be completely convincing. Nor does Barry Gordon, a sixteen-year-old actor attempting to act a precocious twelve-year-old boy (the ward of Robards), give much proof of being comfortable before a camera. Martin Balsam is a good deal better as the writer's agent-brother, and Gene Saks has an amusing set piece as a mawkish television personality.

In an attempt to get the story out of its essentially one-set framework—the much too cutely cluttered rooms of Robards—the camera is taken on a series of montage tours of New York City, somewhat reminiscent of those of London in *The Knack*. They help, but not enough. On the other hand, the brass-tacks conversations between the brothers, the well-adjusted agent, and the rebellious writer do get at the dilemma of a sensitive man attempting to cope with an artificial world of commerce pretending to be art.

—HOLLIS ALPERT.

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Angry Middle-Aged Man

IF I COULD SEE only one of all the attractions currently playing on Broadway, I would pick *Inadmissible Evidence*. Not that John Osborne's extended personal statement is a play with a beginning, middle, and an end, or even with an orderly progression of crises and denouements. But it is all-out theatrical statement, naked and shattering yet ultimately soaring above the desperation it so relentlessly presents.

For what Mr. Osborne has done is to reflect in one stubborn individual's irrational resistance to his times a fierce portrait of our backwardness and our forwardness, both of which strike him as unsatisfactory. He is not making a plea for tolerance or corrective action, but, as Shakespeare did in *Lear*, simply and superbly expressing a horrifying nightmare. Osborne's latest protagonist, like his Neo-Luther, Archie Rice, George Dillon, and Jimmy Porter, is a visceral and crude-speaking man who needlessly and purposelessly offends and alienates everyone, as he tries to remain loyal to his own anger and insolence.

This time his name is Bill Maitland, a cracking-up lawyer in his late, late thirties, and we meet him on trial, Kafka-style. The charge is some vague minor offense against society, and his equally vague defense rambles desperately through the sort of never-quite-right clichéd phrases one might find oneself using in a dream. As he mumbles jumbled sentences about his perfunctory belief in the increasing need for more scientists, more schools, the ties of family life, the "forward-looking . . . machine tool line reassessment" with "faculties of memory and judgment far beyond the capacity of any human grief or any group of human who has ever lived," we are overwhelmed by the gobbledegook specter the average man seems to accept without alarm simply because he sees no point in being frightened by something he feels incapable of doing anything about. And Bill Maitland's only important difference is that he recognizes its horror and his cowardice and mediocrity, which he wretchedly persists in following to whatever end it may lead.

The dream then moves to a two-day period of Maitland's law office where his anxieties and libido manifest themselves. His practice is dwindling, his partner is leaving him for a more conservative firm, one secretary he has seduced is quitting, another is available for after-hours sport but the solace she offers is temporary. He is having difficulty scheduling sufficient time for his mistress. And his infidelity is rapidly turning him into a villain and his wife into a martyr in the eyes of all their friends.

But this is not all. His work is going to pieces. Taxis with "For Hire" lights on pass him by on his way to the office. He is living on pills to relieve his cranium-splitting headaches. He can no longer retain information or even read a book. And during the course of the ensuing action his interviews with clients only serve to make him project their complaints into his own alienation from all social institutions. Perhaps the most devastating scene in the play is a long showdown with his seventeen-year-old daughter, in which he assesses the cool generation she represents. Here the angry young man has grown into the angry middle-aged father, as bitter about the following generation as he was about the preceding one, but for different reasons.

The dialogue is less showy but more profound than we have come to expect from Osborne. While he cannot resist an occasional quip like telling his wife that he's sure their daughter is going to marry an emergent African, "that is if she hasn't already sent her virginity to UNICEF," there is something deeper-reaching in his filial harangue when he says, "But there isn't much loving in any of your kindness, not much kindness, not even cruelty, really, in any of you, not much craving for the harm of others, perhaps just a very easy controlled sharp pleasure in discomfiture."

The role of Bill Maitland is certainly one of the longest and most demanding ever written, and Nicoll Williamson fights his way through every impassioned second of it, never allowing self-pity or tragic nobility to take over. It is an unforgettable portrait whose stubborn monotony receives not our pity but our cumulative admiration. If his supporting cast seems far less effective, it is nevertheless good enough to let us see what the playwright is driving at.

What *is* he driving at? He is driving at everything in modern society that demeans the individual, wastes his talent, and punishes his emotional expression. There is complaint that the play, which is shorter here than in London, is still too long. But this comes from those not yet able to perceive that *Inadmissible Evidence* is one of the great works of the modern theater. —HENRY HEWES.

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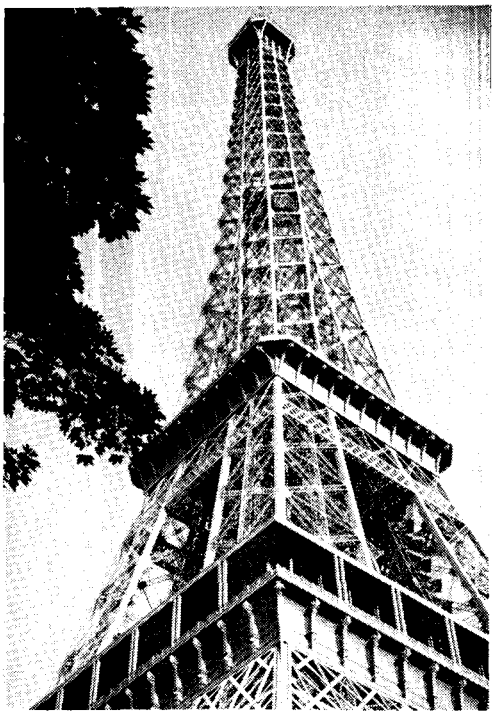

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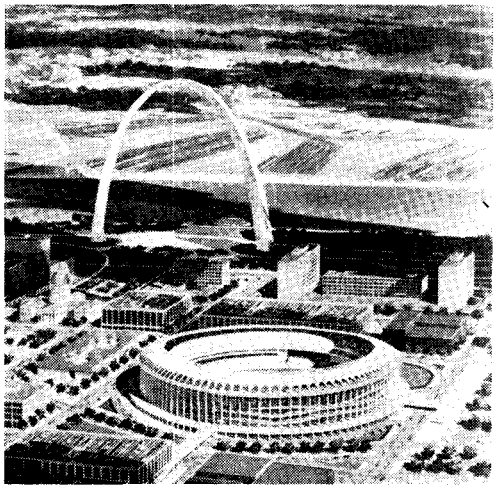
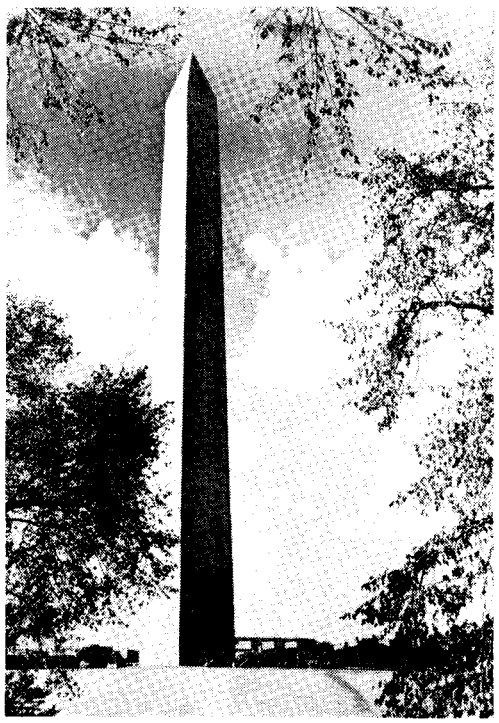


—National Park Service



Tall Tales

EVER SINCE he first had two stones to put together, man has never needed much of an excuse to build a tower. The Mesopotamians built masonry towers and used them as forts. The Egyptians decorated their temple entrances with tall pylons. The Greek Pharos at Alexandria was such a phenomenon of the times that it became a wonder of the world. The Romans flanked their city gates with twin towers and the Chinese spaced towers along the Great Wall. Churches built towers and put bells in them. Clocks were invented and put into towers for all to see. And then came the towers for pure expression of technique and exuberance, such as Gustave Eiffel's steel lattice that rose 984 feet above Paris in 1889 to celebrate a fair that celebrated the hundredth anniversary of the fall of the Bastille.

All this heritage is built into the shining steel of the world's newest monument, the Gateway Arch, part of the Jefferson National Expansion Memorial now nearing completion in St. Louis. In effect, the St. Louis creation is not really a tower at all. It is an arch designed in the form of an inverted catenary curve, the shape taken by a chain when the ends are held and the links are left to swing into a natural arc. The arch is one of the last wonders left by the late Eero Saarinen, the magnificent architect who created the birdlike TWA terminal at John F. Kennedy Airport, the colorful GM Technical Center in Warren, Michigan, and the Columbia Broadcasting Company's new building in Manhattan.

Saarinen won the award in a nationwide competition in 1948 from a field that included his father. The Civic Committee, first formed in St. Louis in 1933, wanted to establish a federal memorial to the Louisiana Purchase of 1803 and to the pioneers of the Mississippi Valley who went west from here. In designing the arch as the proper memorial, Saarinen wanted a high form and a permanent one. "Stainless steel would seem to be the most permanent of the materials we have and it seemed the thing we could trust most," he once said.

When the capstone was finally slipped into place this fall, the arch became the nation's tallest monument. It is seventy-five feet higher than the Washington Monument and 180 feet higher than the Great Pyramid of Cheops. Although it has only two legs—one St. Louisan told me he'd feel better if it had been built with three—it is the strongest of arches, for the stress is not placed on the keystone but passes down through the legs. The foundations are in bedrock sixty feet below the surface. At the base each leg is an equilateral triangle measuring fifty-four feet and tapering to seventeen feet at the top. The entire structure is sheathed in shining stainless steel that reflects cool and blue with the morning and turns fire-red with the reflection of the ebbing sun.

Inside the core of each leg, startlingly enough, Saarinen has allowed room for a forty-passenger train—perhaps a mutation of a Ferris wheel might be better—that rises from an underground platform to the observation platform. Logistics will preclude the building of a restaurant or even a souvenir shop (there is to be a chemical toilet), but those who come for the view will find sixteen apertures on each side of the arch from which, on an unclouded day, one can peer forty miles over the industrial smoke of East St. Louis to the fields of Illinois, or, presumably, forty miles in the opposite direction to the undulating farmlands of Missouri. The passenger train that rides to the top is a collection of eight small cars, each seating five passengers. En route from the departure platform under the legs of the arch, the cars will turn 145 degrees in order to keep the passengers upright and level.

Standing there above the levee, Saarinen's arch is a monument to St. Louis, the gateway to the West when the West was being won. In itself the arch has proven to be the inspiration for a vast memorial now being laid out at its feet, as well as for a huge new civic program that is stirring the dust for dozens of blocks in the vicinity. The federal complex, to be operated by the National Park Service, is called the Jefferson National Expansion Memorial. A Visitor's Center, tunneled under the legs of the arch, is being fitted with two theaters, each to seat 240 persons. After a short orientation film of the type now being used with success at Williamsburg, visitors will filter through twelve galleries housing the Museum of Westward Expansion. Paintings, dioramas, and exhibits will depict the opening of the West and the role played by St. Louis in the national expansion from 1803 to 1890. The 200 displays will show the physical

Looking up—The new Gateway Arch in St. Louis, its 630-foot-high keystone at last in place, joins such wonders of the world as the Eiffel Tower (984 feet) and the Washington Monument (555 feet).

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"If we changed to fan-jets we'd take off 30% faster than anybody..."

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Did they, Andy?

American Airlines

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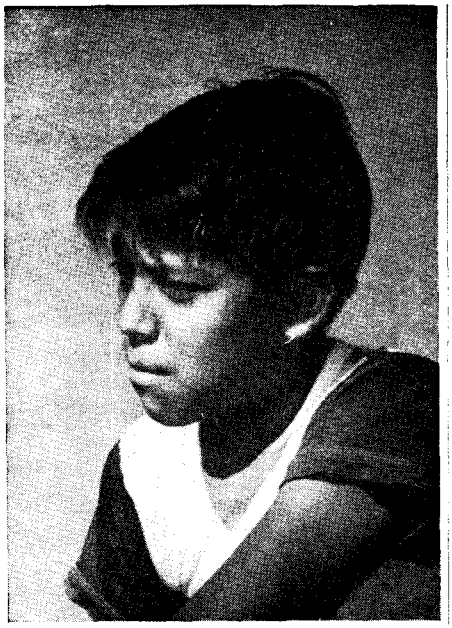

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West in its vastness and the pioneers' problems in meeting its challenge. The "Wagon Box Battle" between soldiers and Indians on August 2, 1867, is shown in diorama, and both soldiers and Indians will tell how the westward expansion affected them. Trappers and sodbusters, miners and cattlemen are shown in the roles they played. Many of the exhibits are being adapted from the Old Courthouse, that venerable museum piece facing the arch where Dred Scott was first brought to trial. Its halls echoed to the footfalls of General Grant and Henry Clay and its Greek revival design served as an inspiration for the Capitol at Washington.

From the Old Courthouse down to the river, forty city blocks have been cleared for a park to provide a setting for the arch, an expanse that will rival the Trocadéro and the Champs de Mars at the feet of the Eiffel Tower in Paris. Like the Eiffel Tower, rising at the banks of the Seine, the Gateway Arch rises above the banks of the Mississippi. The Gateway Arch was supposed to have been built for the 200th anniversary of the founding of St. Louis, but that was in 1964 and it never made the date. Despite the delay, there seems to be nothing but pride and pleasure surrounding the arch. That was not the case in Paris when Gustave Eiffel, an accomplished engineer, won the competition for a tower that would be the centerpiece for L'Exposition Universelle. He had built bridges in Russia, in China and Bolivia, and also the framework for the Statue of Liberty. The steel tower that Eiffel had designed would not only prove an attraction for the fair, but it would be a great publicity piece for French steel. (The American Iron and Steel Institute has put out an attractive pamphlet which notes that the arch could only have been built by using steel, because of its great size and complex engineering problems.)

Ground was broken on January 26, 1887. After that it took 300 steelworkers two years to put the giant Erector Set together. Eiffel hoisted the flag himself, exclaiming, "Now France will be the only nation in the world with a 1,000-foot flagpost." There were other exclamations from other quarters and they were not quite so friendly. From the heartland of French letters came a ringing petition decrying this monstrosity that despoiled the soft French landscape. Guy de Maupassant is reported to have imposed a voluntary exile on himself until the government smashed this "tall, lanky pyramid, this assemblage of iron ladders." Denunciations came from Charles Gounod, Alexander Dumas the Younger, Poet Paul Verlaine (who called it a horror). "Far from spoiling the city," Eiffel said, "It announces her."

He proved to be right, for nowhere in the world, lest exception be made for the Statue of Liberty and the Taj Mahal, does the silhouette of a monument serve immediately to identify the nation in which it reposes. In the end Gounod came around, too, and gave a concert in the tower. Eiffel later built himself a lofty apartment within the webbing, where he entertained celebrities of other worlds, among them Sarah Bernhardt and Thomas Edison. The intelligentsia came to accept the tower. Cocteau set a whole play around it, and the best of France's artists—Dufy, Chagall, Rousseau, and Utrillo—along with countless less distinguished ones, have painted it. It has fired the imagination of countless moviemakers, among them the delightful charlatans of the Lavender Hill Mob, who smuggled gold molded to look like souvenir models of the tower.

St. Louis might well note that the Eiffel Tower was the hit of the Exposition, but shortly after the century turned, the yearly house count had dropped to little more than 100,000. It was a great comedown from the first year, when it had clocked 2,000,000 visitors. In two years it had paid off all its costs. Although the Germans toyed with having the whole thing dismantled and sent to Germany for scrap, and Hitler almost had it blown up as Paris fell, the tower somehow survived. Good thing, too, for since 1949 it has been registering 1,000,000 visitors a year, with 2,000,000 last year and an anticipated 3,000,000 by the time this year is ended. What with income from sightseers, its two elegant and expensive restaurants, its twelve refreshment stands, rental of thirty shops, and the fees it gets for the use of radio and television antennas, the Eiffel Tower is one of the most successful financial operations in France. It has been grossing $1,500,000 a year, leaving it a net of $1,100,000 after operating expenses are subtracted. After paying ticket commissions to the city, its taxes, and placing adequate funds in reserve against maintenance costs, it still shows a $100,000 profit. The stock now costs about $260 a share—most stockholders are descendants of the original investors—and pays a dividend of $8.50 a year.

No such success, or aura of romance, or even very much public acclamation attended the building of the Washington Monument, which was to commemorate not a fair but the father of the nation. The idea for a monument was first germinated in 1783 when the Continental Congress voted to have an equestrian statue of Washington sculpted and placed on public display. Washington was held in great national reverence and was an international figure, but despite his celebrity nothing was done until 1816, when the matter was brought up again. It was renewed once more in 1819, but still no one acted.

Finally, in 1833, a private group of

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well-known citizens formed a committee and selected Chief Justice John Marshall as its chairman. The group, known as the Washington National Monument Society, set out to make amends for the continued procrastinations of Congress, and began to raise funds for the building of a "great National Monument to the memory of Washington at the seat of the federal government." It took fourteen years to raise $70,000, but it was enough to launch a competition for the design. It was won by Robert Mills. The Mills plan called for a shaft to be surrounded by an ornate colonnaded building that would serve as a nation pantheon. Statues of presidents and famous American figures would be placed around the interior court.

A cornerstone was laid on July 4, 1848, amid much ceremony, and in a small piece of historical drama someone unearthed the same trowel used by Washington in laying the cornerstone of the Capitol. The design originally submitted by Mills was greatly altered, but work progressed until 1854, when the project foundered on the shoals of political quarrel. The increasing discord among the states of the North and South didn't help, and work came to a halt with the monument at 153 feet. It stayed that way for twenty-five years, until President Grant took over the project in the name of the government.

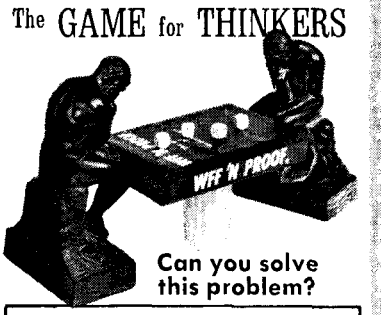
Work began again in 1880, using stones that had been contributed by all the states, and some by foreign countries. In 1857 Americans in China sent a stone that eventually was incorporated. Pope Pius IX had sent a block from the Temple of Concord in Rome, but it was never to become part of the monument. One dark night a party of masked men blackjacked the watchman and stole the Roman marble. They were members of the American Party, a secret anti-alien group that didn't want the monument desecrated with foreign stone. (Before the Civil War the American Party had well infiltrated the National Monument Society and elected its own officers. These officials were never recognized by the original Society members, and for a number of years before the American Party ran out of money in 1858 the hapless Washington Monument was being promoted by two rival societies.)

When the capstone was finally set in place just before Christmas in 1884, the Washington Monument measured 555 feet. It stands slightly higher than the spires of the Cologne Cathedral, nearly 100 feet above the Pyramid of Cheops, seventy-five feet shorter than the Woolworth Building, and a little more than half as high as the Eiffel Tower. In its final form its interior walls include nearly 200 stones contributed by individuals, states, and foreign nations. The marble block from the Pope was never found, but the monument includes stone from the ruins of Carthage, from Brazil, Japan, Greece, and Turkey. It would have given palpations to members of the old American Party and may well still stir patriotic tornados in the breasts of their political inheritors.

—Horace Sutton.

"Besides, if they were full of money wouldn't they have slots in their backs?"

The GAME for THINKERS



Can you solve this problem?

1. There are three numbered statements in this box.
2. Two of these numbered statements are not true.
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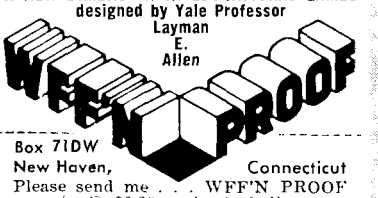

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*Three kinds of Little People described by Kevin Danaher in a recent number.

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Waiting for Signals

Continued from page 17

played their influence. The most visible leadership posts are given to non-Communists. A former Saigon lawyer, Nguyen Huu Tho, holds the top nominal office of chairman of the NLF Central Committee. Only one of the five vice presidents on the Central Committee is a Communist. However, the French journalist Georges Chaffard, who has interviewed the NLF leaders in the jungle, says that "the numerical preponderance appears in all the intermediary bodies, where the proportion is about two out of three."

The Vietcong is simply the military arm of the NLF. The name is a pejorative one (roughly translated as "Viet Commie") applied by the Saigon government. Many of the Vietcong guerrillas still think of themselves as members of the Vietminh. The Vietcong is divided into hard-core forces, regional units, and local militia. The hard-core units are composed largely of veterans of the war against the French who stayed in the South after 1954 or who went North for further training and later infiltrated southward. They are constantly on the move and launch the major Vietcong attacks. The regional units operate within their own province. Their main assignment is to protect and guide the hard-core forces that move through their province. From 1960 to 1964 there were between 20,000 and 25,000 hard-core Vietcong, and roughly 60,000 to 80,000 irregulars. By the fall of 1965 there were an estimated 70,000 hard-core and 90,000 irregulars. In 1965, for the first time, the U.S. claimed that units of the North Vietnamese regular army were fighting alongside the Vietcong, and the steady introduction of these regulars to match the American build-up no doubt accounts in good part for the swollen guerrilla ranks.

Several years ago the Vietcong regulars were equipped primarily with American arms captured from the South Vietnamese army or bought on the open market, as well as with more primitive home-made weapons. Today the majority of hard-core units have reportedly been re-equipped with Communist-bloc arms, mainly of Chinese manufacture.

Among the Vietcong defectors I interviewed in South Vietnam was a sturdy young gold-toothed peasant from Dinh Thuong Province in the Mekong Delta. He had served four years in the guerrillas before defecting; he had joined because he believed the NLF assurances that he would be fighting against the domination of his country by the U.S. and for a better life for the people. He defected, he said, because the NLF did not keep its promises and because it did things "to hurt the people." This former guerrilla was probably referring to the terror which the Vietcong uses as a systematic policy along with persuasion and reform. The terror takes the form of the assassination and kidnaping of village officials, especially those who are disliked by the villagers. The persuasion is often exercised by example, such as helping peasants to repair roads or harvest crops. Where land reform has been an issue, the NLF has been on the side of the landless peasants. The relative mix of terror and persuasion varies according to the locality and the situation. As the military requirements of the war have increased, the Vietcong has not had the time to cultivate the loyalties of the villagers. There have been recurrent stories lately that the Vietcong has been seizing the rice for its troops, whereas it formerly offered the peasants both receipts and elaborate explanations. Likewise, there are indications that the Vietcong is impressing young men into military service, a practice that may not be limited to one side.

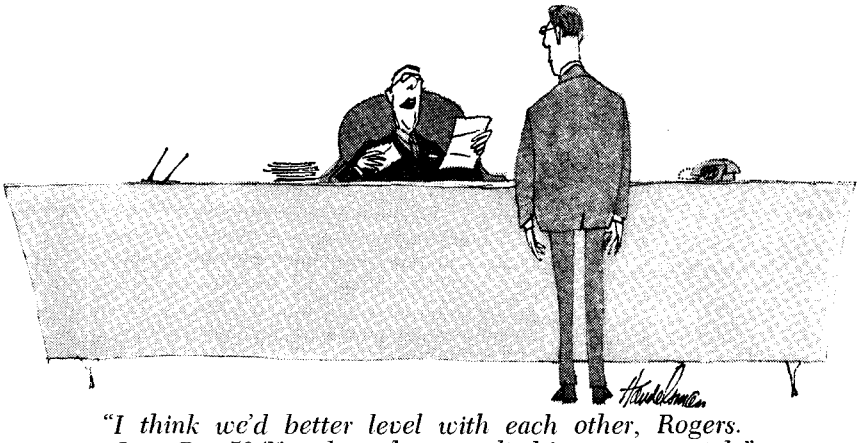
On paper, the NLF program is mild and reformist. In the absence of non-Communist reporters from the areas effectively controlled by the Vietcong (about half the population of South Vietnam and roughly two-thirds of its territory), it is difficult to know what changes they have effected. The NLF apparently has a parallel government in the areas it controls, and it apparently collects taxes and operates such services as schools and hospitals.

There is virtually no way to measure public opinion in South Vietnam. Even without a war, it would be difficult to assess the real feelings of people in a largely peasant country that has known no free political process. The war, of course, complicates the task.

"The lesson we have learned from this long war is that we lose one freedom after another," one of the top Buddhist leaders in South Vietnam told us. "We have lost our sense of solidarity, unity, and mutual understanding. The people have no self-confidence. They are at the crossroads of conflicting interests." A young intellectual Buddhist monk said, "We all have a kind of anxiety and despair. We are trying to find out who is the real enemy. As for the Vietcong, the Cong [Communism] is the enemy, not Viet [nationalism]. Discrimination, violence and hatred are our enemies. These enemies exist not just in the Vietcong, but in our hearts and minds. . . . We don't need to recapture land from the Vietcong, but to win the hearts of the people. . . . We don't want to live under Communism or under the conditions of war. . . . The peasants are interested first in being alive."

THIS last sentence probably sums up the single strongest feeling in the country. The people in both the hamlets and the cities would like, first, to see an end to the war. But they have no idea how peace might return. Beyond this, it is difficult to make generalizations. My own hunch is that if the people truly felt free to express themselves, they would tell everyone—the Vietcong, the Saigon government, the North Vietnamese, and the Americans—to get out and leave them alone. One has the impression of South Vietnam as a lush green trap, in which most of the population is caught "at the crossroads of conflicting interests."

The Saigon government represents no one except perhaps the top military, the bureaucracy, and those members of the urban middle class who have profited from the war. In the Vietcong-controlled areas, no one can be sure how much of this control represents loyalty and how much reflects fear. Both sentiments undoubtedly intermingle. In the chasm between the highly organized political machine of the NLF and the tiny personal circles around the Saigon government, there are many genuinely opposed to the Front who nevertheless remain indifferent or hostile to the government. One of the tragic aspects of Diem's legacy, however, is that they are largely outside the political process. These are the Catholics, many of the Buddhists



"I think we'd better level with each other, Rogers. I am Box 504Y and you have applied for your own job."

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and members of the religious sects, the labor unions, the students, and even veterans of the Viet Minh.

No group is monolithic and, in byzantine South Vietnam, perhaps any group is bound to be less monolithic than elsewhere. Yet it is clear that the Catholics, many of whom escaped from the North, constitute the single most vehement anti-Communist bloc. The members of the Hoa Hao and Caodai, the sects that helped to trigger the insurrection against Diem, are largely anti-Communist (although they are no friends of the central government). While a few of the Buddhist leaders have been suspected by some Westerners of harboring pro-Liberation Front sentiments, there is no evidence of this. As a political force, the Buddhists have only once made effective use of their mass base. In 1963 the self-immolation of Buddhist monks and street demonstrations by thousands of the faithful led to the downfall of Diem. Since then there has been little sign of a Buddhist political program or a willingness to share in power. One of the jobs probably assigned by Ambassador Lodge to Edward Lansdale, former CIA specialist in counter-guerrilla techniques, is the development of anti-Communist political forces capable of standing up to the Front.

THERE were subtle but potentially crucial differences in emphasis between the NLF and Hanoi representatives with whom I spoke. The North Vietnamese stress the need for reunification of the country through negotiations between North and South. The NLF stresses the neutrality (a word never mentioned by the North Vietnamese) of South Vietnam and talks of reunification as a distant goal, perhaps twenty years away. I interpret these nuances as a desire for autonomy from Hanoi on the part of the Front. There are traditional regional differences between the Vietnamese of North and South on which such feelings could be based. Moreover, the NLF is conscious of socio-economic differences between the two Vietnams. The Southern bourgeoisie and land-owning classes are stronger than were their counterparts in the North when the Communists came to power, according to the Front.

Whatever the current power relations between Hanoi and the NLF (and I am prepared to accept Philippe Deviller's current assessment that Hanoi directs the strategy but not the tactics of the Front), the autonomous spirit within the NLF can flourish only under conditions of peace, not under the discipline of war.

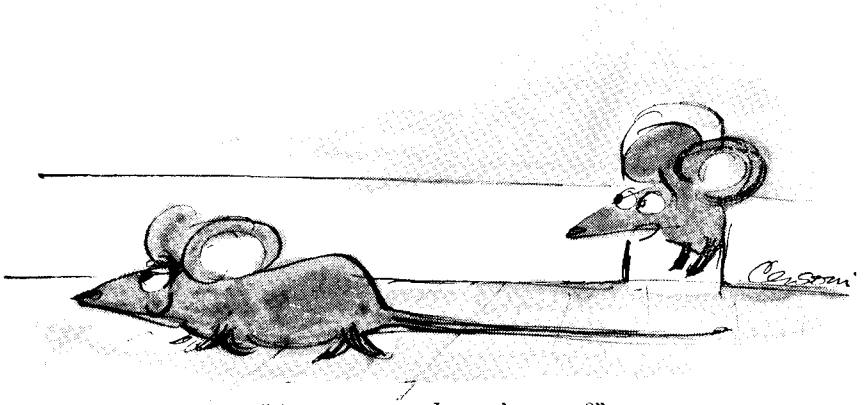
Contrary to the widespread public assumption that the United States has been consistently interested in negotiations while North Vietnam has spurned them, Eric Sevareid's article in *Look* and other news reports have forced the Administration to admit that Hanoi agreed to meet in Rangoon at U Thant's suggestion in 1964 and that Washington rejected the move. The State Department was also obliged to admit that, during the five-day pause in the bombing of North Vietnam in May, the North Vietnamese requested talks through the French government.

I have discussed this North Vietnamese "signal" with three different Administration policy-makers. Each had a different explanation of why Hanoi's approach did not lead to negotations. The first official said that this was not the kind of signal we were looking for. The response merely raises the question: what kind of signal *were* we looking for? The second official indicated that the North Vietnamese were posing an unacceptable condition, a new coalition government in Saigon dominated by the NLF. This, too, raises a question: did we try to find out whether the unacceptable condition was negotiable? The third official had still another version. He said that the message was transmitted by the French government to the Administration after the bombing had resumed, whereupon the Administration tried to get a higher official in Hanoi than the North Vietnamese representative in Paris to repeat the offer. According to this version, this effort was unsuccessful. However, assuming the accuracy of this sequence, why didn't the United States agree to halt the bombings again and pursue the problem under less inflammatory conditions?

I think it is fair to say that the United States was uninterested in negotiations before April, became more interested during the summer, and, following the first flush of military victories, concluded that perhaps the war could end without negotiations, by a North Vietnamese-NLF decision to halt large-scale operations. This alternation of attitudes in Washington was based on both the military situation in South Vietnam and an assessment of the political risks involved in negotiating a settlement that would include a coalition government in Saigon. The question of coalition is the key. For the moment, Washington appears to have decided to fight on rather than permit the inclusion of the NLF in a new Saigon government.

As for the Hanoi-NLF bargaining posture, it will be difficult to know their real attitude until the United States stops the bombing of North Vietnam. As Senator George Aiken of Vermont has observed, the bombings of Germany and Great Britain during World War II did not bring their governments to the peace table and Pearl Harbor did not weaken America's resolve to resist. All the evidence is that continued bombing has hardened the North Vietnamese position. This should not be too surprising, because of their anticolonial background, their ideology, their isolation, and their relative position of weakness vis-à-vis the major capitalist power in the world. They say they are looking for "signals" from us, just as we are looking for signals from them. The signals that they want are acts of military restraint. Until the United States is willing to run the risks of such acts, it is doubtful that we will know whether they are interested in a negotiated settlement. Beyond an end to the bombings, Hanoi and the NLF insist on agreement in advance on these basic principles of the 1954 Geneva Accords: the ultimate withdrawal of foreign military forces and bases; a prohibition against military alliances; and the peaceful reunification of the two Vietnams.

If both sides eventually find it in their common interest to encourage a new coalition and abide by the essentials of the Geneva Accords, very early in any political settlement there must be a resumption of the economic and personal links between the two Vietnams broken off by Diem in 1954. Traditionally, the rice of South Vietnam was exchanged for the raw materials of the North. Regardless of how long political reunification may take, this trade should rapidly be resumed as one way to weave the torn country together. And for the thousands of families divided by the partition, who are now permitted to exchange only one postcard a year, there must be a resumption of travel and communications before the healing can begin.



"Are you sure the cat's away?"

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GOOD TIDINGS FROM HONG KONG

WITH this year's production added to the previous supply of "regional" Christmas recordings, a diligent soul who is so minded can begin reflective listening as dawn is breaking on December 25 in the Far East (still Christmas Eve in these longitudes) and continue around the globe, hour by hour, until he arrives at midnight and the witching hour wherever he happens to live. The contribution that makes this possible comes from Hong Kong (by way of Capitol mono T 10396, $3.79; stereo ST 10396, $4.79) and its St. Paul's Children's Choir.

This is a by-product of the convent of the same name on Hong Kong Island, whose musical standards (thanks to the presence of Sister Carmella, a graduate of the Conservatory of Music in Manila) are uncommonly high. Indeed, as good pitch knows no nationality, and sincerity is meaningful in every language, the singing of the ensemble has the right to comparison with the best from comparable European sources. Fortunately, the traces of the point of origin have not been entirely eliminated. The bell that clangs through the performance of "Jingle Bells" is clearly Oriental, and "Hark the Herald Angels Sing" is in the "authentic" Cantonese, likewise "Away in the Manger." Probably the exotic language of "O Little Town of Bethlehem" is the same, though it is not identified as such on the sleeve. In addition to the expectable range of carols, the collection includes "Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer," sung at what could be called a Dancer-Prancer canter.

Moving to the west, the new accession might be associated with any area from Vladivostok to Murmansk. It comes, however, from Paris where the choir of the Russian Orthodox Cathedral preserves the tradition of the vesper service of the Eastern Orthodox Rite. Included are compositions of Stepanov ("God Is with Us"), Turenkov ("Today Gives Birth"), Vishnevsky ("From My Youth"), Lvovsky ("Glory Be to God on High"), and Bortniansky ("The Virgin Today Gives Birth"), among others, together with traditional hymns. There have been collections of this kind previously, but this one (Monitor mono MF 448, $4.79; stereo MFS 448, $4.79) is not only uncommonly well sung and cleanly reproduced (from the Cathedral on Rue Daru, under Michael Stillman's supervision), it is provided with an illuminating commentary by Nicholas Spassky and Beatrice Stillman.

If the characteristic of the Russian Orthodox observance is gravity, the Christmas material that has come this way from Czechoslovakia in the last few years is all brightness, serenity, and life. The latest example (Vanguard, mono VRS 1144, $4.79; stereo VSD 71144, $5.79) is not merely in the spirit of such predecessors as the Czech "Pastorella" on "Musica Antiqua Bohemica" (No. 7); it adds much that is charming and distinctive in the twenty selections sung by the Children's Chorus of Radio Prague sung on Side 1. Additional attractions include accompaniments scored for gambas, recorder, bagpipe, etc. On Side 2 the same ensemble shows its versatility by performing a dozen selections in Polish. These are prevailingly pastoral in character, enchanting in their simplicity.

To judge from recent record lists, every town worthy of the name in Germany has a well-trained choral group, and Offenbach is no exception. Where its ensemble differs from others, by the evidence of Columbia (mono CL 2400, $3.79; stereo CS 9200, $4.79), is in its quantity of able young soloists. Whether in "Morgen Kommt der Weinachstmann," "O Tannenbaum," or "Leise Rieselt der Schnee" (a near relative of Mozart), the sounds they produce are uniformly expressive, unaffected, and engagingly childish. To prevent misunderstanding of what the collection is all about, it begins and ends with "Stille Nacht, Heilige Nacht."

Though it was hardly planned that way, nothing could better differentiate the English from the Irish temperament than the contents of two discs devoted to the seasonal sentiments. On Angel (mono 36275, $4.79; stereo S 36275, $5.79), the choir of King's College, Cambridge, under the direction of David Willcocks, traces the holiday season from the Nativity to Candlemas in a sequence of musical masterpieces ranging from Orlando Gibbons's "Hosanna to the Son of David" to William Byrd's setting of "Senex puerum portabat." It is all rather austere and impersonal, with the effect enhanced by the acoustics of King's College Chapel, of which the jacket quotes Wordsworth as writing "where music dwells lingering, and wandering on, as loth to die." On Capitol (mono T 10412, $3.79; stereo 10412, $4.79), the Little Dublin Singers take their turns with "Adeste Fideles", "The First Noel", and "Don Oiche Ud Im Beithil" (which, as every one knows, is "A Night in Bethlehem" in Gaelic), assisted by baritone Michael O'Connell. Here the beat is often brisk, the manner anything but austere.

Among America's contributions to this year's global cross-section, one stands out not only for what it is but for where it comes from. This is a recital of carols by the Mormon Tabernacle Choir directed by Richard P. Condie, with Alexander Schreiner and Frank Asper sharing the privileges of the organ in that remarkable structure. In addition to the customary "Joy to the World," "Away in a Manger," and "Silent Night," the collection includes beautiful versions of "Greensleeves," "Tell Us, Shepherd Maids" (based on the French-Canadian carol "D'où viens-tu, Bergère?"), and "Far, Far Away on Judea's Plains," by the Mormon composer J. MacFarlane. In all circumstances, the peculiar resonance and enrichment of the surroundings add an uncommon, inimitable "regional" character to the results.

As no holiday season can be considered complete without its "celebrity" cel-

Addenda to
RECOMMENDED RECORDINGS
(Published in *SR*, Nov. 27, 1965)

OPERA

Offenbach: Contes d'Hoffmann. André Cluytens conducting, with Nicolai Gedda, Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, Victoria de los Angeles, George London, Gianna d'Angelo, etc. (Angel).

Wagner: Götterdämmerung. Georg Solti conducting, with Birgit Nilsson, Wolfgang Windgassen, Christa Ludwig, Gottlob Frick, and Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau (London).

SYMPHONIC

Beethoven: Symphonies Nos. 1-9. George Szell conducting the Cleveland Orchestra (Epic).

Stravinsky: Le Sacre du Printemps. Pierre Boulez conducting the Orchestra de la R-T-Française (Nonesuch).

CHAMBER MUSIC

Brahms: String Quartets Nos. 1-3. Budapest Quartet.

Schumann: Quintet in E flat. Budapest Quartet, with Rudolf Serkin, piano (Columbia).

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ebration of time-honored sentiments, this one is at least nominally complete. However it is more celebrity than celebration that London offers (*mono* 5943, $4.79; stereo OS 25943, $5.79) via the combined talents of Joan Sutherland, soprano, and her conductor-husband, Richard Bonynge. The first disillusioning discovery is that Miss Sutherland is no more intelligible in the text of "Joy to the World" than she is in "Sempre libra." As it is, in a way, her native language, one would have thought that singing intelligibly in English would come easily to her. However anything like an unsophisticated manner of self-expression (which some equally famous singers have managed to preserve no matter what) has been so overlaid with mannerism that all that emerges, finally, *is* mannerism. Doubtless Douglas Gamley had his instructions as to what kind of arrangements he would produce, but did the instructions include the specification that "O Holy Night" should ascend to a top D, full voice, or that "The Twelve Days of Christmas" should be done *scherzando* with equally extraneous decoration? Possibly the Sutherland public would feel cheated without them, but it is sadly like a cassock ornamented with a diamond or two to make sure everyone knows that the person wearing it is really rich under it all. When Sutherland is content to sing gaily and simply, as in "Good King Wenceslaus," the results are attractive, but this is an exception. The "concert," for that is what it amounts to, includes a barely intelligible "Hark! the Herald Angels Sing" and a wavery "Ave Maria" (Schubert). A cleverly crafted turn here, a perfect trill there, reminds us that this is, after all, the work of a great vocal technician, but it is, altogether, a surprisingly unprideful exhibition to bear the Sutherland name.

For those whose Christmas is incomplete without the "company" of Peggy, Lorne, or Al, the current crop includes one of each: Peggy Lee offering "Happy Holiday" (Capitol mono T2390, $3.79; stereo ST 2390, $4.79); Lorne Greene combining storytelling ("The Gift of the Magi"), poetry reading ("The Night Before Christmas"), and carols on RCA Victor (mono LPM 3410, $3.79; stereo LSP 3410, $4.79); and Al Hirt ranging trumpetly from Schubert's *Ave Maria* to "I Saw Mommy Kissing Santa Claus." By now it is almost time for the international date line, which can be best observed by means of "A Merry Hawaiian Christmas" (Capitol mono T 1781, $3.79; *stereo* ST 1781, $4.79). Its "Twelve Days of Christmas" complete with local references, is still one of the most delightful ways of observing the season that has yet been produced.

—I. K.

RECOMMENDED RECORDINGS, CHRISTMAS 1965

MAINLY MAINSTREAM

Louis Armstrong: I Love Jazz	Decca DL 4227
Lawrence Brown: Inspired Abandon	Impulse 89
Kenny Burrell: Guitar Forms	Verve 8612
John Dankworth: Zodiac Variations	*Fontana* 27543
Wild Bill Davis and Johnny Hodges: Con Soul and Sax	Victor LPM 3386
Duke Ellington: Will Big Bands Ever Come Back?	Reprise 6168
Duke Ellington: Ellington '66	Reprise 6154
Ella Fitzgerald: At Juan-les-Pins	Verve 4065
Al Grey: Shades of Grey	Tangerine 1504
Lionel Hampton:You Better Know It	Impulse 78
Woody Herman: The Swinging Herman Herd Recorded Live	Philips 200131
Earl Hines: Fatha	Columbia CL 2320
Earl Hines: Grand Reunion	Limelight 82020
Earl Hines: Up to Date with Earl Hines	Victor LPM 3380
Johnny Hodges and Wild Bill Davis: Wings and Things	Verve 8630
Budd Johnson: Off the Wall	Argo 748
B. B. King: Live at the Regal	ABC-Paramount 509
Oscar Peterson: Canadiana Suite	Limelight 86010
Stuff Smith: Swingin' Stuff	Emarcy 26008
Otis Spann: The Blues Never Die!	Prestige 7391
Clark Terry and Bob Brookmeyer: The Power of Positive Swinging	Mainstream 6054
Reissues:	
Louis Armstrong: In the '30s and '40s	Victor LPM 2971
Louis Armstrong: The Best of Louis Armstrong (two records)	Decca DX 183
Chu Berry: Sittin' In	Mainstream 56038
Duke Ellington: Jumpin' Punkins	Victor LPV 517
Wardell Gray: Memorial Album (two records)	Prestige 7343
Earl Hines: The Grand Terrace Band	Victor LPV 512
Coleman Hawkins: Meditations	Mainstream 56037
Coleman Hawkins and Lester Young: Classic Tenors	Contact CM-3
Bennie Moten: Count Basie in Kansas City	Victor LPV 514
Fats Waller: '34/'35	Victor LPV 516

—STANLEY DANCE.

ONE MAN'S TOP TWENTY

John Coltrane: Crescent	Impulse A66/AS66
Osborne Smith: The Wizardry of Oz Smith	Capitol T/ST 2288
Sonny Rollins: On Impulse	Impulse A/AS 91
Miles Davis: My Funny Valentine	Columbia CL 2306/CS 9106
Ray Charles: Live in Concert	ABC Paramount 500
Charles Mingus: Mingus at Monterey	Jazz Workshop 001-2
Albert Ayler: Trio	ESP-Disc 1002
Eric Dolphy: Last Date	Limelight 86013
Earl Hines: Spontaneous Explorations	Contact CN/CS 2
Byron Allen: Trio	ESP-Disc 1005
Ella Fitzgerald: At Juan-les-Pins	Verve V/V6-4065
Reissues:	
Dizzy Gillespie, *et al.*: The Be Bop Era	RCA Victor LPV 519
Pee Wee Russell: A Legend	Mainstream S/6026
Sidney Bechet: Of New Orleans	RCA Victor LPV 510
Louis Armstrong: The Best of Louis Armstrong	Decca DX 183
Art Tatum: This Is Art Tatum	20th Fox 3162-3
Modern Jazz Quartet: Plays for Lovers	Prestige 7421
Coleman Hawkins and Lester Young: Classic Tenors	Contact CM-3
Thelonious Monk: The Golden Monk	Prestige 7363
Count Basie: In Kansas City	RCA Victor LPV-514

—MARTIN WILLIAMS.

FAVORITES IN FOLK

Son House: The Legendary Father of Folk Blues	Columbia CL 2417
Dorsey Dixon: Babies in the Mill	Testament T-3301
Bukka White: Sky Songs, Vols. 1 and 2	Arhoolie F1019/20
Mimi and Richard Farina: Celebrations for a Grey Day	Vanguard VSD 79174 VRS 9174
Doc Watson and Son	Vanguard VSD 79170 VRS 9170
J. D. Short and Big Joe Williams: Stavin' Chain Blues	Delmark DL-609
Kathy and Carol	Elektra EKS 7289 EKL 289
Maxwell Street Jimmy Davis	Elektra EKS 7303 EKL 303
Merle Travis and Joe Maphis	Capitol T/ST 2102
John Macon: Mr. Shortstuff	Spivey 1005
The Carolina Tar Heels	Folk-Legacy FSA 24
The McGee Brothers and Arthur Smith	Folkways FA 2379
Woody Guthrie: Library of Congress Recordings (three LPs)	Elektra EKL 271/272
Reissues:	
Bluebird Blues	RCA Victor LPV-518
Blind Willie Johnson: 1927-1930	Folkways RBF 10
Country Blues Classics, Vols. 1 and 2	Blues Classics 5, 6
Country Blues Encores	Origin OJL-8
Leadbelly: Take This Hammer	Verve/Folkways FV 9001
Mountain Ballads	County 502
Mountain Fiddle Music, Vols. 1 and 2	County 501, 503
Old-Time Southern Dance Music: Ballads and Songs	Old-Timey 102
Old-Time Southern Dance Music: The String Bands, Vol. 2	Old-Timey 101
The Blue Sky Boys	RCA Camden 797
Crying Sam Collins	Origin OJL-10
The Mississippi Blues, No. 2: The Delta, 1929-32	Origin OJL-11

—LAWRENCE COHN.

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RECORDINGS REPORTS I: JAZZ LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Erroll Garner: *A Night at the Movies.* Garner, Piano; Eddie Calhoun, bass; Kelly Martin, drums. M-G-M 4335, $3.79; stereo, $4.79.	Garner makes a very welcome return with short interpretations of a dozen tunes from movies made between 1926 and 1958. Best and longest is "Charmaine", which also happens to be the oldest. The collection is generally light-hearted, lively, and filled with those original touches and contrasts for which the pianist is famous. His extremely personal choice of tempos also deserves commendation. Thus, "Sonny Boy" is divested of all trace of mawkishness at a dashing up-tempo, while "Jeannine" bounces gaily through lilac time as never before. The introduction to "Just a Gigolo" demands repeated playing, too.
Clancy Hayes: *Happy Melodies.* Hayes, vocal and banjo; Yank Lawson, trumpet; Cutty Cutshall, trombone; Pee Wee Russell, clarinet; Dave McKenna, piano; Bob Haggart, bass; Osie Johnson, drums. ABC-Paramount 519, $3.79; stereo, $4.79. Georg Brunis: *Georg Brunis and His Rhythm Kings.* Brunis, trombone and vocal; Dick Baars, cornet; Pat Patterson, clarinet; Clarence Hall, piano; Gene Mayl, bass and tuba; Glenn Kimmel, drums. Jazzology J-12, $4.98; stereo, $5.98.	The taste for Dixieland, which has survived many bewildering changes in jazz, is hardly a critical one. So long as the familiar instrumentation and repertoire are adhered to, it appears to accept synthetic emotion from both mechanical and inept musicians with almost equal readiness. The Hayes professionals create that happy noise, complete with clinking banjo, which ought to be subsidized by brewers everywhere. Yank Lawson employs the traditional phrases with authority and Pee Wee Russell contributes a spicy, unpredictable element. The same band, with Bill Stegmeyer in Russell's place, may be heard on ABC-Paramount 518 (*Big Yank Is Here*). The Jazzology set is dominated by the veteran Georg Brunis, whose confidently swaggering tailgate trombone sounds much as it did on records by the New Orleans Rhythm Kings in 1922, while his vocals are probably even more "authentic" than those of Clancy Hayes.
Johnny Hodges and Wild Bill Davis: *Wings and Things.* Hodges, alto saxophone; Davis, organ; Lawrence Brown, trombone; Hank Jones, piano (replacing Davis on three titles); Richard Davis, bass; Ben Dixon, drums. Verve V6-8630, $4.98; stereo, $5.98.	The Hodges-Davis collaborations are in a class by themselves, and this, the fifth in the Verve series, is fully up to the standard of its predecessors. Each side opens with a seven-minute original by Hodges, the first, "Wings and Things," having been inspired by a chicken restaurant in Washington, the other "Spotted Dog," by the name of his "favorite drinking headquarters in London." Unlike most of the popular jazz organists, Davis favors an orchestral approach to his instrument, and this gives the sextet's performances exceptional dimensions.
B. B. King: *Confessin' the Blues.* King, vocal and guitar, with organ and big band. ABC-Paramount 528, $3.79; stereo, $4.79.	King sings numbers made famous by among others Ma Rainey, Leroy Carr, Lil Green, Jimmy Rushing, Joe Turner, and Walter Brown. Unfortunately, the brevity of the performances cramps his style, and there is altogether too little of his exciting guitar. Although the recording quality is poor, the accompaniment by an unidentified organist and big band is often stirring, the trumpet obbligati on "Cherry Red" and "How Long, How Long Blues" being especially noteworthy.
Junior Mance: *That's Where It Is.* Mance, piano; George Tucker, bass; Bobby Thomas, drums. Capitol T-2393, $3.79; stereo, $4.79.	Capitol has wisely returned Mance to his customary trio context in this set, the first side of which is very successful (except for the last track). There are good tempos and plenty of pulsation as Mance pursues a straightforward, and steady path. He is very well supported by George Tucker, whose recent unexpected death was a severe blow to the jazz world. Together, they do justice to the Ellington ballad, "I Got It Bad," in an evocative performance that ends too soon with an imaginative coda. The second side opens well with "St. Louis Blues," on which Mance's trills create a piano sound like that of Earl Hines, but the following three numbers are disappointing and—indicative of poor programing—include that dreary recitative, "God Bless the Child." The uniformly hearty applause heard between the tracks is also detrimental to the record's appeal.
Frederick Roach: *All That's Good.* Roach, organ; Conrad Lester, tenor saxophone; Calvin Newborn, guitar; Clarence Johnston, drums; Willie Tate, Phyllis Smith, Marvin Robinson, vocal. Blue Note 4190, $4.79; stereo, $5.79.	This group is decidedly unusual, and Roach uses his singers to good effect, notably on "All That's Good," where they answer the "preaching" tenor saxophone like a congregation. Willie Tate's fine alto voice is particularly satisfying. Well in evidence throughout are Roach's limber right hand, taste, and ability as an accompanist. Calvin Newborn also impresses as he builds from passive opening statements to attractive, intense improvisations.
Stuff Smith: *Swingin' Stuff.* Smith, violin; Kenny Drew, piano; Niels Henning Orsted Petersen, bass; Alex Riel, drums. EmArcy 26008, $3.98; stereo, $4.98.	Smith has always had the reputation for being the most exciting violinist in jazz, and this album, recorded "live" in a Copenhagen club, is the most exciting he ever made. The recording quality, which gives his instrument plenty of presence, is a great help. His driving attack on originals, blues, and standards, and his overwhelming vitality, must be heard to be believed. He shows a positively uncanny gift for selecting, one after the other, precisely the right tempos for the material he has chosen. In terms of swing, he piles climax upon climax, thus substantiating his belief that the violin is a great instrument for jazz.
Lucky Thompson: *Happy Days Are Here Again.* Thompson, tenor and soprano saxophones; Tommy Flanagan, piano; George Tucker, bass; Walter Perkins, drums; Jack Melady, harp. Prestige 7394, mono and stereo, $4.79.	Thompson and Flanagan, uncompromising musicians and thinkers, work well together. The first number on each side displays the saxophonist's virtuosity, on tenor and soprano respectively, but most listeners will probably prefer his melodic approach to "Cry Me a River" and the more rhythmic interpretation of "People." He plays tenor with a pure, clear tone, employing vibrato tellingly at the end of phrases. His soprano tone, distilled, almost childlike, sometimes resembles the oboe's. It is most appropriate here in "Safari," as a voice crying in the wilderness. Flanagan, with his lyrical but bop-influenced approach to jazz, is never at a loss.
Lester Young: *Pres at His Very Best.* Side One: Young, tenor saxophone; Johnny Guarneri, piano; Slam Stewart, bass; Sid Catlett, drums. Side Two: Young, tenor saxophone; Buck Clayton, trumpet; Dicky Wells, trombone; Count Basie, piano; Rodney Richardson, bass; Freddie Green, guitar; Jo Jones, drums. EmArcy 66010, $3.98; stereo, $4.98.	First in a new EmArcy series of reissues, this consists of two complete and classic sessions originally recorded for Keynote by Harry Lim. Young was then at the peak of his power, and in each case he was inspired by a brilliant rhythm section, Basie having found an admirable replacement for Walter Page in Rodney Richardson. Four previously unreleased takes (of "Just You, Just Me", "I Never Knew", "Afternoon of a Basie-ite" and "Destination K.C.") reveal fascinating differences in solo construction. Although Young is unquestionably the star, all the other musicians acquit themselves well. —STANLEY DANCE.

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Serse and Samson

HANDEL'S OPERAS generally remain outside the repertoires of the large opera-producing establishments, and therefore, at least as wholes, outside the interests of the best operatic singers. But there they are—and so they are commonly sung and recorded by groups quite lacking in theatrical urgency and training. As a result, they far too often come out sounding like pallid sisters of the great oratorios. The latter can be saved from dramatic stasis or inertia by their choruses. In the Italian operas, however, the relatively few numbers listed as choruses mostly turn out to be only get-togethers of the principal soloists. And so what we usually are proffered are strings of arias sung in an altogether inappropriate "churchly" style that brings them quite dead to the ear. Lively and just performance of a Handel opera requires, first of all, conducting fully attuned to the dramatic implications of the libretto — and then singers with first-class voices and the sense of drama required for singing Mozart or Verdi. A Handel opera is music drama, not some sort of expanded cantata confusingly couched in Italian.

Nonetheless, one continues to hope. After all, we did get that extraordinary recording of *Sosarme* (Oiseau-Lyre 5091/3). And one listens with a particular eagerness to the new Westminster *Serse* (Mono XWN-3321, $14.37; Stereo WST-321, $14.37). For *Serse* is, after all, though speaking a little loosely, Handel's only comic opera; it contains the most familiar of all his operatic numbers (the "Larghetto" that has come to be known as "The Largo from *Xerxes*"); and it provides a *buffo* character whom scholars recognize as an ancestor of *Don Giovanni*'s Leporello. What, one listens eagerly to discover, will Brian Priestman as conductor have made of its three extremely human acts, particularly with Maureen Forrester in what has become the travesty role of Serse because we no longer have *castrati*, with Mildred Miller in the vividly emotional (and extremely difficult) role of Amastre—also in travesty—Owen Brannigan as Elviro, Lucia Popp as Romilda, Marilyn Tyler as Atalanta, Maureen Lehane as Arsamene, and Thomas Helmsley as Ariodate, and with the Vienna Academy Choir and Vienna Radio Orchestra?

Alas, what Mr. Priestman has recorded—and the choice and fault are squarely his—is one more pseudo-oratorio. Not all the way, of course, for Handel as understood by Miss Miller and Mr. Brannigan escapes his smoothing hand and ushers us into the world of convincing theater. Miss Forrester and some of the others sing very well indeed, but they sing most of the time as though the words did not matter. Only Miss Miller, Mr. Brannigan, and intermittently Miss Lehane come near to conveying everything that is latent in the libretto and in Handel's wonderfully responsive, flexible, dramatic score. When they do, one has a sensation that they are at odds with Mr. Priestman. His results are in many places very pretty, but they do not add up to a true rendering of Handel's *Serse*. (Incidentally, Westminster supplies very good sound; an excellent "Background of the Opera" by Winton Dean; the

complete text in Italian—and a parallel English translation by Nigel Fortune so poor that, for example, "Dunque è vinto il Rè moro," meaning that the Moorish king has been vanquished, is given as "Then the Moorish king has triumphed!")

The Westminster *Serse* at least gives us a faithful text. But what can be said of the Everest recording of the oratorio *Samson* (Mono 6125/3, $14.37; Stereo 3125/3, $14.37)? Only, it would seem, that to issue in the United States a recording in which the superior text that Milton and the Bible supplied to Newburg Hamilton as sung in German is silly. Even sillier is to provide no German text as sung and no English text as composed. How, with Milton and the King James Bible in our ears, are we supposed to be happy while listening to such stuff as "Sie flieht, der gift'gen Schlange gleich" and "Dein Reiz hat mich gestürzt in Fluch"? If the answer be that we ought to delight in the fact that Gunther Weissenborn conducts his soloists, the Choir of St. Jacobi's Church (Göttingen), and the NDR Broadcasting Orchestra of Hannover in a just and lively performance of Handel's score, the rebuttal must be that the English words always were and have remained so integral a part of the sound of *Samson* that to hear, for example, "Total eclipse!" sung as "Tiefdunkle Nacht" is to hear it distorted and deformed. As the only other recording of *Samson* at present available (Bach Guild) is inferior to this German performance in all musical matters except its English text and two or three of the solo voices, another and better recording must now be awaited. —HERBERT WEINSTOCK.

Richter and Christmas

TO HIS Archive recordings of the *St. Matthew* and *St. John* Passions, the B-minor Mass and the *Magnificat*, conductor Karl Richter and the Munich Bach Choir and Orchestra have added the *Christmas Oratorio* (ARC 3253-4-5, $17.94; stereo 73253-4-5, $17.94). Though certainly one of the most accessible of all the large-scale choral works by Bach, the *Christmas Oratorio* has had a spotted history. Bach wrote the work for the Yuletide celebration of 1734-35: the three days of Christmas, New Year's Day, the Sunday following New Year's, and the Feast of the Epiphany. One part of the oratorio's six sections was performed on each of these festive days. Bach underscored the independence of each section by producing six separate scores, each with a different title. Even so, he clearly intended the six parts (or cantatas) as a unit.

One of the great frustrations about Bach research is that the picture is continually changing and enlarging and that today's fact may well be tomorrow's discrepancy. For years it was accepted that the music for many arias and choruses in the *Christmas Oratorio* was drawn from earlier secular cantatas and was recast to fit the oratorio's design and text.

This led Schweitzer to question the artistic validity of much of the oratorio (he even objected to the term "oratorio" being applied). However, British scholar Charles Terry went to great lengths in his 1928 biography of Bach to try to prove that the material from the secular cantatas postdated the oratorio and were drawn from it, rather than vice versa.

What is important to the listener, however, is that the whole, despite its derivations or later dispositions, adds up to a joyous and credible entity.

Richter's performance underscores the word "joyous." His realization of the *Christmas Oratorio* is continually alive and places its greatest emphasis on line supported by buoyant tempos. Happily, Richter does not moon over the chorales nor strain for grandiose effects; the music, under his hands, unfolds with complete naturalness. His choir is a marvel, with each trill and mordent sounding.

The four soloists are in keeping with Richter's warm-bodied approach to the piece: Gundula Janowitz, Christa Ludwig, Fritz Wunderlich and Franz Crass.

—JOHN ARDOIN.

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Music to My Ears

Continued from page 26

in a *Bohème* later in the week in which Renata Tebaldi made her first appearance of the season. Italian tenors are notoriously susceptible to self-love, but Corelli's resistance is well below the average. To be sure, he has a better justification than most in the sight that confronts him from a mirror or the sound on the playback of a record, but this is all the more reason for a man of so manly a bearing to resist it. The *Fanciulla* folk (Ezio Flagello as Jake, Andrea Velis as Joe, Norman Scott as Ashby) had strong guidelines to follow in the conducting of Fausto Cleva, making his first appearance of the season after a lengthy illness. Unfortunately, he didn't feel up to following through with *Bohème*, for which he was replaced by George Schick just before curtain time. Its principal distinction, thus, was the radiant mood of Tebaldi as Mimi.

FOR its tenth *Faust* of the still-young season, the Metropolitan ventured the uncharted way of three American principals, of whom only John Alexander as Faust had sung his role previously on its stage. That it came out at a recognizably artistic destination was due, in its first instance, to the aptitudes and instincts of Justino Diaz. The young basso's solid column of sound, from the top to the bottom of his range, provided a vibrant support to the requirements of Gounod's music. And, despite his youthful bearing (incongruous for one who has been so long in the Devil business as Méphistophélès) there was the makings of an excellent dramatic impersonation in his easy assumption of the prominent part in the drama its performer must bear. Alexander's artful management of line and phrase qualified him as the vocal equal of anyone yet heard in the season's sequence of performances, but he could do much more, dramatically, without verging on anything close to overacting. Mary Costa's conception of Marguerite, for all its visual appeal, was vocally tentative, breathy, and lacking either the quality or quantity of sound that earned her a Metropolitan opportunity. The orchestra responded well to George Prêtre's persuasive direction.

The week's recitalists included Hyman Bress, a violinist whose excellent equipment was only intermittently under complete control. Sometimes, as in stretches of Reger's unaccompanied Chaconne, it sustained his generally sound interpretive ideas; at others, as in the first Bartók sonata, it wandered off pitch and into errors incompatible with his general impression of command. Mitchell Andrews was the more than competent pianist.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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EDUCATION IN AMERICA

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Associate Education Editor: JAMES CASS

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What Is Sex Education?

READERS HAVE urged us to publish more on sex education. They point out that sex presents many problems to adolescents that, they hopefully predict, could be prevented or minimized by better sex education in the schools. Some have asked if we are afraid of the subject and one darkly hints that it may be one of our taboos.

We are not greatly frightened by sex, either the word or the activity, and so far as we are aware we have no editorial taboos. We know that sex has been both a problem and a joy to the human race ever since Adam ate the apple, and we favor increasing the joy by solving the problems. When we find an article that seems likely to contribute substantially to this end we shall be glad to publish it—we have no doubt about reader interest in the subject.

But "sex education" is an elusive term. To some it seems to mean the biology of reproduction—where babies come from and why. But this is not really sex education; a student can learn all about reproduction without gaining an understanding of sex. To others it seems to mean "how to behave on a date." This subject is of perennial concern to boys and girls because both their natural proclivities and the accepted patterns of adolescent behavior differ substantially from the mores handed down to us. Every adolescent, like every adult, is at times torn by conflict between his urges and the rules laid down by his grandmother or his superego. Many young people need help in handling the conflict.

But the question of who is best qualified to instruct youth on such problems is a perplexing one. Many parents are unsuccessful because of the barrier between the generations. Ministers do their best but they reach only a minority even of those in their own congregations. Physicians understand reproduction and are qualified to discuss the dangers of pregnancy and disease but they have no special preparation for the discussion of either psychological or moral issues.

This leaves the teachers. What can they do to instruct students on matters of sex? Though some teachers have little more maturity or knowledge of sex than their students, others who do have the maturity, knowledge, and wisdom might do quite a lot. But which teachers? And what should they teach that is not taught today? Biologists already instruct students in the process of reproduction except in those communities where self-appointed custodians of an earlier morality insist that students be kept in ignorance. Teachers of literature who discuss problems of love and sex rarely encounter much difficulty so long as they discuss characters who lived long ago and far away. But it is doubtful that a study of the lives and loves of Romeo and Juliet or of Antony and Cleopatra is of much direct help to a student in solving his own problems. Social studies teachers discuss marriage as a social institution while teachers of home economics venture into many aspects of family life including the care and feeding of husbands and sometimes their entertainment. And it might be added that the army offers indoctrination programs that scare the daylights out of inductees but seem to have little

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"A Major Aspect of Personality"

SIECUS (Sex Information and Education Council of the United States, 1790 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10019) is a new organization which advocates more research and education toward a "common positive, open, scientific approach to human sexual behavior."

In the view of SIECUS, sex is "a major aspect of personality. . . . An individual's happiness, his success as a family member and his civic contributions are either enhanced or diminished by his success or failure in fitting into his sex role, and in wisely managing and directing his sexuality."

Unlike other organizations which deal with sex peripherially as one aspect of another subject, SIECUS tackles it specifically. The organization aims to inform and instruct society about the various aspects of sex by working with the schools, adult education programs, and community and church programs, and through the distribution of their publications.

Three Discussion Guides are currently available for 50 cents each, on sex education, homosexuality, and masturbation.

effect on the venereal disease rate or the incidence of illegitimacy in countries where our soldiers are stationed.

But who, on a school or college faculty, is best qualified to instruct adolescents on the *ethical* problems related to sex? The scientist, as a scientist, is not directly concerned with moral issues and usually is reluctant to tell anyone what he *ought* to do. The anthropologist can discuss the varied sexual patterns in many cultures but takes pride in his ethical neutrality—he describes and categorizes behavior but refuses to evaluate. The sociologist is familiar with prevailing patterns of behavior in our own culture but prefers to make no moral judgments about them. The clinical psychologist has insight into the kinds of behavior most likely to result in neurosis-producing conflicts—he can predict the consequences of behavior and the probabilities of maladjustment—but he, too, is reluctant to make moral judgments. The biologist merely describes what happens in the womb *after* the sexual act.

The general result of instruction in all these sciences is to render the student ethically neutral. Perhaps this is necessary as a first step toward liberal education, but it surely is not what is intended by those who stress the need for more and better "sex education." Those who demand such education clearly want the schools to accept responsibility for teaching a code of behavior.

But whose code should be taught in a public school? In our pluralistic nation there is no such thing as a standard code of sexual behavior acceptable to all or even to a majority. Among the parents in any large school or college there are some who accept a wide variety of premarital experimentation as both legitimate and a necessary prelude to a happy marriage, while others consider all sex a mortal sin unless it is specifically intended for the production of children by a married couple. Even the views of religious leaders within the Judaic-Christian tradition represent almost the total range. Reputable physicians, psychologists, sociologists, and psychiatrists have written books proclaiming that no kind of sexual behavior between two consenting adults is necessarily harmful or reprehensible. But the writers rarely give a clear definition of "adult" or "consenting." Almost every adolescent thinks himself an adult capable of making his own decisions and the word "consenting" can cover a wide variety of persuasive techniques.

The laws regarding sexual conduct—marital and extramarital as well as premarital—differ greatly from state to state, but almost everywhere in the United States they are so inconsistent with actual practice as to be unenforceable except sporadically. Those who have investigated sexual practices are convinced that millions of Americans, perhaps the majority, have at times engaged in activities for which they could have been sent to the penitentiary if the law had been strictly enforced. Until recently, anyone practicing birth control in Connecticut was violating a law. In some states, by a strict legal interpretation, a boy just over the legal age who "takes indecent liberties" (even though he stops short of intercourse) with a girl just a few months his junior is "contributing to the delinquency of a minor" and guilty of a felony. We can and should tell teen-agers what the laws are, but it is futile for a teacher to try to persuade them that such laws provide a useful guide to personal conduct.

We do not take a sanguine view of these problems and we shall continue to look for solutions. But we are not at all sure that the schools can do much more about them than the better schools already are doing. We doubt the feasibility of a separate course. Sex is not an academic discipline and only a Summerhill school could get away with a "learning by doing" approach to even its more elementary aspects. The schools and colleges can and should continue to teach the facts and principles relating to sex that are a part of biology, psychology, and sociology, but when they venture into the moral issues we doubt that teachers are better qualified than parents. We expect disagreement on this issue, however, and will welcome the views of our readers. —P.W.

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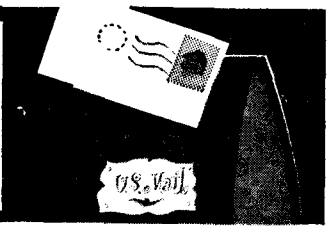
Letters to the Editor



Pursuing the Ph.D.

BLESS PAUL WOODRING! He has stated succinctly the plague and challenge facing both graduate schools and their students [EDITOR'S BOOKSHELF, *SR*, Nov. 20].

Advanced degrees are bestowed on those who resignedly follow an antique academic prescription designed to milk original thought from the students and substitute in its place a collection of lifeless facts masquerading under the title "knowledge."

No wonder so many of our professors are the personifications of dullness.

DAVID C. MCMACKEN.
Alma, Mich.

I ENJOYED reading THE EDITOR'S BOOKSHELF for November 20 and feel generally that you have defined accurately the nature and problems of graduate education. But haven't you gone a little too far in your third paragraph? No doctoral committee that I have ever served on ever wanted to see a ponderous and dull dissertation. None ever insisted that the language used and the statistics presented be incomprehensible. To the contrary, the dearest wish of everyone I know is to see more doctoral dissertations written in as highly readable a style as possible.

ALLEN P. BRITTON,
Associate Dean,
School of Music,
University of Michigan.
Ann Arbor, Mich.

On Social Studies

IF Donald W. Robinson's contribution to PERSONAL OPINION, "Chaos in the Social Studies?" [*SR*, Nov. 20], was meant to be provocative, I've been provoked. It totally misses the crucial challenge of this century: the need for moral behavior appropriate to frustrate the destructive potential of science and technology. . . .

The most important contribution the social studies could make would be to provide well-articulated alternative standards of normative behavior. . . . Enhanced personal or social welfare of the individual, family, or nation is not now as important as establishing conditions to retain habitability on earth and restore a higher level of communication and good will among the people and nations of the East and West. The test of every civilization is whether or not it can meet the supreme challenges of its time. The test of obsolescence in the social studies lies not in a pedantic review of curricula but in a clear look at the hopes and fears and problems in the mainstream of life and their probabilities of realization. Suboptimizing at lower levels is both wasteful and myopic and can be fatal.

WILLIAM J. REGAN,
Professor of Marketing,
University of San Francisco.
Millbrae, Calif.

IN HIS ARTICLE "Chaos in the Social Studies?" Donald Robinson makes it clear that he has not read me correctly in the past and that he has not been reading me recently.

In the past—two years ago—I referred to a "possible road to chaos," not in connection with the social studies themselves, but in connection with the manifold efforts then being made to reform the social studies. I have consistently advocated the "pluralism" that Mr. Robinson wants—but I have kept on calling for the still much-needed revolution in the social studies.

CHARLES R. KELLER,
Director,
John Hay Fellows Program.
New York, N.Y.

Conant's Cure Opposed

TWO STATEMENTS in your November 20 issue of *SR* are frightening in their implications.

The first statement is a quote in your editorial from Dr. James B. Conant's address before the Association of College Admissions Counselors. Dr. Conant suggested that ". . . the twenty-five or so graduate schools which now award a majority of the Ph.D.s, the twenty or thirty leading law schools and medical schools form a league." He further suggested that ". . . those undergraduate faculties or colleges which are interested in having a student body with the intellectual caliber required for graduate study in law, in medicine, and in the arts and sciences form an association." The latter group would be called "the association of pre-professional honor colleges." These universities and colleges would appeal to the top 5 per cent of high school graduates.

The second statement was entitled the "Top Fifty Recipients of Federal Research Money." The list included the great universities of the land, ranging from the University of California in first position to the University of Kansas.

If these two statements point the path down which we are headed, both education and democracy will suffer. In the first instance, there is absolutely no evidence that the "brightest" 5 per cent of high school students, as measured by standard intelligence tests and the SAT, will turn out to be the ones destined to save us. This has certainly not been the case up to now. In the second instance, for a few large institutions to receive the lion's share of federal aid places greater financial and personnel burdens on the small, struggling institutions which historically have been the breeding ground of greatness.

We simply do not know enough about the complexities of human behavior to say who will or who will not become great. We do know that some of the small, struggling institutions have instilled in their graduates something that cannot be measured, but that has helped make this nation what it is. We cannot afford to let them wither and die. And few could qualify for Conant's "honor" group. Incidentally, would Southwest Texas State Teachers College make the list?

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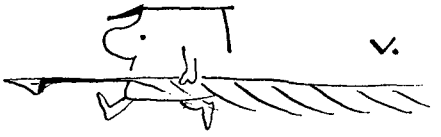
I CANNOT AGREE with Dr. Conant's solution to the problem of steering the brightest boys into the best colleges and graduate schools as Mr. Cass presents it in his editorial of November 20. Perhaps Dr. Conant was just trying to jolt the admissions counselors, for it is they who must solve the problem, at least at the undergraduate level. They should be "in the know" on the caliber of colleges, they should admit that all degrees are *not* of equal worth, and they should direct their brightest students (boys *and* girls—please Dr. Conant!) to the best colleges. Public school counselors have been the worst offenders here. There have been all too many cases where a student has actually been discouraged by the adviser from applying to a top-caliber college for which he was qualified.

Presented this way, the solution sounds simple. Yet it involves a basic change in philosophy for some of these advisers and considerably greater efforts on their part to find out more about specific academic programs, admissions policies, and available scholarships at the "best" colleges. With the



recent pressure of huge numbers of graduating high school students, increasing emphasis has been put on the problem of getting students into *some* college and much work has been done in finding out about a greater number of colleges. For all of this, the guidance counselors deserve enormous credit. However, they must not lose sight of the special needs of the brightest students. In this era, when scholarship aid has made high-quality education available to the best students, it is not out of keeping with the democratic tradition to be sure that they get it.

Solving the problem at the undergraduate level would go far toward solving it at the graduate level. Students become sophisticated in investigating the quality of professional schools. Given the vantage point of a first-rate college, I suspect they can penetrate the "conspiracy of silence" about graduate education.

KATHARINE L. AUCHINCLOSS.
Ridgewood, N.J.

Apology: After the cover of this week's *SR* had gone to press, a week ahead of the magazine, we discovered that the gremlins had changed Nevitt Sanford's first name to Neville. Our apologies to Professor Sanford and to our readers.

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—André Kertész.

"The secret unquestionably is in close personal relationships and individual attention."

PRE-SCHOOL PROGRAM—I

HEAD START TO WHERE?

By FRED M. HECHINGER, *Education Editor, New York Times.*

THE concept behind Head Start was disarmingly simple; disarming enough to make even hardened observers put aside legitimate doubts. The idea was to take great numbers of youngsters from disadvantaged neighborhoods —the polite new term for slums—and give them six weeks of pre-school experience plus physical care during the summer, just before they were to enter either kindergarten or first grade.

As such, Head Start was a massive, last-minute application of the new and increasingly accepted concept of pre-school education for deprived children, in an effort to help them overcome the handicap of not having grown up in a middle-class milieu prior to entering middle-class schools.

Based on this theory, last summer's Head Start was a cash as well as a crash program. It was expensive—in the neighborhood of $112,000,000. It was set up hurriedly. A Saturday morning committee meeting last spring, not long before the launching date found the educational and theoretical leadership largely groping in the dark. Nobody was even quite sure what the response would be—or, more important, who would respond.

Considering the late and the sudden start of Head Start, the turnout was highly gratifying in sheer numbers. Nearly 560,000 children took part, and they were enrolled at 13,400 centers in 2,500 communities. Some of the centers were run by public school systems, others by parochial schools, private schools, child care centers, and every conceivable type of usable pre-school agency.

A preliminary report issued by the Office of Economic Opportunity showed that 70 per cent of a large sample of children who participated had their first medical and dental examinations during the summer. In one center, at Tampa, Florida, twelve tubercular cases were found and fifty youngsters turned out to have nutritional deficiences. Without a doubt, many children had their first experiences with books, more or less sophisticated toys, organized music, art, and other educational activities.

Given all these facts, it may seem almost unpatriotic and antisocial to subject the program to critical analysis—even friendly scrutiny. It is like questioning Motherhood. But then—not all mothers are, despite the sentimental legend, entirely commendable, and even the total enterprise of Motherhood might be improved, just so long as an appraisal of its accomplishments or failures is not misinterpreted as being in the spirit of an abolition crusade. It is in a spirit of constructive skepticism, then, that Head Start is now being scrutinized.

UNFORTUNATELY objectivity is difficult because all Great Society programs are described in superlatives. In Johnsonian terms, every new education bill outshines the original Land Grant Act. Sargent Shriver's press agents view every antipoverty measure as more revolutionary than the entire New Deal. Project Head Start is no exception.

This is a pity. Not only because it makes reporters look extra hard for flaws and weaknesses—as part antidote, part self-defense; it is even more of a pity because it dwarfs the real achievements next to exaggerated claims.

President Johnson said, at the end of

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the summer, that the project "which began as an experiment, has been battle-tested—and it has proven worthy." Unfortunately, this is a misleading conclusion. It would be more accurate to say that Head Start as an idea is worthy, without any need of scientific proof or sociological study. But there is serious question whether the project started, in the proper sense, as an experiment. Many sympathetic experts complain that it lacked the kind of experimental preparation—pre-testing, careful study of the selected population, etc.—that makes valid conclusions possible.

WHAT specific knowledge has been gained? The returns are very slow in coming in. Experts who have been analyzing the program admit privately that the official reports, based on a 10 per cent sample of the children in certain centers, are so sketchy and unscientific that it is questionable whether they will yield any comprehensive conclusions. At any rate, it will be at least another three or four months before the findings are available.

For the moment, therefore, the best instrument of appraisal is personal observation. Here, much of what can be recorded is gratifying indeed. Many teachers stress that the children who entered the formal classroom after Head Start fit far more readily into the school picture than those who came in from slum homes, without conditioning. They appear happier as well as more eager to learn.

"I have yet to speak to a teacher or parent who has anything but praise for what Head Start accomplished," said Dr. Seymour Gang, principal in a Harlem elementary school. One of his teachers added: "The Head Start children have adjusted better to school. They started the term familiar with the materials and were not frightened by the experience of going to school." Another teacher said: "It used to take me three weeks just to get them to stop crying and get into the routine. This time . . . the children were ready to learn. We were able to get off to a fast start."

Other teachers reported far greater sophistication among the Head Start youngsters. In one classroom, early in the term, a cockroach crawled across one of the tables while the children were sitting around with their paints. ("That's one of the Head Start legacies," smiled the principal. "The kids used to bring their food in here. But it's a small price to pay for what we gained.") The non-Head Start children either ignored the roach or seemed distressed. But several of the youngsters who had been in the summer program, spontaneously and with gusto started to sing "La Cucaracha," amid peals of laughter.

There were other gains—perhaps more vital, though even less tangible, than those to be measured in the classroom. Because the program took place outside the formal structure of education, it involved a far more diverse group of people. It was easier to get local neighborhood social workers as well as college students and even some high school seniors to join in the teaching and supervision. This, in turn, meant that the process was less forbidding to the parents—and they were more often drawn into the program.

A parent-coordinator in New York said: "We have made more progress in six weeks than we have been able to make with parents in four years." Another staff member reported: "Mothers came with baby carriages and stayed to help."

Indicating the deficiences of "real school," one consultant delivered himself of this implied, devastating criticism: "School is a place that families have begun to trust as an institution for the first time" (since Head Start).

SUCH testimony is sufficient to proclaim that the initial year has been worthwhile—pragmatically, even without proper research data. But this does not mean that all the answers are in for the future. It does not even mean that the enthusiastic public-relations reports, unless tempered by facts and cautions, are not capable of doing some long-range harm.

Even on a matter of working detail, the complexity of the answers, and their interpretation, is worth thinking of. Take the enthusiastic response by Dr. Gang, an exceedingly able principal of a fine school in a predominately Negro area.

—*André Kertész.*

"Compensatory education for children of deprived minorities is no substitute for changes in the structure of education itself."

In his instance, he was able to rely largely on his regular teaching staff to run the Head Start program. Since an able principal attracts able and happy teachers, the program was ahead of the game from the start. Furthermore, since the same teachers remain close to the Head Start youngsters after they enter school, the question of follow-up, which is such an important concern of the project's philosophy, is more easily resolved.

What if such an example led to the conclusion that it would be best to let the children's prospective regular teachers have an important hand in Head Start in every instance as a matter of course? An obvious danger would be that in the least successful schools with ineffective teachers—and they are often the crux of the problem in de facto segregated neighborhoods—the unsuccessful program would merely be given its own head start. Failure would begin a little earlier.

This instance is cited only to illustrate how difficult it is to translate the summer's experience into standard operating procedure and how misleading specific success stories might turn out to be.

But there are broader issues involved which call for unsentimental appraisal rather than uncritical enthusiasm. Dr. Martin Deutsch, director of the Institute for Developmental Studies and one of the pioneers of pre-school education as an instrument of social salvage, says bluntly that four-fifths of the program could have been much better, if only there had been as much preparation as enthusiasm. He charges that some of the programs were purely custodial. Others were good, and a few excellent. But, he warned, the poor programs "will only make children hate school sooner."

PERHAPS some of the flaws of the first year's operation were unavoidable, and it is quite possible that from the social and political point of view it was more urgent and probably more beneficial to get a massive program off the ground, even at the risk of insufficient planning, than to satisfy Dr. Deutsch's more scientific and purist standards. But this should not lead to an aftermath of even the best-intentioned whitewash. Dr. Deutsch fears that educators, sociologists and psychologists, after going along with the demand for speedy mass-action, may not be ready to take a hard analytical look in retrospect—for political reasons. If this turns out to be so, the future effectiveness, not only of Head Start but of pre-school education in general may be seriously impaired.

Dr. Deutsch is not by any means a hostile critic. He stresses many of the achievements—with specific children and as a means toward changing patterns. In Houston, Texas, he points out,

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as an example, Negroes for the first time took an active part in a socio-educational effort. This vital by-product was confirmed by other observers who reported that integration in Head Start centers in the South was ahead of Southern public school integration in general.

First among the questions yet to be answered is whether the "Come and get it" approach can come to grips with the hard core problem of the vicious circle of ignorance, poverty, discrimination, and unemployment among the non-white minorities. Do the children who need preschool education most really attend? Will parents who, because of their own ignorance and long-term disillusionment, place little hope in the schools, enroll their children? And what about the children with virtually no care by responsible adults? (*It is here that the* lack of sufficient pre-enrollment data may prove to be a most serious handicap.)

ONE expert who is sifting the presently available evidence said that from a medical point of view, despite some of the impressive single or localized case histories put out through OEO publicity channels, the children served last summer were far healthier than expected.

This may, of course, hint at a number of different conclusions. It is possible—although not considered likely—that the poverty-ridden population of the slums is healthier than is generally assumed. It may well be—and some observers have suspected this in a number of places—that the medical service provided in many Head Start centers simply was not of high enough quality to detect any but the most superficial or glaring defects. There is always the nagging doubt, as one expert put it, "that we missed the target."

Another possible clue, inconclusive but worth investigating, is the preliminary discovery that the mothers of Head Start children in some of the sampled centers had a more impressive educational background than had been anticipated—averaging eleven years of schooling. (Fathers averaged attendance only up to eighth or ninth grade, confirming the drastically lower educational status and opportunities for Negro men than for women.) What can be concluded? It is, or course, true that Head Start parents naturally are young and thus the part of a generation which has had the benefit of free and compulsory public education and growing education-consciousness. But again the nagging suspicion persists that the parents who were school dropouts may be more laggard in sending their children to a special education program—even though it is tailored to their needs.

A more fundamental question is how the Head Start concept and experience will be woven into the fabric of American education. It is on this point that even the most sympathetic observers comment with concern.

—*André Kertész.*

"The children who entered the formal classroom after Head Start fit far more readily into the school picture."

Dr. Kenneth B. Clark, professor of psychology at City College and, along with Dr. Deutsch, one of the pioneers in educational experimentation, has warned consistently that compensatory education for children of deprived minorities is no substitute for changes in the structure of education itself. Merely giving such children an opportunity to begin slightly ahead of the class is of little use if the regular schooling is not, at the same time, made relevant for them. There is little to be gained from surrounding these youngsters with loving and understanding adults in their pre-school taste of learning, if they subsequently are exposed to teachers who approach them with preconceived notions of limited potential. Nor is there much permanent consolation in parent participation in Head Start, if school itself does not continue to foster and nurture this new partnership.

—*André Kertész.*

"There is a vast difference between staffing and running a summer program and doing so during the regular school year."

The evidence of prior research, unrelated to the Head Start experiment, already shows conclusively that early compensatory education is of very limited, short-term benefit unless there is consistent follow-up. Children's preschool gains in such experimentation have been shown to be spectacular as they entered first grade, but quick to erode within the next four years unless they are constantly reinforced. If there is a gap between pre-school education and kindergarten or first grade, the gains are minimal.

This may, however, be Head Start's most powerful promise. Dr. Deutsch, despite his skepticism and specific complaints about the project's operational limitations, underlined the importance of compensatory education as the spark that may impel the essential task of changing the structure of education.

THERE is now widespread agreement that a summer program is of little lasting value without follow-through. The White House Conference on Education emphasized this. President Johnson has already provided the basis for an official and fiscal follow-through. He has called for and made available the funds for year-around Head Start centers and for special progams to work with alumni of last summer's efforts.

This is not a simple task. There is a vast difference between staffing and running a summer program and doing so during the regular school year. While facilities are readily available during vacation time, they are likely to be already overcrowded during the school year. New York City is an example. To find room for a Head Start enrollment of about 26,000 in a city that normally teaches close to 1,400,000 in all its public and private schools is easy. To take care of a similar number during the academic year in a system that already runs on short and overlapping sessions requires exceptional ingenuity and a good deal of improvising—at least until preschool education can be built into the over-all planning, budgeting, and construction.

Even more serious is the question of staff. The great majority of those who taught in the summer program—regular teachers as well as college students—are now again busy with their own work schedules. Perhaps even more important, during the summer it is relatively easy to be selective—to pick and choose the

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Head Start in West Virginia

By BILL FRANCOIS, *Associate Professor of Journalism, Marshall University, Huntington, West Virginia.*

WEST VIRGINIA is accustomed to being "at the top in all the wrong things," according to Robert Cline, research director of the State Department of Public Welfare, but it led the nation in Head Start participation. Every school district in all fifty-five counties initiated a program. The price-tag, when the program ended August 20, was about $4,100,000, with the federal government, through the Office of Economic Opportunity, paying $3,600,000. Thus, per-pupil expenditure was approximately $227 compared with the usual expenditure of about $65 (based on an eight-week period).

As with most crash programs, Project Head Start required some administrative short-cuts and spur-of-the-moment decisions; and yet, compared with the glowing reports received from throughout the state, the problems shrink in significance.

Two common problems were cited by Robert V. Griffis, director of Head Start in Cabell County public schools:

1) *A proliferation and duplication of testing.* Originally testing was scheduled to take two or three days but had to be extended to two to three weeks. "We finally had to reduce the amount of testing," Mr. Griffis said.

At least four different agencies were attempting to gain information about the children. The result: classroom teachers were swamped with paper work at the beginning of the program.

2) *The criteria for selecting children.* In Cabell County, for example, 642 rural and urban preschool children were enrolled in Head Start out of a total of 2,300 youngsters due to enter the first grade this fall. At first the criteria for enrollment was that family income had to be *less* than $3,000; then it was changed to *about* $3,000, and finally the formula became: $3,000 income for a family of four, with $750 added for each additional child (so that children in large families could be enrolled). In addition, state headquarters introduced two other eligibility factors that permitted enrollment of children who were "culturally deprived" or "geographically isolated." Interpretation of these factors permitted great flexibility and some counties proceeded to enroll all children who would be attending small, rural schools.

Many of the participating teachers now hope that future Head Start programs will be open to all five-year-olds; or, in lieu of such an expansion, that a state-wide kindergarten program will be initiated.

Mrs. Hulett Smith, wife of West Virginia's governor, and state director of the Head-Start program, already has urged continuation on a year-round basis; but implementation of such a proposal would require a substantial increase in funding since facilities used during the summer, and much of the free administrative help that shored up the program, which was provided by local school officials, would be unavailable during the regular school year. In addition, a teacher corps would have to be recruited since the program was staffed during the summer by teachers who, for the most part, are employed by school districts during the regular school period.

In fact, the availability of facilities and teachers during the summer months made substantial contributions to the success of Head Start. Small classloads, a willingness on the part of officials to permit innovations, and ample funding helped greatly to create and sustain enthusiasm among the teachers.

Care was taken to assure pleasant school experiences for the children. Immunization, for example, was accomplished away from the child centers so that pain would not be associated with school. Health and dental examinations, nutritional noon meals, afternoon snacks, and a host of other events and activities were aimed at developing the "whole" child. A considerable number of cultural enrichment trips were undertaken and much classroom work was oriented around "creative" activities, such as fingerpainting, individual- and group-play, musical programs, etc. Nor were the parents ignored. Efforts were made by home demonstration agents and others to help broaden their interests and outlook.

—*J. Burnett (Hapco).*

A crippled boy, who lives in one of West Virginia's "hollows" is pulled in a donated wagon to a school bus stop in order to attend Head Start classes.

Almost without exception the teachers were convinced of the program's success. As one of them observed: "In each of the children in my class, I find that all fears and anxieties about school and teachers have disappeared. In their place I find an eagerness to begin the first grade and to learn to read and write and to share experiences with others." For children who have had little chance to succeed in poverty-producing environments, this is quite an accomplishment.

Furthermore, an unexpected "bonus" from Project Head Start is the benefit derived by teachers who themselves experienced rebirths of hope and dedication. One such teacher voiced the opinion of many when she wrote: "I feel that I learned a great deal about working with children from this age-group. I am confident that I will be a better teacher this fall."

Thus, the first stage of a noble experiment has come to a close in West Virginia on a high note of optimism. No doubt this optimism is well-founded. However, some basic questions still remain—questions which continue to perplex educators as well as some laymen.

Some of these questions are:

1. Will the results achieved by Project Head Start wash away in crowded classrooms under the tutelage of harassed teachers where pupil-teacher ratios are not 15-to-1, but 35- or 40-to-1; in classrooms where pupils are not individuals, but only classes?

2. Assuming that first-class education can be purchased, is there any reason now to hope that the price will be paid?

3. And, fundamental though it is, a question that still seems to elude all but the most dogmatic educators: Do educators really know how to create intelligent activity for pupils, or are such activities aimless and ultimately meaningless?

Project Head Start was not intended to answer these questions—and others equally as basic; yet the questions hover over any educational program.

Perhaps, as the name implies, Head Start is a start in the right direction.

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Head Start in Suburbia

By JILL NAGY, *reporter for "Patent Trade" newspaper.*

PROJECT HEAD START programs in the New York City area aren't restricted to Harlem and Bedford-Stuyvesant. One such program was initiated last summer in the middle-class, 99 per cent white, suburban town of Yorktown in northern Westchester County.

Despite a median family income close to $8,000, Yorktown does have poor families, welfare recipients, and foster children with backgrounds of poverty. Children from such homes often have trouble in school. So do a number of children from wealthier homes. Within the limits set by the federal government (85 per cent of the children had to come from homes with incomes under $3,000 a year), children from all income groups were invited. They included both pre-schoolers and children who had finished kindergarten. In all, about seventy accepted.

Planning for Head Start began long before money was available. The school administrators involved envisioned a program that would spark children's curiosity, stimulate an awareness of their surroundings and an eagerness to learn, and help them develop the self-confidence and self-discipline that most children their age have gained at home.

Into the pre-kindergarten classes went children from the two poor areas of town, children whose older brothers or sisters had never completely adjusted to school, children who sat in a corner or cried continuously during a kindergarten orientation program, children whose parents called the school and asked to have them included. Kindergarten teachers recommended children for the post-kindergarten classes.

Once the children were spotted, their parents were told about the program by staff members who visited them at home. Generally, the parents were eager to have their children participate, but, according to Frank Dale, director of the program, sometimes as much to be rid of them as to see them helped.

IN mid-May, Yorktown received a $12,797 grant from the Office of Economic Opportunity for its summer program, and early in July a "learning workshop for children" was launched for two pre-kindergarten and two post-kindergarten classes.

The atmosphere was rarefied. There were about fifteen pupils in each class. One of the district's best teachers, assisted by teacher aides and volunteers, was in each classroom; and a psychologist, social worker, nurse, and director devoted full time to the project. Volunteer aid came from local doctors, dentists, optometrists, and women trained by the District Nurses Association to do eye screening; a home economist planned menus and a cafeteria staff carried them out. A school bus was available whenever it was needed, and there was virtually no red tape to impede plans for trips and other special activities.

What do the children need? was the guiding question in planning. Because so many needed to feel that someone cared about them, an adult rode each school bus and greeted the children at their homes. Visitors were encouraged to meet and talk to the children. The local newspapers were asked to write stories and take pictures. Each child received frequent individual attention.

Some of the children had never had a relaxed family meal; none of them had ever eaten in a school cafeteria. Therefore, both the food and atmosphere of the daily snack and lunch received attention.

A variety of dishes, some of them familiar, others strange, many of them unconventional, were served: scrambled eggs for lunch, hamburgers grilled on an outdoor barbecue, a snack of raisins and shredded coconut. Surprisingly, milk and vegetables were favorites with the children.

At times, the food provided a topic for discussion. "What animals eat carrots?" one teacher asked when the snack included carrots and celery. "Rats," replied a little girl who had never seen any other animal.

Washing before meals and cleaning up afterward were regular and apparently popular parts of the daily ritual.

To help them gain confidence, the children were given tasks that they could perform, whether it was stringing beads, assembling a jigsaw puzzle or telling the class what the weather was like. As they grew adept at the easy projects, they tried harder ones.

Few of the children in the workshop knew what sort of people they were; some didn't even know what they looked like. One tool for helping build self-images was the full-length mirror in each classroom.

Curiosity was stimulated in many ways, including the provision of new sights and experiences. Once a week, the classes went to the public library to

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—*Philip A. Litchfield (Patent Trader).*

"An overriding aim was to make school a pleasant place that children would be eager to go to and to make teachers people the children liked and trusted."

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Ivor Kraft

PERSONAL OPINION

Are We Overselling the Pre-School Idea?

On this page, each month, a distinguished educator, writer, or critic of education is given an opportunity to express his views freely on a topic of his own choosing. The opinions expressed may differ sharply from those of the editors.

By IVOR KRAFT, *Division of Research, Children's Bureau, Welfare Administration, U.S. Department of Health, Education and Welfare.*

DURING THE PAST YEAR there has been a remarkable show of interest in nursery schools, especially for deprived, Negro children. In some ways this is gratifying, although it may result in overinvestment and forced faith in what is at best a very limited kind of educational innovation. It may also hatch another educational albatross to hang around our necks: tens of thousands of inferior custodial centers for small children.

Whether professional or lay people, most Americans believe that the first years of childhood are highly important in molding the well-adjusted personality, but this concern has never blinded us to what happens next. We have never settled for a "last chance" view of human nature.

For the good life beyond early childhood, schooling is essential in all advanced cultures, but no culture insists that three- four- or five-year-olds spend a structured part of the day in group outdoor play, indoor circle time, reading readiness, and so forth. Yet all cultures do seem to recognize that small children require freedom to play in benign surroundings and the more or less regular care of regularly available and responsible adults (usually the mother or a group of mother substitutes).

Group care of small children is often an enormous convenience to parents, and it can contribute a great deal to stable family life. Also, it makes all the difference in the world during emergencies. Nurseries fulfilled a vital role in Britain during the days of the blitz. During the Second World War we opened thousands of nurseries; while many of these centers were far from ideal, they made a great deal of difference for tens of thousands of American mothers who were working long hours in war industry.

Advocates of pre-schooling for "culturally deprived" children view it not as a baby-sitting service, but as a major compensatory device, a means of diminishing the inequalities of poverty. Theoretically, this is an attractive approach. But there is sometimes a chasm between theory and practice.

To begin with, many of our so-called "culturally deprived" families are not culturally deprived. They are merely poor. They need more money, better housing, more dignified jobs, increased respect as human beings regardless of race or ethnic origin. These needs will not be met by pre-schooling.

To what extent will the pre-schooling be genuinely compensatory? What happens when fifteen or so homogeneously deprived children spend a few hours a day in the care of an ordinary or even untrained teacher, and return to the same old environment? Can we expect to transform them into little scholars when we do not even attempt this with more "advantaged" youngsters? Can we do it on the basis of perhaps twenty or thirty minutes of deliberately structured intellectual experiences? (We have to allow for dressing and undressing, juice time, rest time, toileting, etc.)

It would perhaps be a different story if we were talking about an eight- or ten-hour day, highly skilled teachers, much individual attention, close contact with parents, and if we kept the children in this careful setting for not three months but for three years. Such a program would require an expenditure of at least $2,000 per child per year, and not a bargain basement budget of $200 to $500 per child.

We can assume that the pre-schools will produce certain measurable improvements in conventional school readiness and a rise in I.Q. test scores. What will happen next, when these children reach the first grade?

That all depends on what takes place in the first grade. And the second grade—and so on throughout the ensuing school careers of those children who live in low-income and slum neighborhoods. No responsible child development specialist could possibly claim that a few months of good pre-schooling will set the child up for life. Indeed, it is highly unlikely that it will set him up for much beyond the first few weeks of the first grade.

Unless we close our eyes to the massive evidence that keeps pouring out of our inferior elementary schools in the inner-city systems across the nation, we can easily predict that even the finest pre-school experience for deprived and segregated children will wash out and disappear as these children pass through the grades. Their I.Q. test scores will fall. Many of them will become functional illiterates. Thirty per cent of them will be dropouts by the ninth grade.

Top-quality early childhood education has an important role to play in American life, but there are pitfalls in overselling the pre-school idea. We may deceive ourselves into thinking that pre-schools can seriously offset the severer familial effects of poverty, when they can never substitute for the broad range of healthful, normative home and family experiences of small children. Also, we may be deflecting attention from the really crucial sectors in educational reconstruction, the primary and secondary inner-city schools. It is here that massive expenditures and profound efforts at innovating are needed, from the first grade through the twelfth. In devoting overly optimistic attention to pre-schools we are perhaps behaving like pastry cooks hard at work on the icing without having bothered to bake the cake.

It may be that just as we have never found pre-schooling an essential to future educational success for typical middle-class youth, so we will not find it an essential to school achievement for non-middle-class youth, once we provide this youth with really satisfactory buildings, teachers, curricula, as well as the genuine promise of future success in life.

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Causes of the Student Revolution

By JOSEPH KATZ and NEVITT SANFORD, *Research Coordinator and Director of the Institute for the Study of Human Problems, Stanford University.*

IT MUST HAVE OCCURRED to many who have reflected on the student demonstrations at the University of California at Berkeley during the past year that these were more than the usual student protest or occasion for "letting off steam." In the Berkeley events we are dealing with an entirely new phenomenon: students asking a voice and vote in the determination of their own education. It is fair to say that we have here not a revolt, but a revolution.

To those of us who have worked with college students, this revolution has come as no surprise. We are aware how far from the truth is the stereotype of the happy-go-lucky, golden college years. The time between seventeen and twenty-one is often one of nagging self-doubt, of intense conflict in relations with other people, of painful and sometimes rebellious struggles for independence from one's parents, of an uneasy search for one's eventual occupational and sexual roles. Such emotional struggles and discomforts upset the individual's equilibrium and thus free considerable energy for either creative or destructive acts. As a social institution, the American college has traditionally been quite successful in channeling such wild energy. By providing the avenue for entrance into the adult occupational and social world, and by requiring a reasonable output of hard work, it has been able to bind energies through having students sit down and study. For those students, and there always have been many, who found that the curriculum provided insufficient outlet for creative energy, extracurricular activities of all sorts were available. Moreover, there has always been a ready tolerance for more blind or destructive outlets for student energies. Although disciplinary measures have sometimes been used for student pranks, no university has been thrown into crisis, no public outcries have been heard, even in connection with the more violent student panty-raids or the annual spring festival at Fort Lauderdale, Florida.

Adolescence is the time of life when a new generation defines itself. Not only does it have to find its own values and come naturally into some conflict with the older generation, but there are implicit expectations on the part of the older that the one coming along will do something different—and, we hope, better. Adults are ambivalent about youth: we hold them down and at the same time we urge them on. Thus adolescence is a time when we may expect major attacks upon the established order. For the individual, adolescence offers perhaps the best chance that he will ever have to define himself in new ways, different from those with which he has been brought up.

—Campbell (Monkmeyer).

"Adolescence is a time when we can expect major attacks upon the established order."

In spite of all these internal forces pressing for change, adolescents in college have until recently been able to maintain an external appearance of apathy. Hence some further explanations must be given for the occurrence of the student revolution.

As is well known, the conditions of the post-Sputnik era have led to a tightening of standards of academic performance and an increased demand upon quantity of work by students. The resulting pressure is felt by good students as well as poor ones. In the more selective schools, all the students are able and well prepared, yet they still feel an enormous amount of pressure, because of the grading curve and the inclination of the faculty to assign more reading than anyone can do. People usually ascribe these pressures to the intellectual competition of the Cold War, but another factor is the higher birth rate, which has considerably increased the number of students applying to colleges and has thus provided both an economic and a moral base for increased selectivity.

These increased demands are not limited to the college years but extend far back into the years before college. It is no longer uncommon for even nine-year-olds to have some anxious concern about getting into a college of their choice. Certainly during the high school years the anxieties of teachers, parents, and

—J. Cron (Monkmeyer).

"Many students find it increasingly unbearable to be treated like passive containers into which information is to be poured."

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students conspire to create a sense of pressure about whether one is going to measure up.

When students are finally admitted to college, they feel they "have it made," they now expect to enter a freer community devoted to the pursuit of knowledge and other objectives, no longer so hampered by the need to be tested and graded. They soon find, of course, that the grading system is lying in wait for them, more demanding than ever. Performance that in high school was graded top level now gets only a passing grade —and sometimes not even that. Yet as larger and larger numbers are preparing to go on to either graduate or professional schools, the need for good examination performance is as crucial as ever. Moreover, it becomes clear that being tested and measured is going to continue for years, even into the life beyond college.

THOSE of us who have studied college students know that the work demanded of them cannot be fulfilled in a usual forty-hour week. Most students do not mind hard work, however; work is good for them, and they know it. The problem is that too often they cannot feel that the work is leading to any worthy purpose. Owing to the increasing accent on specialization in higher education and the tendency for undergraduate courses to be increasingly pre-professional, students at the beginning of their college careers must do a great deal of work that is essentially meaningless to them. They start out on the lowest rungs of four or five professional ladders with the expectation that, after they have learned the basic concepts and methods, they will eventually reach a place where the work will become interesting and they will be able to use their minds actively. But so elaborate and specialized have the disciplines become that the time when a student can participate in his profession's concerns has to be postponed to later and later years. Undergraduate studies consist more and more of memorizing by hard work a mass of abstract material mostly untied to anything in the student's experience.

This burden of meaningless labor creates not so much work pressures as psychological pressures, weariness, and resentment. The undergraduate is somewhat like a child who can discharge an enormous amount of physical energy but feels suddenly tired when someone suggests that he mow the lawn. Compounding the pressure is the sense of forever being tested and evaluated, a source of special anxiety during the college years when the question of how one is going to measure up as a man or woman is always hauntingly present.

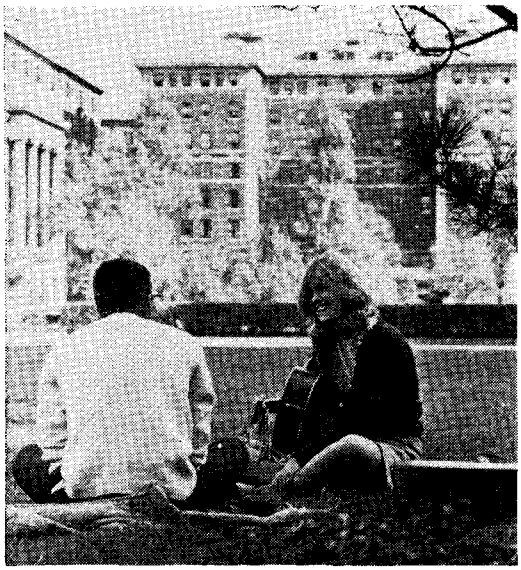
The effects of the testing and grading system have not been limited to the individual student; the pressures that it engenders have altered the social and psychological ecology of the college world. Several recent studies, covering many different types of colleges, seem to agree that only about 20 per cent of all students can be classified as academicians. What, then, becomes of the 80 per cent whose primary orientation is not toward the academic aspect of the college? In the past those students have had ample opportunity to express their skills and inclinations in many other activities: student government, fraternities, drama groups, athletics, literary and religious and political clubs, and so forth. Even though what was learned in these activities was not officially classified as education, many students received valuable training for their future occupations. Regardless of future utility, extracurricular pursuits helped to make one's passage through the college personally meaningful. With the growing dominance of the academic sector, with its demands for a speeded-up work output and tougher grading requirements, this natural ecology has been profoundly disturbed.

The indications are that increased work demands, competitiveness, and a resultant pervasive guilt when one is not occupied with studying, have also considerably diminished the opportunities for forming friendships with other students, at least the kind of deep and meaningful friendships that require time and freedom from psychological encumbrance in order to grow. It is no accident that the revolutionary student puts great emphasis on community—what he calls "communitarianism." It springs from his wish to declare that development of warm, intimate relationships is not easy in college today.

The lack of community seems more acute because the faculty and administration rarely relate to the student as an individual. He is conceived rather as an aggregate of different functions, categorically separable from each other, for the management of which different sets of machinery have been set up. Registering, advising, counseling, disciplining, lecturing, grading papers—all are handled by different people who attend strictly to the function rather than to the student.

Interestingly enough, the student soon lends himself to this way of doing things. In the advisory situation, for example, a professor might on some occasion decide that he had five minutes to spare and ask the student a question about himself that would invite the beginning of a personal relationship. But the chances are that the student has other functions to be performed that day and is eager to be on his way, with the result that the two people do not relate. This lost opportunity, multiplied many times, adds up to the dehumanization of the campus.

Just as they rarely perceive students as individuals, professors or administrators do not themselves often act as individuals in relations with students. They are occupants of social roles or performers of functions. The same professor might within the space of a few days speak as a classroom teacher, as a member of a faculty committee, and as a spokesman for his department. Through the inconsistency of these several comments he might give students the impression that he has no integrity, lending support to their saying, "You can't trust anyone over thirty." But, in actuality, the professor's individual integrity was never involved because he was not required or expected to act as an individual. Rather, he was expected to say and to do what was required by his role. His words and deeds were probably very similar to those of any other person who might have acquired that role.



—*Hugh Rogers.*

"Adolescence is the time of life when a new generation defines itself."

This depersonalization is an expression of the involvement of the university in our technology. Many people comment on it at the intellectual level, but students are its real victims.

Another factor in student unrest is the decline of the college function *in loco parentis*. Traditionally, *in loco parentis* has meant that the college was more or less a complete substitute for parents; it would offer positive attention to the student's development and active care for his needs, as well as necessary restraints and punishments. In recent years all the nurturing functions of the college have been eroded or neglected while the control and punishment functions have been maintained. This in itself creates a revolutionary climate. In family life, the

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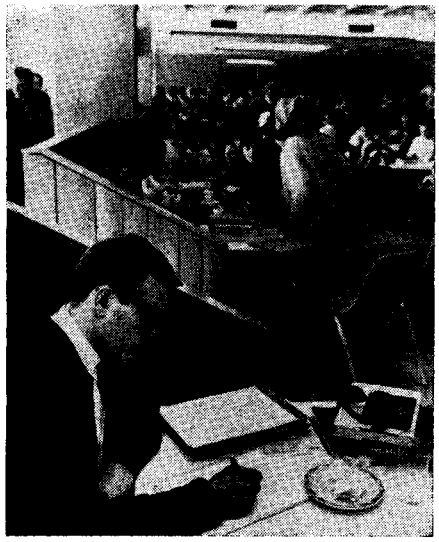
child who is ignored except when it is necessary to punish him is soon on the road to becoming a rebel or delinquent. Students for many years surrendered their rights as citizens in exchange for the special care and developmental attention that parents or college were expected to offer. Now, with the care and nurturance gone, students not inappropriately demand their rights. This is not because students are more mature than they used to be or because they are any less in need of what colleges might do to develop them. It is because they find themselves in a situation that is essentially unfair and would induce rebellious feelings in people of any age.

The conditions thus far mentioned constitute negative reasons for the student revolution. They describe the discontent and the frustration that have provided some of the fuel. To them one could add other factors, such as the increasing distance of the teacher from his student, particularly because of a reward system that makes research rather than teaching a primary incentive for the college professor. But negative factors alone would not have taught the student revolution. On the contrary, they would have resulted only in apathy and depression. Let us look, then, for the positive factors that have touched off the current uprisings.

While the colleges in recent years have unwittingly, and quite against their better intentions, been encouraging a passive conformity and acrobatic workmindedness in students, other social institutions and events have gone in the opposite direction by encouraging a more active role for people of undergraduate age. The most dramatic of these has been the civil rights movement, which has made it possible for students to give much more than a verbal commitment to a socially relevant course. It has opened to them a realm of social action which often requires a high degree of courage and purposeful

—Sybil Shelton (Monkmeyer).

"Students who have tasted the satisfaction of doing socially relevant work have developed a sense of their own usefulness."



—George Zimbel (Monkmeyer).

"Compounding the pressure is the sense of forever being tested and evaluated."

activity. On a less dramatic level there have been various tutorial programs springing up on college campuses all over the nation. Through these, students teach children of the underprivileged or work in families of the psychotic or the jailed. There they soon discover that the kind of teaching which they have received is utterly inadequate to reach the children and families under their responsibility. They have to devise new approaches—and are often rewarded with a considerable expansion of their own personalities.

Such activities do more than appeal to students' idealism. They provide a natural escape valve. Students who have tasted the satisfaction of doing socially relevant and often useful work have developed a sense of their own usefulness. What they have been denied because of a specialized curriculum they have been finding for themselves in involvement on the social front.

As a result of our national affluence, more students are traveling, too, either as individuals or as part of the overseas programs of their colleges. With travel have come contacts with cultures different from their own and the opportunity to develop new resources within themselves for dealing with these differences.

All these non-college activities have unwittingly raised a corps of student activists. Not only have the participants already experienced roles in which they counted for something, but some have received extensive training in the arts of civil conflict, civil disobedience, even active revolutionism. (The Peace Corps, too, is training somewhat older people for a more reformist conception of their social roles.) When these students return to their campuses and survey the conditions under which they are being educated, many find it increasingly unbearable to be treated like passive containers into which information is to be poured.

In his discontent, the undergraduate has received support from a hitherto most unpredictable source: the graduate student.

Until recently, the time sense of the undergraduate has been short. During his first year, he was usually preoccupied with sizing up the situation and learning the ropes of being a student. During his last year, he was involved with the problems of life after graduation and no longer much interested in affairs at the college. This left only two years in the middle when the student could be actively concerned, and he was easily convinced that this acquaintance was too transitory for him to have much to say about how the school should be run. Neither administration nor faculty were particularly inclined to disagree with that impression.

All this has been changed now by the intense involvement of the graduate student in the cause of undergraduate education. The graduate student brings to the undergraduate's cause the authority that "older" people carry, plus the prestige of having mounted another selection hurdle and the benefit of a wider temporal view of the educational establishment.

This interest of graduate students in education, and the interest of some of them in becoming good college teachers, is one of the most striking features of the contemporary educational scene. Not so long ago it would have been impossible to budge graduate students from the library or the lab where they were pursuing a life dedicated to their specialty and the challenge of carving out a secure academic career in it.

Today, however, graduate students in many departments of our universities suffer from the same kinds of pressures and constraints, the same burden of meaningless work, as do undergraduates or even high school students. As departments have grown larger and more professionalized, traditional communities of scholars, embodying graduate students and professors with whom they worked closely, have been disappearing. The graduate student is being put through a series of tests that involve even more serious consequences than do undergraduate tests and is required every minute of his day to think and act within the confines of his profession's requirements. He must, in effect, surrender himself to his profession. He cannot investigate what he is curious about but only what can be investigated by approved methods. He has little time to explore other fields, or even to get beyond a specialized area of his own field, because whoever is in charge of his work often demands more than can rea-

(*Continued on page* 76)

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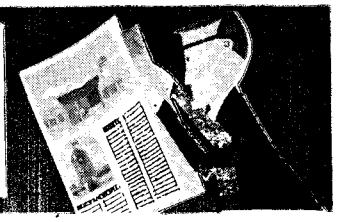
Schools Make News



Title VI of the Civil Rights Act calls for full desegregation of all public schools by 1967, and first steps toward that goal were required from school districts this year, under threat of a cutoff of federal aid. The Office of Education reports that under this pressure Southern states have drawn up desegregation plans and this year have enrolled three times as many Negroes in mixed schools as in 1964. But this happy figure unfortunately represents at most only 7.5 per cent of all Negro pupils in the South.

The disparity between the intentions of the Civil Rights Act and the actuality prompted a lengthy report and recommendations addressed to John Gardner, Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare, by the American Friends Service Committee (160 North Fifteenth St., Philadelphia, Pa.) and the Legal Defense and Educational Fund of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People (NAACP, 10 Columbus Circle, New York, N.Y.).

The report charges that "federal laws, regulations and court orders [are] flagrantly or subtly violated and . . . federal officials [have been] too timid, unwilling, or powerless to enforce them."

Eleven areas of recurring "inadequacies and violations" are outlined, including, the failure of federal officials to consult with or inform Negro community leaders about school desegregation plans, the failure of court orders (one of the chief means of complying with Title VI) to meet HEW requirements, and the flagrant attempts of Southern school officials to discourage Negro transfers to white schools.

Twenty recommendations for enforcing the requirements of Title VI are detailed, offering practicable suggestions for improving its implementation. These include a broad national program of public information, a re-examination of the acceptance of court orders as compliance, and the involvement of the Negro and white communities in "open and public negotiations." Perhaps one of the most significant recommendations calls for a tightening of regulations affecting school districts in the North and West as well as in the South.

"Borrowing for College: A Guide for Students and Parents" is a helpful little booklet put out by the Office of Education, outlining the possibilities and pitfalls of loan programs. The first part discusses loans to students—those made by the colleges themselves and guaranteed loans made by banks or other commercial lenders. A list of State Loan Guarantee Agencies is given. The second part is directed to parents, telling them how to obtain commercial loans if their children cannot qualify through channels open to students.

The booklet furnishes guidelines for seeking the most favorable terms and warns of the wide range of charges that may be imposed by various institutions for the use of identical amounts of money. A chart of total charges by various banks for a $4,000 loan reveals a low of $352.40 by a bank in West Hempstead, New York, and a high of $911 by a bank in Jackson, Michigan. Moral: Shop around.

The booklet (OE 55039) may be obtained for 20 cents from the U.S. Office of Education, Washington, D.C.

"Topics such as this should have been on the agenda of national meetings ten years ago." The topic was "Student Involvement in Educational Policy." The speaker was Edward D. Eddy, president of Chatham College, at the annual meeting of the American Council on Education.

"Genuine student involvement in the formation of educational policy offers our best hope of regaining the lost concept of an academic community," President Eddy continued. "The time is right and ripe for *all* American colleges and universities to allow students a strongly contributing role in the shaping of educational policy."

President Eddy's statement was one of the most vigorous made at the ACE meeting on "The Student in Higher Education." But though others did not speak so strongly, all recognized that undergraduate activism is to be dealt with, not ignored. Papers and discussions hashed over the familiar topics—from teaching, curriculum, and grades to the "moral revolution." Much effort was devoted to trying to understand the student in a sociological or psychological context.

Joseph Katz, of the Institute for the Study of Human Problems at Stanford, reported that the pressures of parents and the college system left most students "docile citizens" doomed to a mediocrity which they thought "regrettable but unavoidable." The "acceptance of the *necessity* of going to college has prevented many students, parents, or faculty from considering radically different methods of college instruction," Dr. Katz declared, and he regarded the current activism of a minority as a sign of great hope. "If we heed it," he said, "the university can be . . . one of the primary agencies for the renewal of society and for constructive change."

On the other hand, while praising the "quest" of the young, President Kingman Brewster, Jr., of Yale, cautioned that "too many among our students of high promise squander their talent for a lifetime of constructive work at a high level for the cheaper and transient satisfaction of throwing himself on some immediate barricade in the name of 'involvement.'"

An even dimmer view was taken by Attorney General Nicholas Katzenbach, who questioned the students' tactics more than their aims. He spoke somewhat paternally of the "rebelliousness" of youth, but he felt their "prodigality" caused them to miss their target. Yet he might have noted that last year's prodigality has brought more attention to the undergraduate's plight than has been accorded him in several decades.

Other examples of such attention:

► A faculty committee report at Cornell University declared undergraduates across the nation are being shortchanged in their education, and at Cornell some changes should be made. Now that Cornell has "never been stronger" in areas of research and public service, it is time to give teaching "a primary place on the agenda."

► The House Research and Technical Programs Subcommittee report in October found teaching has been seriously neglected because of overemphasis on research; all teaching is suffering, and undergraduate science teaching especially. The subcommittee viewed this as harmful to the nation's higher education and scientific efforts generally.

"Authors for Children" offers an unusual addition to the elementary reading class. It is a collection of taped interviews with leading authors of books for children in grades three through eight. Pupils from four school systems in Houston, Texas, worked up the questions to be presented to each author.

The children were delighted to hear the author's voice and to realize that "there is a person behind every book who has something to say to them," said Mrs. Eloise Norton, the project's initiator.

Some twenty authors have been recorded now. The interviews are available from the Audio-Visual Education Center at the University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, to anyone who will send them a blank tape and a small service charge.

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ALUMNI FIND A NEW ROLE

—Brown University.

"It is almost impossible to identify the tangible assets of character, leadership, or a creative spark, without personal contact with the boy or girl."

By BERT SCHWARTZ, *a member of the Alumni Admissions Committee, Brown University Club, New York.*

A LOYAL college alumnus during the unhurried years before World War II may, on occasion, have alerted his alma mater to a promising schoolboy fullback. Less frequently, perhaps, and with somewhat diminished fervor, he may have recommended a math genius identified—at least by his faculty advisor—as a potential Einstein.

In the idiom of that era, the admissions officer on campus might have answered politely, his level of enthusiasm depending pretty much on the old grad's record as a contributor to the alumni fund and the number of anticipated vacancies in the upcoming freshman class. A lone explorer in the academic wilderness, he could expect little serious consideration in return for his unsolicited favors. Possibly he was suspected of trying to dragoon the college into accepting an unlikely candidate. He lost caste anyway, because he was not part of the orderly admissions process.

Today that situation is dramatically reversed. The constantly increasing pressures in admissions practices, linked with the intense competition among highly selective colleges, have cast the alumnus in a new and authoritative role. He may become, if he has the time and the inclination, an active deputy serving the admissions staff.

No longer a shy collector of fragmentary information on prospective applicants, he is now thoroughly integrated into the admissions machinery. He is a fully accredited interviewer of prospects. His appraisals of applicants weigh heavily in the final decisions. He returns periodically to the campus for indoctrination. And to the candidate struggling for admission to a prestigious college he is either a formidable roadblock or a patron saint with a benevolent hand on the pearly gates.

What, then, are the factors responsible for this new, exalted status of alumni in the admissions programs of our most selective educational institutions?

First, the rapidly escalating demand for higher education that had been stalled during the war years. Immediately following World War II, when the ex-G.I. assault wave inundated most colleges, the academic bars were down. Once the khaki-clad insurgents departed, even mildly competitive colleges rocketed their admissions standards. By the middle 1950s their requirements—in both academic and nonacademic areas, were threatening to become almost prohibitive.

Today, roughly thirty or thirty-five colleges and universities are classified as "most selective," depending on whose survey you choose to believe. Prodded by their status-seeking parents, if not by their own overachievement drives, about 40,000 secondary school seniors each year clamor for admission to the Ivy League alone, and the Ivies can accommodate only about one-fifth of that number. Last year, for example, Princeton counted 4,908 applicants, of which 810 were admitted.

As the pressures on relatively small admissions staffs mounted, the alumni became useful if not indispensable to the sorting-out process. Their principal functions, because they are scattered around the country, are to recruit and interview prospects. Most of the highly selective colleges prefer to interview candidates before they rule on their applications. But even Harvard, with a highly skilled admissions staff of fourteen, cannot hope to interview every applicant, either in his home community or on campus. A considerable share of this responsibility, therefore, is delegated to Harvard's 1,500 alumni representatives, working out of 105 schools and scholarship committees across the country.

Interviews are highly critical today for a reason that had no validity as recently as ten years ago. Eliminating—approximately—the bottom 5 per cent, all students filing for admission to the prestige colleges are academically qualified. Young hopefuls with minimum scholarship records or marginal college entrance board scores rarely get to mail application forms to such colleges as Yale, Swarthmore, or Stanford. They are tactfully advised by their high school counsellors, now very realistic people, to seek admission to less competitive colleges.

IT is just this bumper crop of budding intellectuals, rather than simply the deluge of applications, that accounts for the new status of alumni in the admissions picture. Selecting the bright students is no problem at all; they're all bright. But no prestige college wants to fill its freshman class with young wizards who may show no evidence of character, leadership, or a creative spark. The trouble is that it's almost impossible to identify these intangible assets without personal contact with the boy or girl. Since admissions officers can see only a few of them, the alumni take over from there. Frederick C. Copeland, director of admissions at Williams, says candidly: "As long as we do believe in diversity in our student body in terms of geographical location, types of schools, economic background, aims, and ambitions, it is essential that we

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make broad school contacts, and we just don't have the manpower to do it without enthusiastic and loyal alumni help."

Recruitment becomes increasingly important because private liberal arts colleges today look to the foundations for a major share of their financial support, and colleges that attract students from distant parts of the country find more favor with the foundations than those that serve only their own neighborhoods. Dean Rosemary Pierrel of Pembroke once said that her college could easily fill its freshman class with superior students from the New York area alone. Obviously, she isn't going to attempt it and neither will any of Pembroke's competitors. Not while they have brigades of alumnae who can range into the boondocks and recruit students from other parts of the country, assuring the geographical spread that pays off so handsomely.

WITH each new academic year, more and more candidates will have to register favorably to alumni interviewers and demonstrate their nonacademic talents to them if they are to achieve their goals. The question then arises: What are the advantages and the weaknesses of this burgeoning practice? If alumni interviews are required, or "strongly urged" —to quote Princeton's director of admission, E. Alden Dunham—how will they influence the candidates' chances?

To answer these questions adequately in the light of current practices, the writer studied the admissions patterns of twenty-five colleges that enlist alumni support. With few exceptions, they represent the most selective colleges in the country, ranging from venerable Harvard to small but impressive Pomona.

Many are old hands at exposing promising candidates to alumni inspection. Dartmouth, reports Edward T. Chamberlain, Jr., director of admissions, had an informal alumni assistance program as early as 1870. "In 1922," he says, "Dartmouth was, we believe, the first college to formally organize alumni to interview all candidates for admission as a required part of the alumni process. We have somewhere in the neighborhood of 2,200 alumni . . . organized in 106 districts."

Yale and Harvard, locked as always in gentlemanly combat, report discreetly that each has been active with alumni for fifteen years. But some are neophytes at the game. Duke started only two years ago with seven pilot committees; today it has eighty-five in the most populous areas of the country. Wisconsin, experimenting for the first time last year, managed nevertheless to form and instruct ninety-four alumni groups.

One common denominator for all twenty-five colleges in this study (and it would undoubtedly apply to those not included) is that alumni do not determine the final decisions on admission. That prerogative is always reserved for the college staff. When Johns Hopkins's acting director of admissions, Malcolm E. Johnson, asserts firmly, "Alumni are not formally a part of the decision-making process here," he might be speaking for the whole community of highly selective colleges.

This is indeed fortunate for the candidate. It gives him some assurance that his failure to impress a particular old grad may injure but won't kill his chances permanently. He can also be grateful that his academic qualifications are evaluated on campus, not by alumni. But he does stand to gain by the fine rapport that well-informed alumni build up with school guidance counselors, and the wise alumnus can help him obtain scholarship aid if he requires it. Besides, visits by alumni to what Harvard calls "the sparse country" may open the doors of many colleges to qualified youngsters who may never have heard of them. It is also true that the recent grad usually can be counted on to present a realistic picture of the college.

The solid plus factors, the definitive advantages of drawing alumni into the admissions process, are rarely challenged. But when this alumni-campus liaison is subjected to closer scrutiny it reveals some disturbing weaknesses. Since responsible college officials recognize they exist and make no effort to obscure them, it might be well to examine these cracks in the academic armor.

William L. Wheaton of Pomona College reports with startling frankness: "I feel that the admissions program of a college is basically a part of its educational program and legitimately a concern of the faculty and the administration. I truly do not believe that it is possible to keep any substantial number of alumni well enough informed regarding the program of a college and the admission situation to use them safely and effectively for selection or recruiting practices. I do not favor active alumni participation in the recruiting, interviewing, or selection of students."

THIS, of course, is the extreme negative view. But, in pointing up one of the frailties of the system, Mr. Wheaton helps to keep us vigilant. Words of caution come from other sources, too. Yale's associate director of admissions, Warren T. Troutman, says: "My guess is that 90 per cent of all public school candidates are interviewed by the alumni, even though they may have visited New Haven and been interviewed by members of our admissions staff." But he hastens to add: "Perhaps it is necessary to say that alumni interviews vary widely in quality." When asked how the alumni procedure might be improved, Harvey Krouse of Cornell replied: "By carefully supervising and instructing the alumni groups before they are allowed to deal with the secondary school and/or the student."

The implications are clear. Admissions officers are keenly aware of the dangers of sending poorly oriented alumni out into the field.

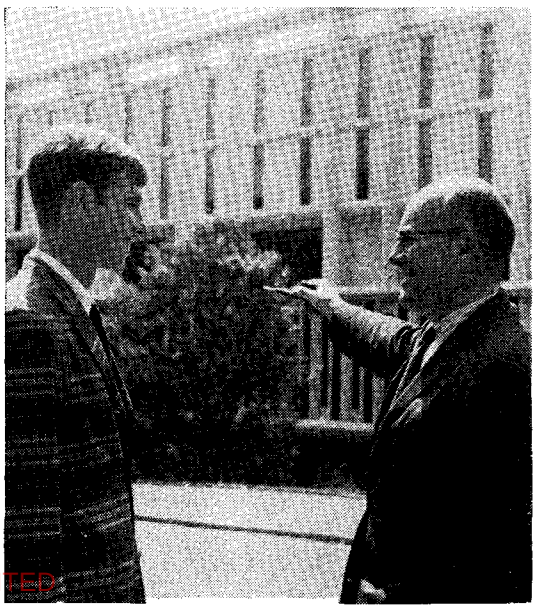
Charles H. Doebler, director of Admissions at Brown, in his thoughtful book *Who Gets Into College and Why?*, probes deeper into the problem by exposing one of the most alarming consequences of inadequate preparation. Doebler says: "It is in the area of expansive optimism that the alumnus is most likely to get in trouble with his college and his protégé. The alumnus who is not in touch with the admission situation often thinks that a good record means automatic admissability—and this is not always true today. Even worse, the alumnus who is not in constant or recent touch with his college is likely to recall his own high school record as the criterion for admission. For this reason, applicants and parents should be cautious about taking too much heart from the assurances of an alumnus that 'of course, the college wants boys like your son.' While it may be true, it is safer to hear it from the admissions office."

He might have added that the most lavish dispensers of extravagant promises are the older grads. A helpful rule of thumb for candidates would be to arrange interviews with younger alumni whenever possible. Some colleges have resisted attempts to reserve a place or two for undergraduate seniors on the closed admissions committee meetings when final decisions come up, mainly because they would be too harsh on applicants. As alumni interviewers they'd probably be tougher, too. But they'd be

(*Continued on page* 79)

"Most of the highly selective colleges prefer to interview candidates before they rule on their applications."

—Brown University.



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JANUS IN THE CLASSROOM

By MARY FRANCES CLAGGETT, *a graduate of Western College and the Bread Loaf School of English, who now teaches English and Senior Humanities classes in Alameda High School, Alameda, California.*

THE WIDE GAP between the kinds of books to be found on the shelves of the typical high school bookroom and books to be found in teenagers' hip pockets is exactly the gap between school and life. When they do overlap, when the assigned book is carried home instead of being shut up in the locker for the night, then the English class may begin to have some relevance in the life of the student. What is the title of that overlapping book, the one that the English teacher may assign without fear of standing trial against a parent, or another member of the department, or the principal; the one that the student will carry home, underline, possibly pay for rather than return?

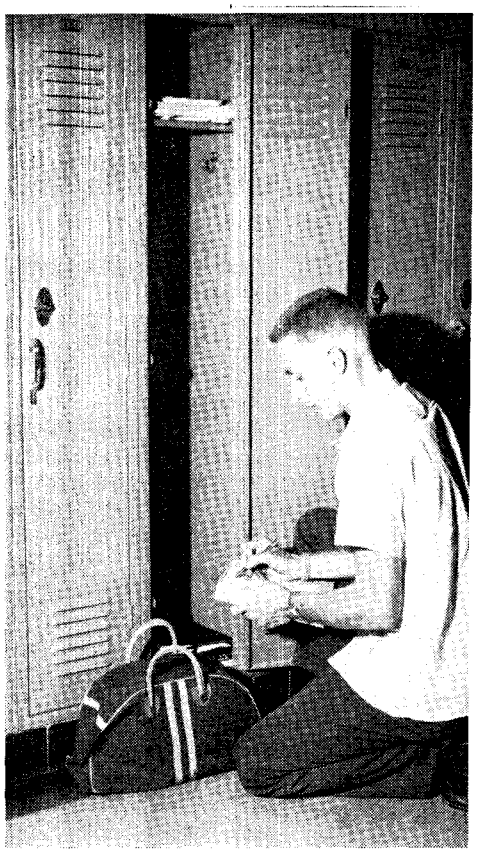
That question, of course, poses two others that must be considered first: What modern authors are teenagers reading now, on their own; and what are the responsibilities of the English teacher in the selection of books to be used in class?

No one who has had any interchange of ideas with today's high school students would be shocked to know that Ian Fleming is probably the most widely read author in the sixteen- to seventeen-year-old age group. Nor would he be surprised to find Salinger running about equal among the sophisticated teenagers. Indignant critics of today's youth would probably nod their heads knowingly when given statistics on the numbers of teenagers reading *Candy, Tropic of Cancer,* and *The Group*. But how would they greet the information that Camus's *The Stranger* is read by five teenagers to *Candy's* audience of one; that Baldwin's *The Fire Next Time* is ten to one as widely read as *The Tropic of Cancer;* that Golding's *Lord of the Flies* reaches twenty students to *The Group's* one teenage reader?

Records of the unassigned reading of a hundred high school seniors in a rather conservative suburb of San Francisco also show Joseph Heller's *Catch-22* and Harper Lee's *To Kill a Mockingbird* high on the list of favorites, along with John Howard Griffin's *Black Like Me.* In addition to these books, mentioned with contagious regularity, scatterings of books by Kerouac, Rand, Lagervist, Sartre, Kafka, and Hesse appear on the reading cards, each author with devoted followers among small groups.

Of the books preferred by the students, only two are likely to be found in the English curriculum: *To Kill a Mockingbird* is now taught, or at least read, in a significant number of high schools; and *Lord of the Flies* appears to be firmly established as a "modern classic." Confronted with the actual reading records of students, what are the responsibilities of the teacher? Certainly he would not assign *Candy* to a class of high school seniors, but is he to ignore the strong candidacy of *The Stranger* for a place in the curriculum as well as in the lives of the students? Today's students are keenly aware of the community's self-assumed right to censor; and their knowledge of the hypocrisy implicit in the banning of a book for its words rather than for its ideological concepts places every English teacher on trial. He becomes a Janus figure who must, if he upholds all his responsibilities as a teacher in the public schools, be prepared to defend his choices to the public on the one hand and to meet the challenge of his students for significant modern fiction on the other. A student has little respect for the teacher who pretends (or wishes) that modern fiction is synonymous with the *Old Man and the Sea.* Nor has he any respect for the teacher who knows better but is not willing to risk his own convictions. Much has been written about the college-age rebels; much needs to be said about the watchful and waiting high school senior. A teacher's decision, then, to teach a work of modern fiction must be made not only on the time-established criteria of literary merit, suitability to age, adaptability to a place (thematic or chronological) in the curriculum, but also on the basis of meeting the challengers on both sides of the door.

Assuming that the teacher is ready to play Janus, willing to take the risks, he must expect the comfortable gap between school and life to close, not only for his students, but also for himself. If he has not already dined, driven, and triumphed with the impeccable Mr. Bond, by all means he must do so at once. How else can he expect to initiate a discussion of the incredible appeal of Ian Fleming and the subsequent rash of derivative movies and television programs? I am not suggesting that the James Bond books be assigned; rather that they be used to lead to a discussion of escape literature in general—its values, appeals, dangers.

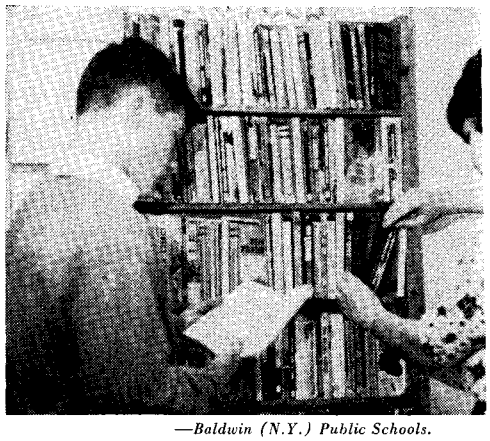


—Hays (Monkmeyer).

"When the assigned book is carried home instead of shut up in the locker for the night, then the English class may have some relevance in the life of the student."

ONCE the teacher is familiar with the books his students are already reading, he can begin the serious search for those elusive, overlapping books. *Lord of the Flies,* as mentioned, has already moved into the curriculum; but how many teachers have considered the more difficult Golding book, *The Inheritors*? Dealing with the question of what it means to be human, the concept of language as symbol, the subject of communication, *The Inheritors* is a strong

(*Continued on page* 82)



—Baldwin (N.Y.) Public Schools.

"What modern authors are teenagers reading now, on their own?"

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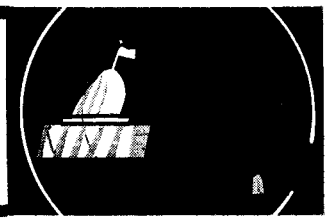
While School Keeps



The National Center for Citizens in Education (Suite 1201, 2 West 45th Street, New York, N.Y. 10036) is a new organization designed to provide assistance to both laymen and schoolmen working for their schools. The Center is an outgrowth of the work and experience of the New York State Citizens Committee for the Public Schools, which has been deeply involved in school improvement activities for the past fourteen years. Consequently the center initiates its program with the extensive resources developed by the State Committee.

A private, nonprofit educational service agency, the Center will place emphasis on leadership development through working conferences, leadership institutes, newsletters, and education programs in the press and on radio and TV. In addition, a Clearinghouse Library Service will make available case histories of community action for solving school problems, research data, and study-action guides. Community counseling kits of the Center deal with such diverse areas of concern as school boards and collective bargaining, winning approval for school budgets and bond issues, practical steps toward integration, and how to help disadvantaged children.

The Center appears on the education horizon at an opportune moment. In recent months the federal government has served notice on the nation that it is assuming a new role of leadership and support in education—a role that almost inevitably will grow rather than diminish. Yet, welcome as this new support is, local citizens and schoolmen cannot afford to reduce their efforts if the full benefit of federal intervention is to be realized and the potential disadvantages are to be avoided. Therefore the Center has a unique opportunity to serve the interests of education by reminding local citizens of the crucial nature of their task, and by providing them with the tools and know-how for effective action.

But the Center should remember that the importance of the opportunity it is grasping is a measure, too, of the responsibilities it is assuming. The mantle of national leadership appears overlarge for an organization whose officers and directors are exclusively New Yorkers (only one from outside New York City), and whose Policy Advisory Committee counts among its thirty-two members only seven non-New Yorkers. Notable also is the almost total absence of members of citizens groups in other states as well as members of the former National Citizens Commission for the Public Schools (original sponsor of the New York State Committee) or its successor, the National Citizens Council for Better Schools—many of whose members are still active in school affairs.

These are matters, to be sure, that can be taken care of when the pressures of organization are past, and the present leaders of the Center are exceptionally capable, experienced, and dedicated individuals. Yet, given the potential importance of its mission, we may all hope that the Center will avoid any appearance of parochialism. Success will require that the widest experience and most capable individuals are combined in the effort.

Educational Television (ETV) is about to receive long and careful scrutiny from a blue-ribbon commission of citizens to determine how effectively it is serving the general public. The study will focus primarily, though not exclusively, on community-owned channels and their programing. At the conclusion of the twelve- to fifteen-month study the commission will recommend lines along which noncommercial TV stations can most usefully develop during the years ahead, and will consider as well their financial problems and how these problems might be met.

The development of ETV was greatly stimulated during the 1950s and early 1960s by Ford Foundation grants totaling more than $107,000,000 – about $68,000,000 of which was devoted to the development of community-owned stations. Few stations, however, have achieved the high expectations for community service that were visualized originally, and many of them have found themselves in serious financial trouble.

It is, perhaps, fitting that the development of so potentially valuable a service agency as ETV should have been stimulated by the private funds of a great foundation—and that another one of the nation's philanthropic giants, the Carnegie Corporation, should now underwrite a study designed to help ETV achieve its full potential.

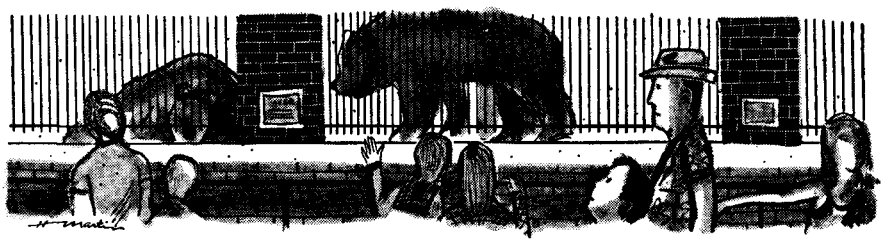
Members of the commission represent a wide range of the leadership in American life. The chairman is James R. Killian, Jr., chairman of the corporation of MIT. Other members include Ralph Ellison, author; Lee A. DuBridge, president of the California Institute of Technology; Edwin Land, president of the Polaroid Corporation; Terry Sanford, former governor of North Carolina; Rudolph Serkin, concert pianist; and Leonard Woodstock, vice president of the United Automobile Workers of America.

High college grades are not a good basis for predicting the degree of success a student will achieve as an adult, according to a recent study published by the American College Testing Program (P.O. Box 168, Iowa City, Iowa 52240). Titled "The Relationship Between College Grades and Adult Achievement," the research report by Donald P. Hoyt reviews all the known studies—forty-six of them—of college achievement and later adult attainment. The lack of correlation between academic brilliance and adult success, according to the author, stems from the fact that college grades measure the amount of knowledge acquired by the student while achievement as an adult depends on the individual's ability to use knowledge effectively.

The most immediate implication for higher education suggested by the conclusions may be for the selection of students for graduate and professional study. "The practice of basing admission to schools of education, business, engineering, or medicine largely or exclusively on undergraduate grades seems indefensible," Hoyt asserts. And he adds that such admission should "clearly involve a more comprehensive assessment of student characteristics than the transcript of grades can provide."

However, students should not assume that low grades will contribute to adult success! Scholastic achievement is still a desirable goal, the author hastens to add. "A high grade," he writes, "is preferable to a low grade in a college course."

—James Cass.



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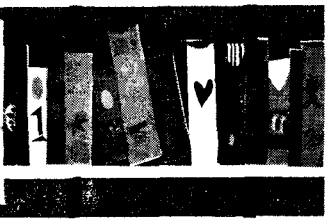
the Editor's Bookshelf



Voices in the Classroom, by Peter Schrag (Beacon Press, 292 pp., $5.95), is a report on the state of American education in 1965 by a perceptive observer who knows what to look for and has seen many schools. Beginning his journey in Topeka, a city chosen because it "is not so much symbolic of the Midwest as of America as a whole," Schrag moves on to Chicago, the nation's second city, "but in the magnitude of its school problems, the salary it pays its superintendent, and in the controversies he has helped generate, it is undoubtedly the first," and then to Newton, Massachusetts, selected because it is widely believed to have one of the best school systems in the country.

After paying his respects to Newton, Schrag explores Appalachia where the people and the culture as well as the land are eroding away. He then travels across the Deep South on U.S. Highway 80 with stops along the route. In southern schools he finds an "absence of any forthright classroom discussion of the problems of civil rights, of the significance of recent court decisions, or of the social and cultural changes that integration will ultimately demand. Instead, the southern schools have erected a battery of political and ideological defenses designed to assuage guilt, to affirm the validity of the going moral and political biases, and to drive away the specter of modernity and change."

In California, which Schrag visits next, the problems are different but no less serious. "Everything is fluid—subject to change by next week or even tomorrow morning. A liberal school board is recalled and replaced by a conservative one; a superintendent is fired; parents march in to see the principal, clutching a list supplied by the DAR of unpatriotic books, or a statement about the teaching of sex, or something they heard about a personality test; a kid sneaks a tape recorder to class to catch the teacher's subversive remarks; hearings are held; policies revised and then re-revised; charges are published in the newspapers; people are called Communists or Birchers, and occasionally a teacher is fired. And while this goes on in one district people in adjacent areas become nervous and look around to see if the controversy will spill on them. They know it doesn't happen very often, that most districts are stable, and that most school boards are composed of people strong or conservative enough to resist pressure from all extremes, but they also know that it can happen."

With what sounds like a sigh of relief, Schrag turns back eastward, making his final stop in Jefferson County, Colorado, "which, on the map, looks like a wedge between Denver and the highest peaks of the Colorado Rockies," where the population has quadrupled in ten years with the result that "wheat fields have become housing developments, country lanes are now arterial roads," and there are now "more kids than coyotes and more ranch houses than ranches."

Of all the schools observed by Mr. Schrag, those of Newton come off best. The schools of Topeka, which sound a bit dreary on first reading, look good in comparison with those of Chicago, Appalachia, or along route 80. And the adults of the Kansas community sound more like decent and reasonable human beings than those of Fullerton, California. In Colorado the people at least are trying to come to grips with their problems—which is more than can be said of those in some parts of the South.

One inescapable conclusion is that whatever is wrong with the schools of the United States reflects what is wrong with the communities in which those schools exist. Good schools, almost by definition, are located in good communities. The influence of the Birchers in California's schools will not be eliminated until it is eliminated in California communities; Chicago will not successfully desegregate its schools until desegregation is achieved in housing and in labor unions; the schools of the South will not prepare pupils for the twentieth century until the South itself joins this century. Teachers and school officials can lead—but only by a short distance. If they get too far ahead of the community they risk being driven out or beaten down. But good teachers and good superintendents will continue to run the risk.

Regular readers of *SR*'s Education Supplement will note that two chapters of Schrag's book—those on Newton and Appalachia—were first published in adapted form in the pages of *SR*.

Not While You're a Freshman, by Helen Pruner (Coward-McCann, 191 pp., $4), is a collection of unmailed letters from a worried mother to her daughter Laura who, just before taking off for college, expressed some advanced views on sex. The college at which Laura is a freshman might be Berkeley, Swarthmore, Bennington, or any of a hundred other places that attract students of high I.Q. who have been reared by permissive parents and have had too much too soon.

The mother-author is eager to tell her daughter all about sex including the dangers facing a girl who "has a certain look about her." But, being a thoroughly modern mother—"I don't want to be a peeping mom"—she knows the futility of saying "don't" and besides she is enthusiastic about sex when in its proper place. She is eager to give her daughter the real low-down, which is that sex ought to lead to, or preferably be preceded by, marriage and that even an emancipated girl in 1965 can still become pregnant without benefit of clergy and can get all mixed up emotionally in the process.

Frustrated parents, unable as parents have always been to communicate with their adolescent offspring, will find much in this book with which to sympathize. Mrs. Pruner is not alone with her problem. Still it is fortunate that the letters were never mailed. It seems a safe guess that seventeen-year-old Laura, despite her advanced ideas, is less preoccupied with sex than her mother. By this time she is probably out carrying a sign denouncing something. She may even be getting an education.

Crisis in College Finance? by Robert Freeman (Institute for Social Science Research, Washington, D.C., 243 pp., $5), is an economist's examination of the problems of financing higher education today. Freeman, who is now a senior staff member of the Hoover Institution on War, Revolution, and Peace, at Stanford, has served on the White House staff and before that was assistant to Governor Langlie of Washington. His views on taxation and school support have been widely quoted by congressmen opposing federal aid to education.

In this volume, Freeman restates, and further defends, his earlier proposal of tax credits for parents who are supporting college students. This solution has been endorsed by some congressmen but opposed by the majority on the ground that it would do little for low-income parents and nothing at all for students who work their own way through college. But Freeman contends that tax credits offer the only feasible way of providing federal aid to higher education—a conviction already outmoded by

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the passage, after his book had gone to press, of the Federal Aid to Higher Education Act which provides substantial scholarship assistance to undergraduates as well as support for institutions.

Freeman presents a mass of useful statistics on the costs of higher education. He is willing to face the fact that higher education is rapidly passing from the private to the public domain. He notes, too, that so-called "private" colleges and universities now get a large part of their support from public sources. He is not willing to defend the position that education in private colleges is superior to that found in public ones, though it is obvious that private schools are more expensive to the student. He says, "It is of course always possible to charge more for superior services. But can the private institutions of higher education truly claim that they offer an education which is superior to that available in public institutions? . . . Private colleges pay their faculty on the average of 10 per cent less than state colleges but charge their students 336 per cent more. . . . Such differences in the salary level must eventually affect the caliber of faculty that private colleges are able to attract and keep. Who will then want to pay a college with an inferior faculty four times as high a tuition as he would have to pay a state college?"

Going Around in Academic Circles, by Richard Armour (McGraw-Hill, 140 pp., $3.95), is a satire on higher education by the author of *Twisted Tales from Shakespeare* and *It all Started with Columbus*. Though best known as a madcap humorist, Armour is also an authentic academician who knows higher education from the inside. His Ph.D. is from Harvard, he has taught at many colleges and universities, and now lectures at Scripps.

In spite of these credentials, Armour's present book seems less successful than his previous efforts. Though higher education is full of pretensions that would seem to lend themselves to satire, Armour's jokes strike me as stale and a bit limp—perhaps because I have myself been going around in academic circles for all too long. A sample: "The president's introduction of the commencement speaker is full of facts everyone has been dying to know, such as where he went to college, professional societies to which he belongs . . . his publications (including his widely read "Structural Relationships of Pteridophytes and Seed Plants") his military service, his travels, his hobbies and his golf handicap. Mainly the President is trying to justify his selection of the speaker. . . ." If this strikes you as hilarious you will want to read the rest of the book.

—PAUL WOODRING.

Dream and Actuality

The Public School and the Private Vision, *by Maxine Greene (Random House, 177 pp., $1.95), is a search for America in education and literature. The reviewer is Education Consultant to the New World Foundation and SR Editor-at-Large.*

By FRANK G. JENNINGS

"IT'S a terrible thing, knowing that your youth's gone, knowing that all the brave things you've planned somehow just won't get done." Thus spoke one of the characters in Philip Barry's *Hotel Universe*, a grand failure of a play in 1930. Barry was writing out of the dark vision of life that is governed by the nasty certainty that if anything can go wrong, it will. It gives the lie to the American Dream of new vistas and finer opportunities, of second chances and a benign fate.

Maxine Greene's new book, *The Public School and the Private Vision*, is a search for America in education and literature. She chooses a relatively modest canvas, the period from the rise of the common school in the early 1800s to about the time *Hotel Universe* failed on Broadway. Within the century's range she traces the almost parallel course of public schooling and the growth of "an authentic American literature."

She has produced a modest masterpiece, writing of educational problems in a style of fairer grace than has ever been accorded the disorderly occasions of the classroom. Her literary judgments, which she juxtaposes to judgments on the course of education, are better informed and more securely wrought than almost anything to be found in the prestigious literary journals. Her book, in short, is clear history, fair criticism, and an adventure in taste that ought to cause a welcome revolution among those who dare to write about the schools.

The impulses that led to the creation of the common schools, Professor Greene notes, were both practical and generous. Thomas Jefferson believed that freedom and republican institutions could only survive if the people chose the wisest and most excellent among themselves to rule the state. Such a choice could only be made by an informed electorate. Schools were needed to develop such citizens. Only thus could the nation be secure against "King Numbers," the faceless mob.

Horace Mann saw the school as a ladder out of the social cellar. He wrote that ". . . it may be safely affirmed that the common school . . . may become the most efficient and benignant of all forces for civilization." The lower classes must be uplifted for the common weal. The richer the opportunities, the richer the prospects for the nation as a whole.

However, in spite of Mann's sanguine hopes, the world was increasingly seen as less than benign. The New England textile mills were not, as they had been represented, finishing schools for red-cheeked, hymn-singing young ladies. Children shrivelled at the looms. The unpaved side streets of the great cities were infested with immigrants whose young brought the stench of poverty into the classroom. Stephen Crane could have told the school men what was happening could they but read his novel, *Maggie, A Girl of the Streets.*

THE people who listened to Mann were unable to make sense out of the momentum of the new technology of the mid-nineteenth-century, which was for him one of the strongest arguments for the common school. They could not comprehend the meaning of Eli Whitney's invention of interchangeable parts and its significance for industry. But the poets did. They saw and felt both the promise and the threat. Maxine Greene recalls for us that Emerson, Thoreau, Bronson Alcott and Orestes Brownson met together in what they called "Conversations" to protest the alienating effect of trade upon the individual. Emerson warned that "Man shall treat man as a sovereign state with a sovereign state." Education, they said, ought to signify the regeneration of personhood. Schools should prepare the man to know and to seize opportunities in such a way that success would not diminish any other person.

Thoreau insisted that ". . . we are warped and narrowed by an exclusive devotion to trade and commerce and manufacture and agriculture and the like which are but means and not the end." Yet with all these warnings there was openness in mid-nineteenth-century American society, even while there was repression and exploitation in the cities and towns. A sense of the far horizon urged people on toward the retreating frontier. The dream shone out there.

The new villages could become universities for all. Utopian thought led to

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utopian action. Brook Farm and other utopian communities were founded, all short-lived, but sometimes beautiful, failures. Back in the older cities, immigrants clotted the slums and the public schools were used as a kind of informal riot control. Hundreds of children faced barely literate teachers in huge loft-like rooms, droning their letters and numbers. How, indeed, could such a common school ever produce uncommon men?

That question haunts us today as we seek to make the public school a more effective means of inducting youth into society. Specific skills have always had a dangerously short half-life. General knowledge can be so imprecise as to be almost pointless. Lance and shield are trinkets in a world of managed atoms.

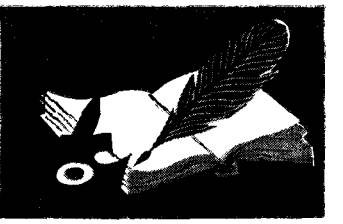
"Schoolmen and artists," says Professor Greene, "both must organize their experience and make sense of it themselves. . . ." But the school reformers in the main have chosen to stand on high places looking over the heads of the illiterate and the disinherited through the glass of reason and warranted possibility. . . . The artists stand below, in the midst of the field." And, it should be added, among living people.

PROFESSOR Greene is saying to us all, schoolmen and citizens, that we should try to see our world through others' eyes. That world is neither steady nor whole. The artists, whether they sing songs or soil canvas, know the world in its shimmering sordidness, its awesome discontinuities, its profound possibilities. Merely to recite their names is to sense the power of their multiple vision: Hawthorne, Melville, Whitman, Crane, James, Twain, Dreiser, Norris, Hemingway, Salinger, Bellow, Ellison. This is neither name-dropping nor incantation. Today we are shucking the freight of flawed innocence as our artists help us to bear the snarled burdens of our disorderly world.

The literature of a society explicates that society's life and its vision. That vision can inform the commitment the school must accept. That commitment must be expressed in the language of purpose. The common school did this as it tried to make uncommon men. It failed more often than it succeeded, but it was the kind of failure that leads to more successful questions.

The promise of the common school can be kept. *The Public School and the Private Vision* is instinct with that promise. What a pity it was issued in paper. It should be bound in vellum and presented to John Gardner (Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare) for his bedside reading. Then perhaps the councils of education in Washington will exploit more courageously the creative and unconventional wisdom of our men of letters.

New Books



Education as Power. *By Theodore Brameld. Holt, Rinehart, and Winston.* 146 *pp. Paper,* $1.75. A philosophical investigation of how education can become the dominant, therefore controlling, power among all those powers influencing nations and the world today.

The High School Principal and Staff in the Crowded School. *By William C. French. Bureau of Publications, Teachers College, Columbia University.* 68 *pp. Paper,* $1.50. A guide to help the principal and his staff cope with the problems of the overcrowded secondary school.

The School in Contemporary Society. *By David A. Goslin. Scott, Foresman, and Company (Chicago, Ill.).* 173 *pp. Paper,* $2. Discusses the roles of the school as a conservative force, introducing the child to established society, and as an innovative force, seeking to deal with the rapid change and social upheaval of today, and examines the tensions arising therefrom.

Modern Elementary Mathematics: A Parents' Guide to the New Concepts. *By Albert F. Kempf and Tom E. Barnhart. Doubleday.* 182 *pp.* $3.95. A direct and simple treatment of the subject, with selected exercises.

Fellowships in the Arts and Sciences. *Ninth Edition, 1966-67. Edited by Robert Quick. American Council on Education (1785 Massachusetts Ave., N.W., Room 515, Washington, D.C.).* 93 *pp. Paper,* $2.25. A current catalogue of specific programs of financial aid to graduate students available from sources other than the universities themselves.

Teacher Education in America: A Documentary History. *Edited by Merle L. Borrowman. Bureau of Publications, Teachers College, Columbia University.* 251 *pp. Cloth,* $3.95. *Paper,* $1.95. A compilation of documents from 1851 to 1946 presenting a century of debate over the proper preparation of teachers.

The American College and University: A History. *By Frederick Rudolph. Vintage Books (Random House, New York).* 516 *pp. Paper,* $2.95. Examines the history of American higher education within the context of a wide-ranging social and intellectual history.

The Teaching of History in Secondary Schools. *Cambridge University Press (32 East 57th St., New York, N. Y. 10022).* 202 *pp.* $6. Examines the effects on the teaching of history in British schools brought about by recent changes in British school organization and methods.

Critical Issues in American Public Education. *By John K. Norton. Horace Mann Lecture No. 12, University of Pittsburgh Press (Pittsburgh, Pa.).* 108 *pp.* $1.50. Examines the issues of the place of public education in our society, its control, scope, quality, and cost.

Freedom and Repression in Higher Education. *By M. M. Chambers. Bloomcraft Press (Bloomington, Ind.).* 126 *pp. Paper,* $3. Takes issue with James B. Conant's *Shaping Educational Policy* and offers an alternative to Conant's theme and thesis.

Problems in Education and Philosophy. *By Charles J. Brauner and Hobert W. Burns. Prentice-Hall.* 165 *pp. Cloth,* $4.95. *Paper,* $2.25. Attempts to show that the primary questions of education are not so much pedagogical as social and philosophical, and that the grounds for solution lie in social philosophy.

SMSG: The Making of a Curriculum. *By William Wooton. Yale University Press.* 182 *pp.* $5. Records the activities of the School Mathematics Study Group since the summer of 1958, when theoreticians and teachers met to devise an entirely new curriculum.

Your Child and School. *By Benjamin Fine. Macmillan.* 371 *pp.* $4.95. Discusses questions about children and young adults in relation to their education from nursery to college.

Pattern Practice in the Teaching of Standard English with a Non-Standard Dialect. *By San-Su C. Lin. Bureau of Publications, Teachers College, Columbia University.* 220 *pp. Paper,* $3. The final report on the English Project at Claflin University, an experimental program that taught standard English to Southern Negro students as though it were a foreign language, different from, but not "better" than, their own dialect.

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Head Start to Where?

Continued from page 60

most suitable people out of a huge reservoir of available teachers.

The fact that the President has reduced the all-year target, at least for the moment, to an enrollment of 350,000 instead of the summer peak of 560,000, indicated that Washington is not unaware of the limitations. Even then, it is already clear that special personnel will have to be trained, and some such programs have since been inaugurated by a few teacher-training institutions, especially in the big urban centers.

It would, however, be fatal if the problem were to be thought of primarily in terms of numbers needed to staff conventional classrooms. The reason Head Start was successful with many children must not be attributed to some social or educational magic. The heart of the matter was that typically a Head Start class had only fifteen children, with a highly experienced teacher and several assistants—interns, college students, social workers, volunteers and others.

The secret unquestionably is in close personal relationships and individual attention, and this is exactly where the conventional schooling process has fallen down.

The inherent danger of any pilot project is that it may deceive the public into believing that an early success can easily be translated into routine—without the same investment of money, time and people on a regular, massive scale. It is a lesson painfully taught many times over—most recently by the initial success and long-term failure of New York City's "Higher Horizons" program, a special enrichment effort for children in slum neighborhoods. It worked like magic—but only as long as the extra teachers, extra funds, and extra care were forthcoming. Once institutionalized and watered down, the program faded into ineffective routine.

This is why the Head Start experiment—with all its fanfare and all its flamboyant publicity—holds out special hopes and conjures up serious dangers.

If the official oversell—and there is no doubt that OEO has been overselling in steamroller fashion—creates the public impression that an easy solution has been found and that the lucky Head Start children are safely on their way to salvation, then the eventual disillusionment will be cruel. Then, too, the most complacent school superintendents and boards are likely to settle back to do even less than in the past about tackling the year-round problems of the disadvantaged.

But if educators, together with their new allies in Washington, take hold and use the gigantic summer demonstration program as a means of pointing, not to what has been accomplished but to what might be done, then the project has been well worth both the fanfare and the expenditure.

Even the oversell may then have served a useful function. Out of the example of compensatory education, in the glare of publicity's spotlight, could come a real start in the rebuilding of the education system. Surely, for example, the community which has benefited from Head Start must have second thoughts if it does not yet have fully established kindergartens. And if the effect of well-staffed small classes is so demonstrably good, then the entire table of organization in the regular schools deserves a reappraisal, possibly a revolution. Finally, if something has been learned from the use of non-professional support personnel, how can an open-minded school superintendent fail to take official notice of such untapped potential?

Dr. Edmund W. Gordon, professor of psychology and education at Yeshiva University and Head Start's director of research and evaluation, said: "It is vital that the summer crash program not be regarded as a substitute for the regular and continuing education of disadvantaged children."

If these warnings are heeded, then even Washington's superlatives may have had their place. Hard-sell may be forgiven if it puts a sound idea across. Whether this approach is pardonable depends largely on the aftermath. Will it be merely self-congratulatory—an invitation to smug oversimplification? Or will it be the head start of a campaign to reform American education, heart and soul?

Last summer's project, even on the basis of such incomplete testing and records as are available, is believed by some reputable and honest experts to have raised the Intelligence Quotients of many rural children by between ten and fifteen points and those of urban children, who presumably started on a slightly higher level, by between eight and ten points. This is, by any yardstick, a considerable achievement. But just as those I.Q.'s were originally depressed by lack of development rather than lack of native ability, they may quickly slide back if the gains of a summer are thought of as safe and permanent. The eventual answer to the questions about this huge government-sponsored demonstration program will not be in until it is made unmistakably clear that a summer's enthusiasm will not turn, through neglect, into winters of discontent.

The key question will be whether Washington's pioneering fervor and salesmanship can be matched by the educators' steady, long-range follow-through and the people's commitment.

Suburbia

Continued from page 62

hear stories. Their route was planned to pass a road construction project, complete with bulldozers, dump trucks and other heavy equipment. It took four weeks, but a few children did finally notice and point out the machinery.

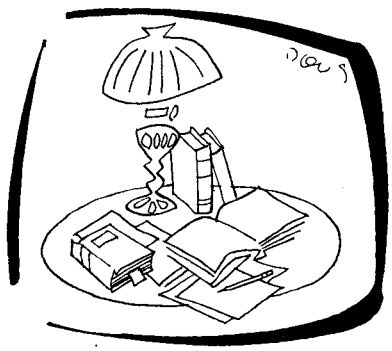
A visit to an ice-cream factory took the children across the Hudson River. They went one way on the Newburgh-Beacon Bridge, a long, almost new bridge approached by a four-lane divided superhighway. On the return trip, they crossed the Bear Mountain Bridge, a very old, short bridge with narrow winding access roads.

Many of the children had no possessions of their own; at home, everything was shared. At school, they made things they could take home as well as played with toys belonging to the entire class. Vast quantities of paper were used for paintings alone.

An overriding aim was to make school a pleasant place that the children would be eager to go to and to make teachers people the children liked and trusted. Parents were also made to feel welcome at school. They were invited to visit the school and confer with their children's teachers. At a more formal open house part of the way through the summer, nearly all the parents came to see the classrooms, meet the staff, and discuss their children's progress. This was the first visit to school for many parents, including some who had already sent four or five children to school in Yorktown.

At the request of the federal government, batteries of tests were given to the children and staff members at the beginning and end of the summer. Dale described the pupils' tests as being "geared to reading readiness." The results were sent to Washington as requested but the program was not shaped to improve the children's scores.

Little was attempted in the way of formal teaching, especially in the pre-kindergarten groups. "The big gap was in these children's attitudes," Dale commented at the end of the summer. "They have just about caught up there. They still don't have as many facts and skills



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at their command as other children their age, but that will come more easily now."

Enthusiasm for the program ran high throughout the summer and the district is eager to start a year-round program. "This is what education is all about," asserted the district principal, Miss Mildred Strang. "It will help more people than any other part of the poverty program," Dale predicted.

Indications are strong that the program in Yorktown was successful. Children who, at the beginning of the summer, had little use for their teachers —and told them so—were devoted to them at the end and showed their affection freely. Though many were wary of school in July, nearly all were sorry to see it end in August.

This fall, most of the children began kindergarten or first grade. How are they doing? It's too soon to tell for sure but the first reports are encouraging. Kindergarten and first-grade teachers have found fewer children than ever before having trouble adjusting to school. Of fifty-five Head Start graduates now in Yorktown elementary schools, only three are reported to be having problems.

And, for those who do still need extra help, there will be people around who know the children and their difficulties and can help before little problems grow too big.

The Humors of Summer

By David Cornel DeJong

SUMMER will soon be over I
comfort myself, swinging in
a hammock with sunburned neck,
and watching what may occur:
for instance, a foolish neighbor
falling out of his window and
dropping into the sandbox where
five children scream and run
away, but return to bury him.
Yes, this could be, I hazard.

Chatter about love's variations
sounds from my porch as I shout:
"Jones, I think, fell from his
window and the children buried him."
A pause, a giggle, and badinage
is resumed. Now too an emerald
caterpillar parachutes down on
a silver thread, while over
the buried neighbor the children
play with tin engines and
purple balls. But this is still
summer and a propitious time
to fret about an erring neighbor,
and to recall with humility how
once I quoted Elbert Hubbard
to the tune of almost anything.

Student Unrest

Continued from page 66

sonably be done. He cannot ask questions of a sort that might broaden his mind because he cannot afford to display any ignorance. He cannot converse in the language of educated men because this might be interpreted as professional impurity.

Graduate students are pretty cynical about this system. They say that they will stay with it only until they get their "union card"; then they will be free to inquire as they please. But even before they receive their degrees, they begin to be aware that the constraints will be nearly as great after they have actually entered the profession. Acceptance of graduate school requirements brings about an identification with the system that is very difficult to shake off later.

GRADUATE students also have many occasions to lament their wasted years as undergraduates. They specialized in those years, thinking that in graduate school they would find freedom. Now, when they look back from their new vantage point, they see that they lost the best opportunity to pursue their genuine interests and explore new ones when they were undergraduates. Hence they have a natural inclination to relive their own undergraduate years vicariously through the students who are now entering college. Or if they had a good undergraduate experience they feel sympathy for their younger brothers in the large universities.

In sum, graduate students have been changing sides. Finding the channels into "management" too narrow, the effort to negotiate them too costly in other values, the rewards of belonging to the governing body too remote or otherwise dubious, they have been casting their lot with the "workers." The new alliance of graduate with undergraduate has given the student movement unprecedented security and vigor.

No revolution is made by the totally deprived. A certain measure of well-being is necessary for people to have the energy and vision to seek an improvement of their lot. In some sense the current student revolution thus credits the educational system that already exists. For years American parents and schools have been striving to develop people who are capable of emotional and intellectual independence. Had there not been a good basis for self-direction and management of their own affairs, this generation would not have been capable of taking affairs so much into their own hands and creating discomfort among the very elders who equipped them with this capacity.

Where is the student movement heading? Clearly students are asking for the right to have a share in their own education. This is an event unique in the history of American education, and perhaps all education. There have been student movements at other times such as the liberal and leftist movements during the Thirties, but the object of these was social change; they came into conflict with the university only incidentally when students felt that their freedom of expression was inhibited. Today's revolution is on a different level. Now students want to have a voice in the fundamental organization of instruction and extra-curricular affairs. (One is reminded of the University of Bologna in the late Middle Ages when such an arrangement existed only to be superseded by the control of the faculty.) This demand for participation does not stem from any desire to make college life easier. Rather it springs from a profound attempt to seek answers as to how one might achieve such ends as a reliable personal identity, community with other people, and social objectives that will bring comfort and justice to those largely bereft of them in our society. There is, moreover, a desire among many students for a level of intellectual investigation and discussion that will bring professors and students into the same intellectual community.

The student movement does not yet have a detailed program for educational reform. (Neither of course have their elders.) But some of the elements of a program are already at hand, such as creating smaller units of instruction, establishment of more meaningful student communities, the relation of theory to social practice and experience, teaching of students by older students, experimentation with different curricular arrangements. No doubt their ideas, as well as those of faculty members who take a critical stand, are going to become firmer and more detailed in the days ahead. In any event, the signs seem to be clear that we are not dealing with an isolated or transitory movement. One might make an analogy to the growth of the labor movement, in which another segment of society awoke to a consciousness of its own power and worth. From the time of that awakening, the eventual participation of labor in running the overall commercial enterprise was almost inevitable. The student movement has, as a matter of fact, resorted to means quite like those used by the labor movement. Students feel, as workers did, that their power and the legitimacy of their demands are not confined to any one campus but are universal. Quite naturally students from one campus are carrying their ideas to other campuses, where a fertile soil is ready for them.

The student movement appears to be carried forward by the elan of a small

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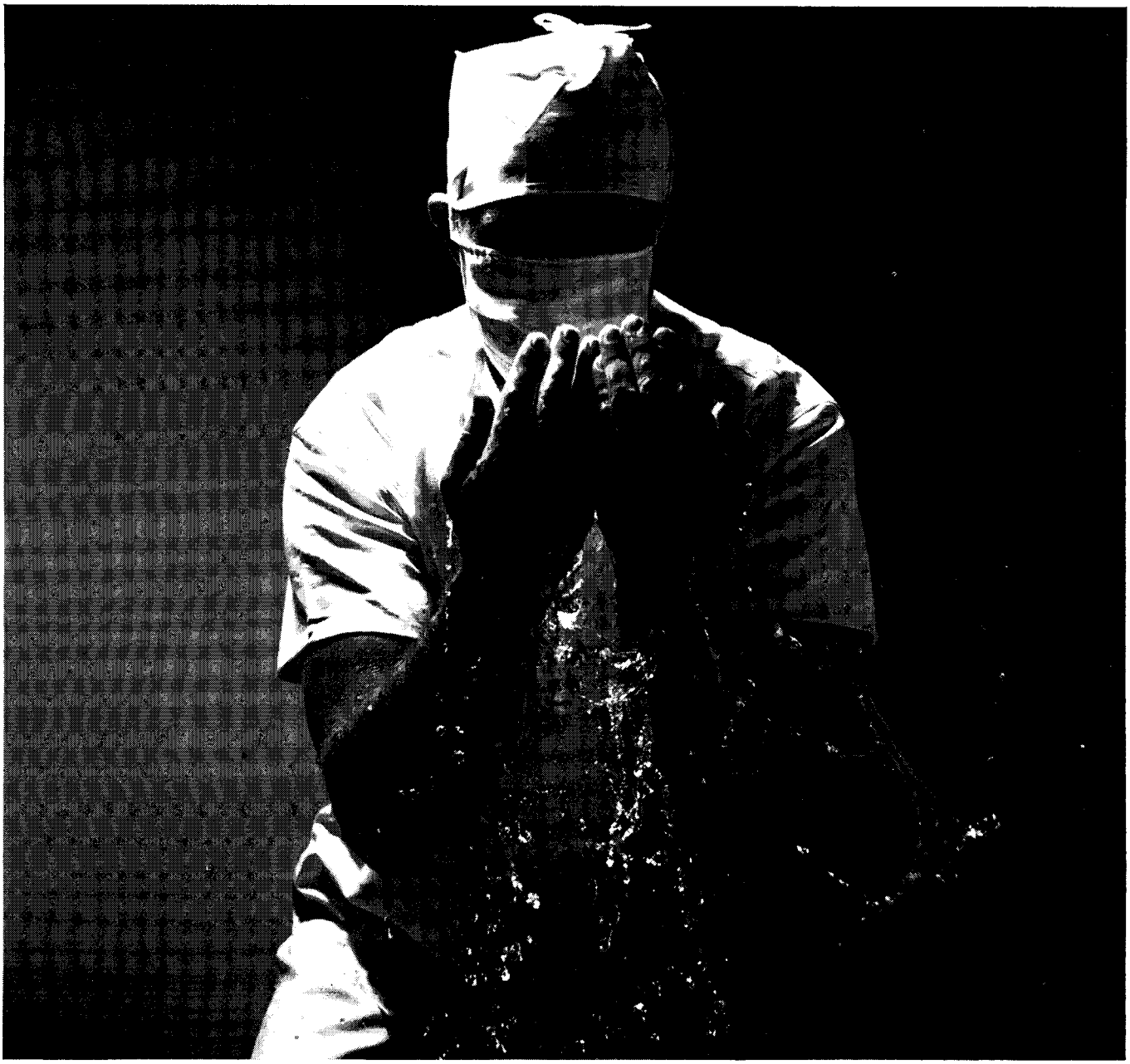

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minority. Our research indicates that the socially involved students total not more than 15 per cent. But the movement can no longer be controlled by dealing with the minority alone, because it is expressing the frustrations and aspirations now shared by the majority of students.

The next question, of course, is how trustees, administration, and faculty are going to handle the student revolution. All three segments generally are unprepared for the task. First of all, none of the three is very familiar with students' attitudes and aspirations. Second, many administrators and professors lack the psychological skills, and sometimes the tough-mindedness, that is required for dealing with the idealism, ambivalences, and conflicting emotions of youth in the late adolescent or early adult years. Third, faculty do not readily give up their own orientation toward research and academic careerism, in the light of which students' demands seem like an unwelcome intrusion.

College authorities, for their part, feel threatened when the bases of their power are attacked. Those of us who have worked or talked with students in the movement, find, however, that for all their apparent ferociousness and rebelliousness—and even the more extreme anarchism of some of them—underneath they are still reasonably pliable. Their search is for identity, meaning, community, and, by no means least, a response from the adult world. When this response is forthcoming most of rebelliousness vanishes, and in its place there is often an almost touching desire for adult leadership. This is not to say, of course, that the students can be handled with any kind of psychological manipulations. They are aware and tough enough to resent and fight off attempts to compromise their integrity.

Far from presenting a threat, these students actually represent to college authorities a unique opportunity. At one time it looked like a hard fight to get either graduate or undergraduate students interested in the process of education. Now they have both become involved on their own, even at the expense of personal sacrifice. These students are *asking* to be educated and to be one with the intellectual community if only we show them the way. Administrators therefore who can find some way to respond to what is human, though sometimes chaotically expressed, in these undergraduate students, will find that they are going to be part of a truly revolutionary phase in the history of education. While the eighteenth century discovered that good government depends upon the consent of the governed, our generation has the opportunity of discovering and bringing to fruition a system of education that is based upon the consent of the educated.

Role of Alumni

Continued from page 69

more realistic and less likely to raise false hopes.

When the subject of old grads is discussed, the twin topic of athletics is certain to appear. Actually, college administration people would much prefer not to talk about athletics. In reply to the question in this study: "Do your alumni sometimes favor athletes?" only Notre Dame and Wisconsin answered with an unequivocal Yes. The majority answered with an outraged No, or pirouetted nimbly around the subject like a ballet dancer dodging broken glass.

The older the alumnus, the greater are the odds that he'll defend to the death the candidacy of an all-state halfback. Most admissions officers expect it and take a benign view of such foibles, conceding hopelessly that fond memories of the Big Game, the raccoon coat, and the Stutz Bearcat die hard. Older alumni also like to lead crusades for the admission of alumni sons. These "legacies," as Yale calls them, are entitled to some preferential treatment, but it's hard to explain that they don't rate the edge over clearly superior prospects.

Then there are the rigidly conformist old grads who take a dim view of the candidate whose personal appearance and manners seem to be a frightening departure from the traditional image of the college man. Bizarre dress, beards, and sloppy shoes don't intrigue admissions officers, either. But they have learned to differentiate between the genuine individualist who may have a brilliant mind and the posturing of an immature clown.

Of all the sins of the fathers, the most resistant to change is their hostility to some basic admissions policies. It must be reported, parenthetically, that all the admissions officers contacted in this study try hard to acquaint alumni with the facts of contemporary life. Older alumni are cautioned that the student who once cruised leisurely through college with comfortably passing grades is, according to today's standards, a most unlikely prospect. But alumni committees are still weighted with unreconstructed old grads searching, like Diogenes, for the "good, all-around boy."

Princeton's E. Alden Dunham has made it abundantly clear that the well-rounded boy isn't wanted, unless he's well-rounded at a very high level. Early this year Mr. Dunham told his alumni: "Over the past two years 78 per cent of the candidates with 2/2 ratings (excellent both academically and non-academically) were admitted; about 44 per cent of both the 4/1s and 1/4s (tops academically and low-rated non-academically, or vice versa); and only 9 per cent of the 3/3s (just average both ways."

When we turn our attention to the somewhat narrow field of selective women's colleges we find a different picture. Not only are social considerations considerably amplified, but we have new psychological and emotional factors for the alumnae to evaluate. Mr. Doebler, who confers frequently with Admissions Dean Alberta Brown of Pembroke, Brown's coordinated women's college, says: "Much of the differences between men and women as students lies in the differences of physical and emotional maturity at the same age. By the time a girl has left high school she is likely to have reached the peak of her maturity. Any girl who has not shown by the end of high school that she is a good student is not likely to develop into one.

"This means that colleges selecting girls do not take risks as often. A boy who has not done outstandingly well might be a good risk, whereas a girl who has the same record is not."

Therefore, no alumna interviewer is permitted to suggest that Mary Jane has the potential to do better work at Vassar than she did at Central High. But if this places restrictions on the interviewer's predictive judgments, it also suggests other areas for character and personality appraisals. Perhaps this is why the Vassar handbook for alumnae states: "We are interested in her [the candidate's] family background, particularly her family's attitude toward her Vassar application. It is very important, if a girl is to be successful at Vassar, that she want to be there, but it is also very important that her family stand in back of her." No Yale interviewer would give this a thought. He'd be looking for the boy who knocked down every obstacle in his path to get to New Haven.

Partly because of such subtle shadings in the personality and motivation analyses of women, most of the women's colleges studied are stepping gingerly in their experimental moves to encourage alumnae support. Mount Holyoke, one of the oldest of them, has nurtured such a program for only six years, Pembroke for three, and Smith for only two.

Jean L. Harry, director of admissions at Vassar, hesitates to say that alumnae participation there is "really" integrated into the admissions process. Only Wellesley, of those included in the survey, ventures forth with a firm tread, and Beatrice H. Strand, assistant to the director of admission, reports boldly: "Wellesley has been something of a pio-

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neer in this field." Wellesley's program has been in operation for thirty-two years and the college is now setting up a formal pattern of interviews abroad for foreign students and Americans living overseas.

A purely objective, long-range evaluation of this alumni-admissions complex would seem to require that we measure its worth not in terms of how well it satisfies the individual college, but how it serves the best purposes of education.

The test should be: Is the alumnus concerned only with capturing a desirable prospect for his college, or does he offer wise and unselfish counsel to guide the student toward the college that is best for him?

To determine this, it is necessary to examine the program of each college. The questions that most concern us are: 1) is it standard practice to rely upon secondary school committees formed by college alumni clubs, or to organize committees and select individual alumni for this specific purpose; 2) are these special groups or individuals adequately trained and certified by college authorities; and 3) is it firmly impressed upon alumni that they are not to recruit, but to advise and counsel candidates for admission?

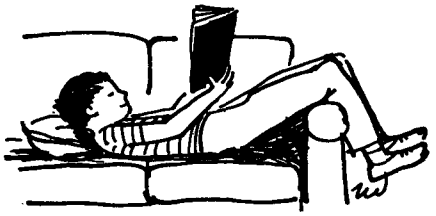
This is a challenging inquiry, but it is not meant to imply that colleges committed to a policy of competitive recruiting are guilty of malpractice. If this were true, many of our most respected institutions would stand convicted. It is simply that the youngster trying desperately to make a wise decision is faced with enough threats to his sanity without being exposed to pressures and blandishments from over-zealous alumni. Besides, from the standpoint of public relations, colleges have much to gain by providing students with a wide spectrum of information that will help students find the right answers.

Judged from the material assembled in this study, no institution adheres more closely to this ideal than the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. According to Roland B. Greeley, MIT's director of admissions, alumni activity there is controlled by the MIT Educational Council.

Mr. Greeley reports: "These councils are organized quite apart from the alumni club organizations and have no direct responsibility to them." There are now 700 members of the MIT Educational Council, which has existed in its present form since 1951.

"Appointments to the Council," he explains, "are made by the President of MIT on a term basis to permit rotation of membership. Their members are carefully chosen for their interest in working with young people . . . and their desire to keep themselves up to date on educational matters."

Harvard, too, seems to be orienting



its alumni effort toward counselling objectives vis-à-vis unabashed recruiting. A case in point is an exciting new approach to alumni admissions work developed by a Harvard graduate in Minnesota named D. Donald Peddie.

Quoting from the Harvard *Schools and Scholarship Handbook*, a confidential guide to alumni: "Peddie's operation is distinctive [from interviewing or recruiting] in that it uses primarily non-Harvard alumni. These men help on the same basis they would help a Yale or Dartmouth or University of Minnesota recruiting operation that had at its heart the long-run interest of the boys; their satisfaction is not so much in helping Harvard as in seeing topnotch boys get a chance at a first-rate education. One man is a former sportswriter, another is a newspaper reporter specializing in high school coverage."

It would be less than accurate reporting to say that Harvard's expansive alumni programs, in actual practice, are as inventive or as selfless as Mr. Peddie's. But it is encouraging that the handbook also says: "Harvard expects to be in business for a long time, and the goals of the admissions program are long-range goals. A sound relationship with the schools is far more important than persuading any one boy in any one year to come to Harvard."

At Rice University, probably the most selective in the Southwest, this trend is also in evidence. Rice has alumni interviewers in every section of the United States and in several foreign countries. But, according to James B. Giles, director of admissions, "We do not deal directly with alumni clubs, but only with carefully selected alumni interviewers. Our alumni are not recruiters, but merely interviewers of those who voluntarily apply for admission."

If accent on counseling service is to be the criterion, the women's colleges are doing a splendid job. Clara R. Ludwig, of Mount Holyoke, reflects the sentiments of many of these institutions when she says: "We do not think of our alumnae representatives as screeners of candidates, but rather as spokesmen for the liberal arts.

"There is a great need for better understanding on the part of students and parents of the tremendous diversity of institutions in this country. There is a real need for those who can talk intelligently to high school students about the meaning of a liberal arts education and who can convey to them some of the excitement and adventure of learning."

The evidence is overwhelming that Mt. Holyoke, under the wise leadership of its farsighted dean of admissions, merits the highest praise for its constructive direction of alumnae activity. The results must be very rewarding, for in a later report Miss Ludwig says: "Many of the girls who have been writing to me, whether to say they will enter Mt. Holyoke in September, or to say they will go elsewhere, have commented on the help of our alumnae. I think students are pretty shrewd and can quickly differentiate between help that comes through self-interest and help that is based on a genuine desire to find what is best for the girl."

Vassar, in its directive to alumnae, says clearly and succinctly: "The role of the alumnae is to inform, not to recruit."

Swarthmore and Wesleyan, two of the most selective of the smaller colleges, have been closely examining their alumni patterns, apparently fearful of the booby traps that have ensnared others. Outspoken Frederick A. Hargadon, dean of admissions at Swarthmore, says: "We do not use alumni groups as such. Individuals are frequently interviewers, however. The names of accredited Swarthmore alumni interviewers are on file in various high schools, but the initiative is left to the schools."

Wesleyan, discovering that highly organized power plays didn't retain alumni interest, decided to streamline its operation. Last summer John C. Hoy, dean of admissions, hand picked a hard core of fifty active alumni and asked them to participate in a new Schools Committee. Their function is not recruitment but follow-up, and they'll be brought back to the campus during the summer so they can be taught more about the college's philosophy.

Looking at it from a broad perspective, the study reveals no defects in the system so deeply rooted that they can't be corrected. An articulate minority of admissions people can lead the way, and that's what they appear to be doing. Hopefully, regiments of crusading alumni will be reduced to élite corps of highly trained specialists whose credentials will emphasize an interest in education rather than a sophomoric allegiance to the old school tie.

A former Harvard dean only last fall characterized his flock as . . . "an independent lot, disputatious, disagreeing in true Harvard fashion with us and with each other, deeply pained by many of our decisions about candidates, yet devoted, each in his own way. They have labored harmoniously in the vineyard without tangible reward."

Modifying a stray adjective here and there, this description might well apply to all. Give them light and they will find their own way.

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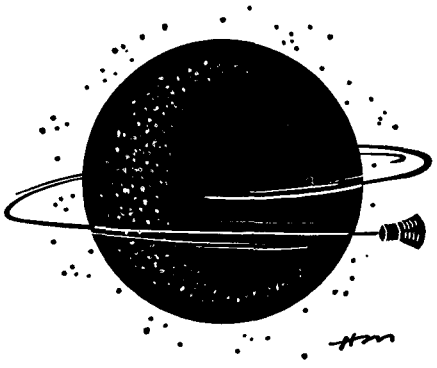
Right of Dissent

Continued from page 23

sponge. As there is in fact no likelihood of this, the critics are merely prolonging the agony of war.

These predictions about the effect of criticism in other countries are of course purely speculative. One thing that is not mere speculation is that American opinion is, in fact, divided; that's what all the excitement is about. We do not know how the Vietcong or the Chinese will react to the sounds of argument coming across the waters. Perhaps they will interpret criticism as a sign of American weakness. But perhaps they will interpret it as an indication of our reasonableness. And assuredly they will, if they have any understanding of these matters at all, interpret it as a sign of the strength of our democracy—that it can tolerate differences of opinion.

But there are two considerations here that invite our attention. First, if critics of our Vietnamese war are right, then some modification of our policy is clearly desirable, and those who call for such modification serve a necessary purpose. We do not know whether they are right or not. We will not find out by silencing them. Second, if government, or those in positions of power and authority, can silence criticism by the argument that such criticism might be misunderstood somewhere, then there is an end to all criticism, and perhaps an end to our kind of political system. For men in authority will always think that criticism of their policies is dangerous. They will always equate their policies with patriotism, and find criticism subversive. The Federalists found criticism of President Adams so subversive that they legislated to expel critics from the country. Southerners found criticism of slavery so subversive that they drove critics out of the South. Attorney General Palmer thought criticism of our Siberian misadventure—now remembered only with embarrassment—so subversive that he hounded the critics into prison for twenty-year terms. McCarthy found almost all teachers and writers so subversive that he was ready to burn down the libraries and close the universities. Experience should harden us against the argument that dissent and criticism are so dangerous that they must always give way to consensus.



And as for the argument that criticism may give aid and comfort to some enemy, that is a form of blackmail unworthy of those who profess it. If it is to be accepted, we have an end to genuine discussion of foreign policies, for it will inevitably be invoked to stop debate and criticism whenever that debate gets acrimonious or the criticism cuts too close to the bone. And to the fevered mind of the FBI, the CIA, and some Senators, criticism always gives aid and comfort to the enemy or cuts too close to the bone.

"The only thing we have to fear," said Franklin Roosevelt, "is fear itself." That is as true in the intellectual and the moral realm as in the political and the economic. We do not need to fear ideas, but the censorship of ideas. We do not need to fear criticism, but the silencing of criticism. We do not need to fear excitement or agitation in the academic community, but timidity and apathy. We do not need to fear resistance to political leaders, but unquestioning acquiescence in whatever policies those leaders adopt. We do not even need to fear those who take too literally the anguished pleas of a Pope Paul VI or the moral lessons of the Sermon on the Mount, but those who reject the notion that morality has any place in politics. For that, indeed, is to stumble and sin in the dark.

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Janus

Continued from page 70

contender for a place in the senior curriculum as part of a study in semantics. A study of communication, or lack of it, might also include *The Rhinoceros* by Ionesco, which could then well serve as an introduction to further study and readings in the theater of the absurd.

A book that students find difficult to read without directed discussion but which makes a two-fold claim to the curriculum is John Updike's *The Centaur*. Both as a work which explores the anxieties of adolescence and invokes a recognition of adult (parent) weaknesses as well as strengths, and as a work which is intricately bound up with the traditions of Greek mythology, *The Centaur* deserves to be read and needs to be taught.

The strong appeal of the adolescent protagonist is met not only by Salinger, whom high school seniors already read, but also by Faulkner's *The Bear*, which they do not read without prompting. This book, in the uncut version, requires more of the teacher than most books do; but, effectively taught, it can provide one of the most meaningful reading experiences of the senior year.

In contrast to the rich, tortuous prose of Faulkner, Hesse's *Siddhartha* provides the simplicity of the fabled quest combined with an Eastern vision that has a strong and lasting appeal to seniors, often leading them to read *Steppenwolf*, a favorite of at least a few seniors each year.

Golding, Updike, Hesse, Ionesco—even their names, joined in this random way, break the boundaries of national culture just as certainly as their books can bridge the gap between classroom discussions and evening bull-sessions. The difficulties in making these choices, which must be made every year, are complicated by the risk inherent in any departure from the established tradition. It is the responsibility of the teacher to know what students are reading and thinking, to read as much twentieth-century fiction as possible, and to be willing to explain curriculum choices to the public. It is the responsibility of the public, on the other hand, to respect the professional judgment of the teacher. These combined responsibilities, in turn, may lead us to a meaningful interchange of ideas with teenagers and release our pre-college rebels, at least in the English classroom, from the effects of prejudice, fear, and habit.

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WINTER ON THE GULF—Two large cottages directly on uncrowded, beautiful beach at Longboat Key. For information, contact George Mills, 3621 Palmira, Tampa, Florida.

BRITISH VIRGIN ISLANDS—Beautiful house by sea—20 acres. Box P-252.

ARLINGTON, VIRGINIA. Three months, January-March. 3 bedrooms, 1½ baths, dishwasher, washer-drier, garage. Reasonable. Box P-476.

ST. CROIX, Virgin Islands. Beautifully furnished home. Rights to private beach. Rent includes automobile. Servants and chauffeur available.
SECLUDED HILLSIDE APARTMENT. Beautiful view Caribbean. Carefree Services, Box 64 Kingshill, St. Croix, V.I. 00850. 773-0249.

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HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Winter Rental

STOWE VILLAGE mountain road ski lodge. Groups only. 30 beds. $900 per week (figures $4.30 per day per person) includes breakfast, dinner. 10% discount during January. Tom Hirchak, Stowe, Vermont. 802-253-4165,-7342.

SKIING FAMILY WANTED as joint venturers with two New Jersey families renting furnished chalet December 15th, 1965 to April 15th, 1966. Manchester, Vermont. 10 minutes from Stratton—10 minutes from Bromley. Children ages 9-17, yours to match. $1,000 for ⅓ share plus utilities. Weekdays 201-642-1540. Nights and weekends 201-748-1504.

HOUSES FOR EXCHANGE

MEMBERS EXCHANGE HOMES for rent free vacations. Write: Vacation Exchange Clubs, 550 Fifth Avenue, New York 10036.

HOLIDAY HOME EXCHANGE BUREAU will arrange between reputable approved people. Write Box 555, Grants, New Mexico.

APARTMENT WANTED

MID-MANHATTAN OR GREENWICH VILLAGE. SR staff member seeks 1½-2 room apartment—unfurnished. Must be reasonable and rent controlled. January or February occupancy. Box P-490.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

NEWS, BOOKS, CARDS, stationery store in fast growing central Florida plus completely furnished home. Total price, $19,500 cash. Box P-466.

CAMPS

IDEAL FOR FIRST TIME CAMPERS: Appel Farm Art & Music Center for Children, Elmer 24, New Jersey.

SUMMERLANE CAMP in the tradition of The Little Commonwealth, Summerhill, The Gorky Colony. Continuing an exploration of the boundaries of freedom in democracy; seeking to teach that love is something more than need; that work and creativity are inseparable. Now in our 4th summer. Boys and girls, ages 5-19. Buckbrook Farm, North Branch 20, N.Y.

RETIREMENT LIVING

WILL YOUR RETIREMENT be a pleasure . . . or a problem? All of your retirement needs can be provided at CRESTVIEW CLUB APARTMENTS. The newest, most carefully appointed apartment-type building in the eastern United States for those 60 years and over. Located in suburban residential Toledo, Ohio, near shopping, with good transportation. Meals, services, and guaranteed life care if and when needed for reasonable monthly fee. For full information on life lease program, write: Resident Manager, 5330 Harroun Road, Sylvania, Ohio. You will enjoy freedom, friends and fine food at CRESTVIEW.

VACATIONS

WINDHAM HILL FARM—West Townshend, Vermont. Quiet country inn. Good food. Folder.

"GET AWAY FROM IT ALL" to relax in the quiet friendly charm of 'TWEEN WATERS INN, Captiva Island off Ft. Myers, Florida. Enjoy gourmet food, congenial people, excellent fishing, world-famous shelling beaches, national wildlife refuge. Call 813-GR 2-3911 or write Box 196S, Captiva, Florida.

HOTEL PLAYA MAZATLAN. Beautiful, safe, tropical beach, quiet resort, best international cuisine and service. Summer Rates. Write for information: Mazatlan, Sinaloa, Mexico.

BUCCANEER INN on Longboat—Secluded hideaway overlooking peaceful Sleepy Lagoon. Patio Rooms, Apartments, Pool, Fishing, Boating, Private Gulf Beach privileges. Long time Holiday Award Restaurant. Write: Buccaneer Inn, Sarasota, Florida.

VACATIONS

THERE IS ABSOLUTELY no truth to the rumor that the Viscomtesse de Madriaga will be at Cane Bay Plantation on St. Croix next January 22nd. Unless, of course, the Bennets from Shaker Heights leave on time. Ask Jeanne, LO 5-1114 in New York City.

WALL-TO-WALL-BEACHCOMBING! Driftwood castle on the sand offers Spanish antiques, doorstep swimming, fishing, elegant food! Golf nearby. Driftwood Inn, Vero Beach, Florida.

ISLAND REUNION: fun idea for the holidays; gather your clan for a new-fashioned reunion at luxurious Adventure Inn on subtropical Hilton Head Island, S.C., halfway between New York and Miami. Catch up on family news around the patio pool and at fabulous meals in the Plantation Room. Soak up the sun along a 13-mile, slate-smooth beach. Go drift fishing in surf warmed by the Gulf Stream. Golf on championship courses and a lighted par-three. Take the children horseback riding along moss-hung bridle trails. Write for brochure and special holiday rates. Adventure Inn, Box 15, Hilton Head Island, S.C. Call 803-785-3372.

FOR THOSE WHO want every facility and service, plus the tranquillity of casual beach life, write the Fields for literature about their delightful Colony Beach Club, Longboat Key, Sarasota, Florida.

MORE SNOW, more sun, more fun. The Yodler, Stowe, Vermont.

FLORIDA KEYS — ISLAMORADA. Box 222R, Drop Anchor Resort Motel. AAA. Relaxed oceanfront tropical living. Efficiencies. Pool. Brochure.

PATAGONIA, ARIZONA, Circle Z Ranch. Ultimate in riding, birdwatching, sun, siestas.

TIRED? Come to the tropical, fully modern, Matecumbe Resort Motel, Florida Keys. Box 203B, Islamorada, Florida.

SAN FRANCISCO ON A BUDGET? Charming, centrally located. Hotel Beresford, 635 Sutter Street.

THE SEASIDE, on unspoiled Longboat Key, Florida. New year 'round family resort on private Gulf beach. Folder, rates upon request.

WALLINGFORD INN—Ski and stay. Half hour nine areas. Helen and Alfred Burley, Wallingford, Vermont.

PELICAN COVE MOTEL AND MARINA—Florida Keys. Immaculate oceanside apartments, beach, swimming, fishing, skindiving, shelling, birdwatching, tennis and instructor, loafing. Literate, congenial company on balmy tropical isle. Duncan Hunter, Owner, Islamorada. Phone 664-2811.

STUDIES ABROAD

STUDENTS INTERESTED in experimental education are invited to consider FRIENDS WORLD INSTITUTE. Applications from high school graduates now being accepted for February, 1966 term. Four-year program. Tuition $2,625 yearly includes room, board, 12,000 miles of studytravel. Quaker sponsored. Write Admissions, Committee on a Friends College, 5722 Northern Boulevard, East Norwich, N.Y. 11732.

SUMMER STUDIES ABROAD

EUROPE BY STUDENT SHIP. Sail at low rates on air-conditioned liners in June, July, August or September. At sea attend language classes, art lectures, international debates, travelogues, jazz and film festivals. Dance to ship's orchestra; swim in outdoor pool. Write: Council on Student Travel, Dept. SR-2, 777 United Nations Plaza, New York 10017.

LIVE with a French family and study at the Sorbonne or study the Spanish language and culture in Santander. Live and study art in Florence or meet top political and economic leaders in Europe. Low cost and for credit. Also pre-college French study program in Switzerland. Write for free brochure: U.S. National Student Association, Dept. LS5, 265 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016.

AIX-EN-PROVENCE. VALENCIA. etc. Pre-college, coed, fully supervised; study accredited universities. Authentic living. Travel, excursions. Also College programs. Live with selected families. Travel Eurailpass or tour Eastern Europe. Continental Study Projects, Inc., 527 Madison Avenue, NYC 10022.

16-19—Live, learn French. 5 weeks French family, one week Paris tour. LANGUAGE SUMMER IN FRANCE, 212-SU 7-7114 (evenings). Box P-486.

TRAVEL

FOR A VACATION THAT LASTS, Rancho La Puerta, across the Mexican border in Tecate, Baja California, provides neo-rustic setting with complete accoutrements of health spa and family vacation resort. Vegetarian diet, special reducing dining room; fun exercise classes, fully equipped gym. Massage, facial department; beauty room. Riding, sports, craft classes, organized evening entertainment, etc. Guests may use optional clock schedule to ensure full, busy days. Guaranteed weight loss. Utter relaxation. New-found vitality. Rates nominal and phenomenal—$10 per day and up, three meals, all-inclusive. Only in Mexico. Staff of 100 for 150 guests. As featured editorially in LIFE, VOGUE. Operated by same management as de luxe Golden Door. See Chapter Seven, Doing It by Osmosis, in current best-seller, Overweight Society. New color brochure, write Rancho Vacation, Tecate, California. Telephone 354-1005.

BORN IN CHINA, Episcopal priest, experienced traveler, leads Holy Land Tour April 19th-May 10th, 1966. Also visit Egypt, Athens, Rome, Syria! Finest accommodations. Scandinavian Airlines. Write to Father Sherman, Box 86, Warren, Ohio.

GRAND TOUR OF EUROPE—unmatched, personally escorted—$898. Professor Berg, Saint Mary's College, California.

THIS AD + $7.00 per day entitles you to real value New York. Next time try HOTEL CENTURY, 111 West 46th Street, convenient everything. 350 rooms, bath, radio, TV. Double, add $2.00. Don't delay, reserve now. This is a "sleeper" in every sense.

INVITATION TO . . . ADVENTURE IN PARADISE aboard a large, luxurious private yacht. Help share expenses and sail to Tahiti and other remote South Pacific Islands. So-Pac Cruise, P.O. Box 1277, Santa Monica, California 90404.

TREES TURN MAUVE, you get tan, and Christmas comes in the warm, green summer. South Africa is the colorful new place to go in winter; it has all the vacation sports, excellent food, smart accommodations. Ask your Travel Agent, or write for literature to: Satour, 9465 Wilshire Boulevard, Beverly Hills, California 90212, or 610 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10020.

SEE MORE IN EUROPE this summer, see it better and save—traveling with NSA—a choice of 33 flexible trips of 21 to 63 days with other college and graduate students using special rates for travel, accommodations, admissions, etc. available only through NSA. Trips to Europe, Israel, Latin America and the Far East. Also pre-college teenage tours. Write for free book: U.S. National Student Association, Dept. SR5, 265 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. A nonprofit organization for students.

APRIL IN GREECE! Avoid summer crowds. Small group leaving March 31st—$899 with Island Cruise. Trips Unlimited, 101 Park Avenue, NYC. 212-MU 3-4086.

EUROPE—AN UNREGIMENTED TOUR! Discover this bargain. TOURS, 255-B Sequoia, Pasadena, California.

SEE THE WORLD for $15 a day . . . and less! Only modern, air-conditioned Nedlloyd Dutch passenger-freighters offer Mediterranean, Red Sea, Persian Gulf, East/South Africa, Near East, Pakistan, India, Latin America, Caribbean, Gulf of Mexico, Middle East and Great Lakes services. Members of The Interchange Lines. Regular sailings from New York, Montreal, Los Angeles and San Francisco. See your travel agent or write for detailed information to NEDLLOYD LINES, Holland-America Line, Dutch World Services, Pier 40-North River, New York, N.Y. 10014.

NEW YORK CITY, HOTEL BEDFORD, 40th Street, Just East of Park Avenue. For the discriminating guest who prefers a quiet and gracious hotel in the midst of New York's most convenient Grand Central area . . . near all shopping and entertainment. Beautifully decorated rooms and suites . . . featuring fully equipped kitchenettes . . . private bath, air-conditioning and TV . . . Ideal for families . . . Moderate rates. Continental Restaurant and Cocktail Lounge. Write Hotel Bedford, Dept. SR, for brochure.

YACHT CRUISING INFORMATION BUREAU. Good selection comfortable cruising yachts — Caribbean, Greek Islands, French Rivers. Write, stating area information required, enclosing $1 for airmail reply. The International Marine Agency Limited, BCM/IMAL, London, W.C. 1.

CHANCE OF A LIFETIME! . . . For two weeks or a year enjoy hobbyist, professional painting, crafts, Spanish, writing, history; MFA program. Theater, field-trips, fiestas, sunshine. Room, bath, board from $4. Prospectus? Stirling Dickinson, Director, Instituto Allende, San Miguel Allende, Guanajuato, Mexico.

SAVE MONEY ON YOUR NEXT TRIP to New York by staying at the Hotel Paris. The Paris is like a Volkswagen . . . we offer all the essential services but no frills; comfort but not luxury; a swimming pool but no night club. Ask for leaflets, "New York for Free" and "How to Enjoy New York." Write to M. L. Walter, Hotel Paris, New York 10025.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1654

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Gimcrack; whimsical device.	60 38 153 74 94 19 157 125
B. Suffering an attack of lipothymy (3 wds.)	113 64 79 104 3 49 185 190
C. Simon Fraser as 12th Baron (1667-1747).	88 63 97 5 35
D. Argument of a composition.	169 127 99 183 155
E. Property of the soul which is belied by our exterior semblance, acc'g to Wordsworth in the Ode on Immortality.	178 8 188 123 101 45 82 18 17
F. Followed by WORD J, ancient pass and now also tunnel in the Alps.	48 43 170 83 102
G. Body of water between SE Italy and W Greece (2 wds.)	23 53 21 26 81 175 108 33 187
H. Completely subdues.	54 67 196 176 139 173 144 2 30 52
I. Highly specialized equipment of the infant bird or reptile which disappears when no longer needed (2 wds.)	126 22 115 24 117 182 141 106
J. See WORD F.	191 1 92 93 4 136 135 42
K. Baker.	85 68 119 114 13 57 34
L. A caricature or burlesque in which the subject remains unchanged but the style is made extravagant or absurd.	145 15 134 128 73 120 6 156
M. Smollett's retired naval officer in *Peregrine Pickle*.	150 47 172 181 103 192 87 163

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. Titular hero in a Herman Melville tale.	71 184 39 151
O. Summer covering for a nap (2 wds.)	28 143 80 66 140 105 36 56 174 31
P. Familiar verb which sounds as if it were giving part of a definition of itself.	107 165 142 9 76 46
Q. German word meaning German man.	59 111 177 65 91 171 32 195 161
R. Natural tendency; tender good will.	149 109 167 14 116 179 20 100 58
S. Colorful object which Harry Belafonte sings about "way up in banana tree" (2 wds.)	12 110 27 158 90 62 72 51 130 154
T. Describing a person or thing at once attractive and repellent; describing oneself for feeling that way.	166 147 29 41 122 7 96 61 50 70
U. Business alliance in which often five or six names appear (2 wds.)	40 164 25 168 146 77 89
V. Breeding place of *Gavia immer*.	152 193 121 186 160 86 78
W. Visible object representing another by reason of association.	129 118 137 159 69 194
X. Person appointed to decide any question.	16 75 84 148 124 55 95
Y. One of our great journalists (1811-72).	162 11 98 180 112 133 131
Z. One skilled in the delicate maneuvering of a special spherical top (form not listed but authorized by general laws in WNI; comp.)	44 138 132 189 37 10

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second and Third Editions.

					1 J	2 H		3 B	4 J	5 C	6 L		7 T		8 E	9 P	10 Z			
11 Y	12 S		13 K	14 R	15 L	16 X	17 E		18 E	19 A	20 R	21 G	22 I		23 G	24 I				
25 U	26 G	27 S	28 O		29 T	30 H		31 O	32 Q	33 G	34 K		35 C	36 O	37 Z		38 A			
39 N	40 U	41 T	42 J	43 F	44 Z		45 E	46 P	47 M	48 F	49 B	50 T		51 S	52 H		53 G			
54 H	55 X	56 O		57 K	58 R	59 Q		60 A	61 T		62 S	63 C	64 B	65 Q		66 O	67 H			
68 K	69 W		70 T	71 N		72 S	73 L		74 A	75 X	76 P	77 U	78 V		79 B	80 O	81 G			
82 E	83 F		84 X	85 K	86 V		87 M	88 C	89 U	90 S	91 Q	92 J		93 J	94 A	95 X	96 T			
97 C	98 Y		99 D	100 R	101 E	102 F	103 M	104 B		105 O	106 I	107 P	108 G		109 R	110 S	111 Q			
112 Y	113 B	114 K	115 I		116 R	117 I	118 W	119 K	120 L		121 V	122 T	123 E	124 X		125 A	126 I			
	127 D	128 L	129 W	130 S	131 Y		132 Z	133 Y	134 L	135 J		136 J	137 W	138 Z	139 H	140 O				
141 I	142 P	143 O	144 H		145 L	146 U	147 T	148 X		149 R		150 M	151 N	152 V	153 A	154 S	155 D			
156 L		157 A	158 S	159 W	160 V	161 Q	162 Y	163 M		164 U	165 P		166 T	167 R	168 U	169 D	170 F			
171 Q	172 M	173 H	174 O	175 G		176 H	177 Q	178 E	179 R	180 Y		181 M	182 I	183 D	184 N	185 B	186 V			
	187 G	188 E	189 Z	190 B	191 J		192 M	193 V	194 W	195 Q	196 H									

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 13 of this issue.

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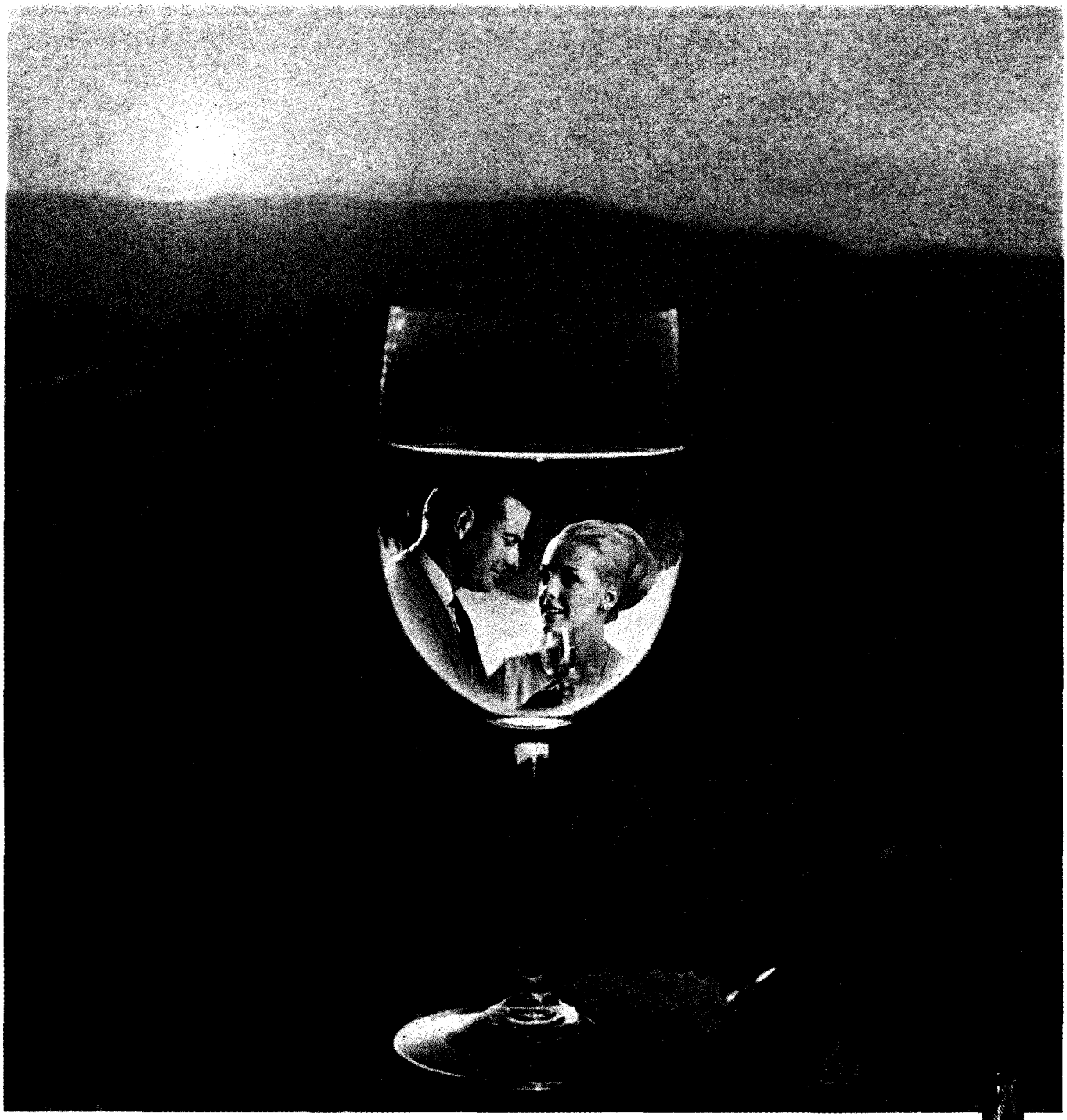

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Wine enjoyment is a very personal thing. You have your favorite wines—the ones that give you the most pleasure. But each of these wines must be as fine as the other—each time you serve it. Almadén can promise you this because of Paicines—the largest vineyard of fine varietal grapes in the world!

At Paicines in the foothills of California's Gavilan Range, we have found the perfect place to grow the same fine grapes you've known from Europe—Cabernet Sauvignon, Pinot Noir, Pinot Chardonnay, Johannisberg Riesling, Gewurztraminer, Grenache, to name a few. Then we've planted each vine with just one idea in mind: to give you quality table wines—consistently. No growing some of the grapes and buying others over which the wine master has had no control. Not at Almadén!

The promise of Paicines is that *only* Almadén grapes—their flavor carefully controlled by climate and soil (absolute essentials in fine wine production)—go into Almadén's finest varietal wines so that each and every bottle will have the same high quality.

Promise yourself the pleasure of Almadén soon.

For our free News from the Vineyards, write Almadén Vineyards, P. O. Box 997-C, Los Gatos, California

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